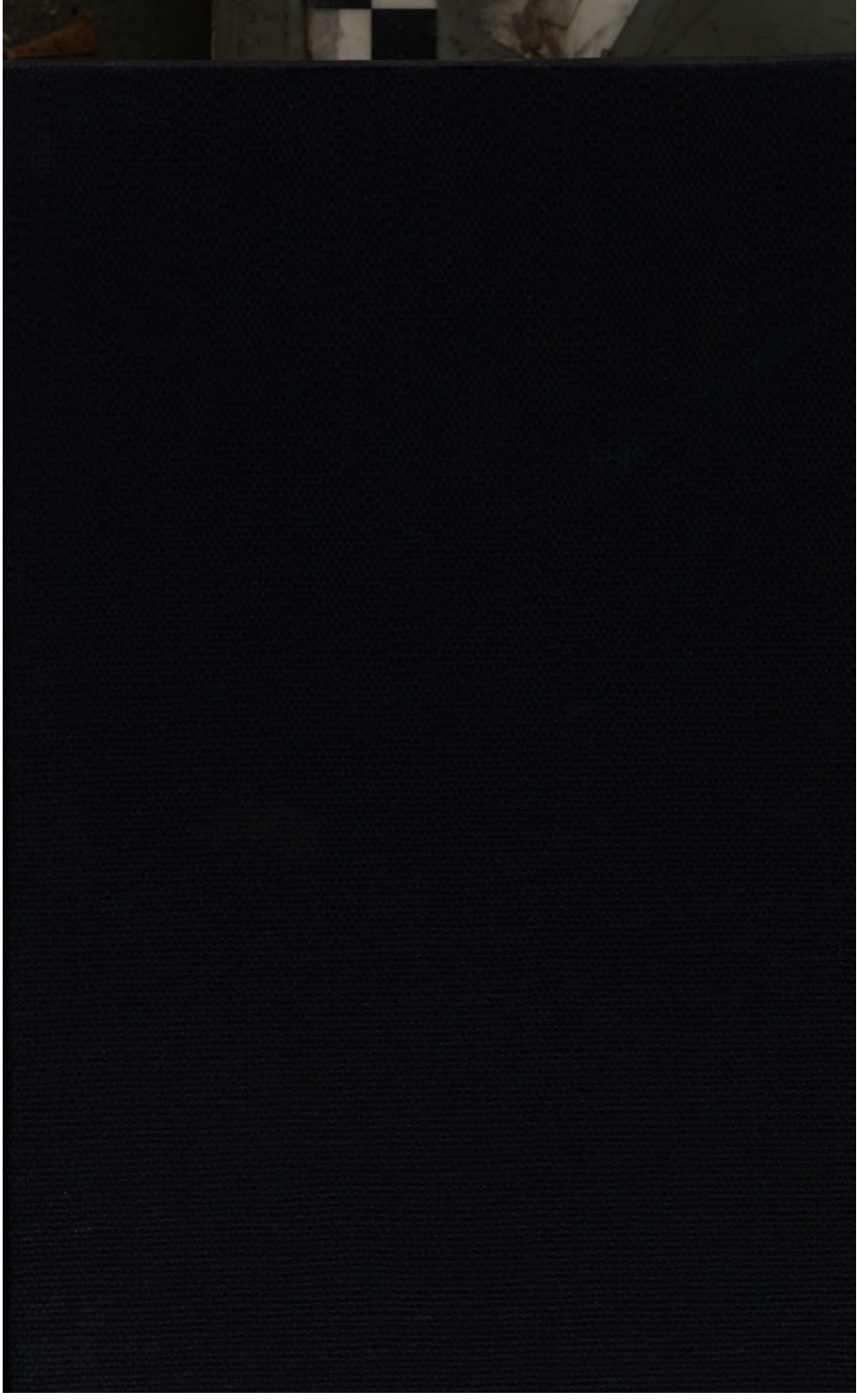

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GUSTAVUS III. OF SWEDEN.

THE

DARK BLUE.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1872, TO FEBRUARY, 1873.

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THE

DARK BLUE.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD OF SWEDEN;

OR,

THE STORY OF A KING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

CHAPTER I.

THE NYMPH.

THE eagle looked down, and saw; his deep, glaring eye scanned the scene before him—the still, grand scene of rocks, sea, sky, and their dwellers. The mighty-winged bird flapped his broad feathers, threw up his crested head, swooped round and round the crown of the mountain, and flew in wide, tremendous flights down on the rock below. He screeched with delight, and woke the echoes of the steep Scandinavian shore; he woke also his fellow dwellers. The eider-duck, having come down from more northern regions still, cooed hoarsely, as it sat watching the bird king up there; the seamew sped wildly over the surging sea, and the eaglets looked out from cranny and nook, to see what disturbed their sire. Up he rose again—up he swept once more; then swooping back, he rested on a broad ledge, bent forward, and cast his hungry rapacious glance on a human form. Below him, on the opposite side of the sea-indenture, stood on a rocky eminence a being other than birds—a girl. With flowing hair and extended nostril she glanced round the magnificent wild scene, listening to the eagle's cry as to a nightingale's song, and throwing her arms longingly towards the sea. A sudden thought seized her—swift as a doe she skipped down the rocky side, springing with dexterity from ledge to ledge, and finally halting on the shore.

'Ha! ha! here I can bathe—here no one will watch me, and rob me of the sea-nymph's empire; here the eagle alone can see me.'

As if in response, the eagle screeched out again his hollow, shrill, animal-cry.

'Oh, are you there? Will you gainsay me? Bah! I fear no man, and should I fear you? No—off with these wraps!'

She undressed hastily, threw down her loose linen garments, shook back her hair, and sprang like an Eve into the waters. Greedily she dipped her head below, then rose to her full height, covered by her long yellow hair; she floated rather than swam, throwing her gleaming arms above the greenish flood, and spreading the waters aside with the flat palms of her dainty hands.

Screech upon screech came from the eagle's throat; it was something new, this soft white being there below, crested with the human female's long hair, that swept over her like a protecting mantle. For good fifteen minutes she disported in the sea-waves, and then with a rush leapt on the pebbly, sharp, shore-edge, the water dropping off her; throwing back her hair, she looked upward into the sky with humid thankful eyes. It was too much for the eagle king. He looked once more, rose, and swung himself off higher and higher into the dull clouded regions of his home, to dream of the vision there below.

The girl had dried herself with her white linen apron, and put on her first garment; the weeds clung to her feet; she bent down to pick them off, and suddenly heard a call:

'Christina! Christina! where art thou?' sounded a harsh Swedish voice. 'What hast done, child? Art run mad altogether?'

'Ulrica, here I am, dressing—just took my bath.'

Above appeared an oldish, comely woman, dressed country fashion.

'The Lord be praised, there are no men here, the child is naked; and surely I never *can* get down there. Hearest thou me, Christina? thou art naked!'

'No, I have my chemise on.'

'You naughty girl; come up this moment.'

'No, first I'll dress.'

On her half-wet body she put her linen skirts and dress, tried to draw on her yellow leather boots, and could not—for she evidently patronised no stockings; then flinging her cloth mantle over her shoulder, she climbed up towards the caller, who had found a place whereon to rest.

Christina sat down by the woman.

'Eh, in a pet, and pray why; because I just wanted to try how the nymphs felt when they swam round old Ulysses, and he couldn't catch them?'

'Thy father ruins thee with his heathen stuff.'

'No, no, he pours glorious thoughts into me, that make me leave the spinning-wheel and the spindle, the baking-trough and the cooking-stove, and let me know something of the great women of my country—of the heroines that loved the Ynglings, our first kings, and the Sciolds from Odin.'

'Wilt be a heathen wench one day, not wooed nor wedded?'

'Stop, Ulrica, you know nothing; your little soul is washed in home-brewed ale, and nourished with oaten cakes; your body is the same; they are both one: and I—ah! I could wash mine in the stream of poetry, and feed it with the brave deeds of my ancestors.'

'Hush, hush; think how poor we are.'

'Poor! Who cares? Not I. Let me lie here, Ulrica, and put my head on your dear old lap. Listen to me, Ulrica. My father says there was a time when the gods of Greece and Rome came down to wed the maidens on earth; when deeds were done, the ring of whose metal sounds gloriously in our ears; when woman excited man to the exercise of his highest powers. Ah! such a woman should I have liked to have been! such a woman—drawing my love from the highest, the bravest, the boldest—from the skies themselves!'

'Child, darest thou blaspheme?'

'Pah! according to your Lutheran notions; I hate that twang. Come, sing out here, in the vast Universe; call out to Him, here, where are the living signs of His works. Luther was great, and brave, my father says, and there was no small talk in him, but you in Tjörn don't understand him, drawling his hymns the fashion you do.'

'Christina, that Lutheran twang, as thou callest it, has kept many a maiden straight.'

'It never shall me. I love the German's bold preaching, when my father reads his sermons, and I like the firm, strong faith shown in his hymns, but I hate all *your* scruples and hypocrisies.'

'Wilt never be gentle and shame-faced, like other maidens?'

'I don't know other maidens but the village girls, and my town cousin, who made me sick when I looked at her once.'

'Why? She is demure, and will be well married soon.'

'Well married soon; and thou thinkest I would marry thus? I? No, Ulrica, I am very poor; I don't know if I am beautiful, though I should like to be; but I am more than either—I am free. My soul would strive to go into the clouds up there; my heart would like to give itself to one who could conquer the world, who could hold in awe nations. If I could stir up in a man the heroic blood of our land, I would not flinch were he to die before my very eyes. Oh, that I could bear his banner through the crowd, and proclaim him.' The girl had risen; her tall form stood up erect; with very eagerness she stamped her foot on

the rock, and, forgetting she had no boot on, she cut herself on the sharp stone, so that the blood ran from the wound. With a cry of pain she held up her foot.

'A bad sign, Christina; thou see'st such love brings no good. Let me tie the wound with the handkerchief.'

Christina had turned pale. She meekly submitted.

'My dream has come true. I shall find him, and he will slay me,' she whispered to herself.

'What sayest thou?'

'Nothing, Ulrica. Where is my father?'

'Oh, I forgot why I came seeking for thee; thy distant relation by thy mother (Captain Liljehorn) has arrived, and brought news from Stockholm about the young king and the doings there. Thy father asketh for thee, and no one could find thee. What freak took thee here to this side of the shore?'

'My fancy; most people's law, though they might not own it.'

'Come now, Christina, we must stay no longer. Look across; the sky is overcast, and supper will have to be prepared for the stranger.'

'Always your Martha spirit—eating and drinking. I am tired of it. See there, the cloudy sky is so beautiful! Others love the sunshine—I love the cloud. To me the sombre grey of the sky is far more lovely, more God-telling than the vulgar glare of the sun. I love difficulty, danger, aye, I might say, sorrow. There is more greatness in grief than happiness in joy. Come, Ulrica, you don't understand me, and I am throwing my pearl before the swine.'

'Thou'rt rude, child; but old Ulrica can never chide thee. Captain Liljehorn is very handsome.' Ulrica looked sideways at her young mistress.

'Bosh, "handsome is that handsome does," says the Swedish proverb. I never liked my mother's grand relations as I liked my father's humbler ones.'

'Thy mother is in her grave.'

'The more the pity; I need her sadly.'

By this time the two had risen. One more longing look Christina cast back, and then the two started homeward. Scarcely had they began to descend the declivities of the rocky shore, than a wide expanse of undulating ground spread before them inland, sheltering a village among its swelling, hilly ranges. The sun broke out and dyed the pretty scene with glowing rays; but Christina, hobbling along by Ulrica's side, hurried impatiently on.

'Come home,' she said, 'I am tired of seeing this soft picture; it is nothing but every-day lazy life. Who cares for the small birds that fly up from the autumn stubble, and the stupid grazing cow, or even the

fishermen's nets and the clodhopper's fussy ways? give me the rocks and the eagle, the solitary spot there near the sea—it is the finest place on our island!'

'But we should starve there, and thy father has not the strength to climb the rocks on the other side.'

'My father; my dear, dear father!' Christina stood still, resting heavily on Ulrica's arm. 'Tell me, Ulrica, tell me in looking yonder on our cottage—could I ever anger my father, dost thou think?—could I ever be ungrateful to him? Could anyone or anything ever wean me from him? Do you think, Ulrica, I am ungrateful by nature? There is an evil demon in me; surely it could never draw me away from my father?'

'No, child, for thou hast something of thy mother still.'

'You say that ever; Ulrica, when the evil hour arrives help me, for the very strength of my nature will make me weak.' Christina shivered, and drew her cloth mantle round her; with one boot on and the other foot tied with the handkerchief, she limped on with Ulrica, who cast suspicious glances at her every now and then, ruminating in her own mind, with old Swedish superstition, whether the fairies had put a changeling into her mistress's cradle when Christina was born. There never had been such a wayward being in the family before.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN LILJEHORN'S NEWS.

It was a low cottage, outside the village, in which dwelt Mr. Eckermann; he had lived there with his only daughter for years. Whence he came no one knew; he had been a kind of consulting medium for the villagers in all cases of sickness and law, and had been received as one of superior knowledge. The elders of the village generally held the Lutheran service till the travelling preacher came round; when he did so Mr. Eckermann received him as his guest, but, to say the truth, he did not covet much attendance at the place of worship himself, though he would read a sermon of the old reformers' at home, and sing one of their hymns. This kind of silent religious neglect had communicated itself to his daughter, but not to their housekeeper, cook, brewer, baker, and provider-in-general—Ulrica Erickson. Ulrica was a staunch supporter of the Church-Militant, an elder herself, and a very good preacher on occasions; the devil and his works were never forgotten when she mounted the plain

deal pulpit, and a number of stout recipes were given how to circumvent his sly perditious dealings with mankind. The shrill tones of psalm-singing in the little Lutheran stronghold generally drove Christina Eckermann and her father to the furthest corner of their cottage, vocal harmony never having formed an ingredient of the islanders' religious education.

The simple Swedish cottage, with no ornament around it, not a creeper nor a flower to adorn it, but only the pigsty and washhouse at the back; this cottage was made cheery just now by a peat and wood fire in the one sitting room. Mr. Eckermann's life-sands were running low, and he felt chilly on autumn afternoons, and since on this September day, in 1771, Captain Liljehorn had arrived, no one knew why or wherefore, Mr. Eckermann had not ceased to shake and tremble, as if with the ague; to a careful observer, the Captain's presence seemed evidently more chilling for the old gentleman than the wildest autumnal blast.

The sitting-room was furnished in homely style; a few good portraits of the royal Vasa family adorned the walls, and a coat of arms, embroidered in small compass, overshadowed by a sword and some rusty arms, occupied one corner, while the other held a magnificently carved *prie-dieu* chair. The table was of deal; the chairs of rush, but one, Mr. Eckermann's easy-chair; the floor was uncovered by carpet, but milk-white, and a sheepskin had been spread before the fireplace. The room's greatest ornament consisted, all along one side, of consecutive book-shelves, filled with scholarly books; the room spoke of another life, begun somewhere else, with other surroundings, to be ended here on the lonely Swedish island, in hopeless reminiscences.

The occupants of the room sat on each side of the fire—old Mr. Eckermann wrapped in a large dressing-gown lined with sheepskin, his straggling white hair falling over a furrowed face, with some indication of weakness in it; Captain Liljehorn in the uniform of a heavy cuirassier, lounging on two rush chairs, as best he could, his whole bearing bespeaking the unscrupulous, overbearing, conceited man of the world. It was like a hawk falling on its prey to see the Swedish captain cast watchful glances on the shivering old gentleman. Whatever the Stockholmer's impatience with his surroundings, he bore it meekly, trying to draw something from Mr. Eckermann which the other was evidently not inclined to divulge.

Ulrica's shrill treble was heard; it cut the stilly air like a sharp-edged knife; but without the treble Ulrica never would have got the small island wench, with stiff wooden shoes, shocky hair, and red elbows, to go through the rougher round of daily household duties. The duet began, and the captain threw a disgusted look at the doorway, expecting every moment to see Ulrica and her handmaiden appear in a skirmish,

when his glance was rivetted by an apparition that seemed little in accord with such sounds. Christina stood there, viewing him from top to toe; her svelt form dressed in striped Swedish linen, marking, damp as it was, every curve of her shape; her hair hanging loosely down her back, no attempt even at orderly arrangement being made; her cloth mantle, again thrown over a shoulder; her one foot naked, and tied round with a handkerchief, her other in a big yellow boot; her face—well, what was it?—was it pretty, handsome, beautiful? The captain could not tell; it made him stare at it, devour it, mark every lineament of it; and at last, once in his life, clumsily and awkwardly rise from his *nonchalant* position, and, turning to Mr. Eckermann, ask:

'Is that your daughter, cousin Eckermann?'

The apparition came nearer.

'Cousin Eckermann, you say, sir; pray, who are you?'

At her full length, Christina stood opposite the captain.

'I? I am Captain Liljehorn, a relative of your mother's family, and have come to this outlandish place to visit you.'

'For what?' answered Christina.

'For the honour of your acquaintance.'

'Don't believe it; if you meant us to believe it, you should, anyhow, have dressed differently. Wolves must come in sheep's clothing, when they want to catch their prey unawares.'

'What prey do you mean? I am not used to be thus addressed,' replied the captain, a little ruffled.

'I suppose not; but there is something about you I could not welcome here, and I am no court dame. What says my father?'

Christina looked at him near the fire, and was by him in an instant; kneeling down before him.

'You are not well, father; has *he* excited you? Pray do not mind him; I am here to watch; what can I do for you. Oh, please, let me call Ulrica; father, dear, you tremble.'

'Non-nonsense child; it is very cold.'

'No, no, father; the sun is still out, and the air is quite warm.'

The father bent down to her and whispered: 'Be quiet, Christina, it is nothing.'

'Then let me nestle near you,' and Christina spreading her mantle on the floor, stretched herself full length on it, supporting her head on her father's knee. The captain had sat down again, this time on one chair; he cast curious glances at this *nonchalante* beauty.

'Why, child, thy foot is tied up; is it hurt?

'A little; I drove a hard stone into it, by stamping it naked on the rocks.'

'And how came it to be naked?'

'Oh, I had been bathing.'

'Where, Christina?'

'Near the rocks, beyond the valley, on the north side.'

'Never go there again bathing, Christina, never; promise me.'

The old gentleman shivered worse than ever; Captain Liljehorn was watching him.

'Why do you look at my father, Mr. Hawk? Pray you'll get no advantage here; if you have come to see us for *mere* love and cousinship, tell us something about Stockholm. Since hearing that the king died suddenly, we know little of the world's concerns. There is plenty of time till supper, and I suppose you must stay over-night.'

The captain could not refuse.

'Your father knows nothing of the world; that does seem curious, cousin.'

'No, no, I never meddle now in its ways; I want to forget it.'

'Hem, replied the other. *You* know nothing of the Hats and the Caps now. The factions of the Ricksdag, and the intrigues of the Russian, English and French parties; it seems odd, but I suppose it is true, for a more hideous place to come and live in I never saw. How is your daughter to be educated here, fit for her station?'

'Ha, ha, Monsieur le Loup, she is ready now to take any position; don't make any mistake about me,' answered Christina as she stretched her arms lazily above her head and folding them there, let them rest on it. The loose sleeves fell downward from her wrists and exhibited a pair of snow white limbs with rosy elbow-dimples, as perfect as those of a chiselled Venus.

The captain could scarcely comprehend it; here was a piquante beauty all her own; what an acquisition for the Court of Stockholm.

'Really, you seem to have a peculiar character; what a pity it is wasted here.'

'Why, man, I'm only sixteen; wait a little, and then even I would *never* leave my father. With him there is paradise everywhere, for I love my father. Like him I never can love any other man.'

A shaking hand was laid on her hair. 'Thank you, child: but I scarcely comprehend you quite; you're growing up beyond me. I'm afraid I've made a boy of you.'

'Oh dear no, father, let me have fine clothes, and I shall make a dame of high degree. Why don't you have patience? I soar high. Do, father, let him speak; I do long to hear about the Court.'

'About Stockholm and the young king you want to know something; about the intrigues and doings, and the false calm. *I have come to tell.* You heard of the old king's sudden death in February; well, they sent quickly for the Crown Prince, who was in Paris trying to get the subsidy

money from that wily rogue, Louis XV. He has got it, and, I believe, has driven a new bargain. Shame on the Swedes that serve for purchase, and shame that Sweden should so long have received, God knows what gold, to belong either to this party abroad or the other! I say this venality will one day lose the Vasas their throne.'

'I don't think, Monsieur le Capitaine, you object to a little venality at home?'

'That's another thing; at home are various interests. One drives one way, one another; you must belong to some one, and if you get paid for it all the better; but I *do* say that selling your own people to strangers defiles the very name of a nation. Well, the prince returned, and the Hats and Caps both meant to unite to keep him down—there was no mistake; a Ricksdag met during the month and proclaimed Gustavus king. He submissively signed and agreed to everything. He lives at Eckholmsund and Urichsdahl, cultivating the arts and sciences. He receives everybody three times a week, he is so good and so gracious and has held such a splendid oration in praise of his father, that truly we are rowing in smooth waters. The various ambassadors, all intriguing against him and each other, are busy up to their ears. The Russians and Ostermann are holding with the Caps; the French and Count de Vergennes with the Hats. I tell you here, in the solitary little island, because no one can hear me, it's all a farce. Gustavus III. is a wily man, a quick-witted, long-sighted sovereign, who wouldn't sit a day on his throne if he thought he should, all the days of his life, have to obey the aristocracy, and take his orders from the Ricksdag. Pshaw, there is more stuff in the man; he'll conquer them all, but one—there is one man he *cannot* conquer, and that's his own brother, the Duke of Suedermanland.'

'What kind of man is he?' asked Christina.

'Bold, tall, and handsome, like all the three brothers; rather given to the ladies though—there are no end of scandals about him. The queen mother, that proud Prussian sister of Frederick II., is for ever complaining about her own son. To my idea, however, sooner or later, —oh, it may last years!—*that* man will one day prove his brother's enemy. *Now* he is on a mission; we are all on a mission. I may say it here—we are all sounding the troops and the army, gaining friends here and there, looking up clever old men and brave young ones. Dost thou understand, Cousin Eckermann? Come back now with me; leave this deserted island, and come with your daughter to Stockholm, and your fortune will be made.'

'The Lord keep us from temptation,' answered Mr. Eckermann, devoutly and tremblingly, folding his hands and casting his eyes upward, 'I have suffered enough. Let me die in peace.'

'And your daughter, Christina?'

'Poor child, poor child; I'll see her sheltered, I hope, sheltered safe—where nor king nor duke nor evil messenger can harm her.'

'Do you mean me, cousin?'

'No, no; go on. Tell us about the doings, only don't speak about me. If you came here for that purpose, once for all, put it out of your head; if you come to find out other people's secrets, you also come wrong, they will go with me into the grave, and that will be soon.'

The Captain cast a longing look at the old gentleman, as if he meant to say—'I would throttle you for them, if needs must be.'

'Well, well,' continued the man of arms, 'there is just now not much more to tell. Evidently Gustavus admires French manners and French style; we shall have a plenteous court under the new reign, and much show. The theatre will be patronised, perhaps even an opera succeed; we are all furbishing up our French. You know Frederick II., of Prussia, the worthy uncle of our king, must be imitated; we must prove our bringings up, our natural talents, our great sagacity, our standing among the sovereigns; in effect, we must play a part in the world. We cannot do it without getting rid of that tiresome Aristocracy and the Ricksdag factions; so we are throwing dust in the people's eyes, shall gradually gain strength in secret, give the whole thing a push, become a monarch in truth—and in the end, with all the promises, the people will be off as badly as before. I wish we could sell the whole thing to the highest bidder—there is nothing in this world like a good downright tyrant, with no scruples and qualms; not but what I think Gustavus bids fair to become one—well, if he does'—the Captain played with his short sword—'he may find himself mistaken.'

Old Eckermann pushed roughly Christina's head aside, stood up, his dressing-gown thrown back, and exclaimed fiercely—'Tell no lies, Captain, Gustavus is a noble boy, and you know it; not to *me* must you speak so!'

'Ah! because it would be part of your teaching. Well, I'll say no more.'

Ulrica now came fussily in to spread the table; it was done with various exclamations and upbraidings to some one outside. The supper was plain—oaten cakes and a small, stale wheaten loaf; dried salmon and fried fresh fish; a very skinny-looking fowl, some potatoes, and a tankard of home-brewed ale. But that tankard! It was of the purest silver, and wrought in figures of Cellini workmanship. The Captain's eyes glistened: 'Kept some remembrance, I see!'

The old man had a draught of the ale, and turned upon him: 'Remember, sir, you are here a guest, and must take no liberties.'

Christina had left the room, and returned that moment. The Captain

started back with surprise; the promising water-lily stood before him in the nascent bloom of her beauty. She wore a white linen dress of the finest texture, taken in by a yellow leather girdle; in long, deep folds it fell to her feet, now enclosed in yellow leather bottines; her luxurious hair was brushed back from her forehead, and hung far below her waist at the back. A slight golden circlet held it round her forehead in check; the dress opened from the throat some way down, and disclosed the whiteness of the swan; a gold cross on a slight gold chain rested round her snowy neck. There stood Christina Eckermann, like a classical figure to be remembered or dreamt of in the antique times, but little in accord with the French manners and customs everywhere in vogue in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER III.

A COUSINLY ATTEMPT.

The Captain's eyes watered as he looked at this metamorphosis; and there and then a small plan shaped itself in his mind. This glorious creature would lead any faction to anything, he thought; as yet he was not able to define what her moral *status* was, and whether he should meet with opposition in his devices, but, as the faith of the time went that a woman likened a town, and that you could gain either if you besieged her but long enough, he did not doubt of success.

They sat down to supper; the Captain was hungry, and, plain as the meal was, he did honour to it. Mr. Eckermann had become more chatty, and told innumerable anecdotes of the king's young days, being evidently well acquainted with them; Christina listened eagerly, drawing her breath sharply every now and then. Finally she went off in a deep reverie, during which her father was called out of the room to see an old woman, whose only son was very ill. The Swedish dame begged so hard for the amateur doctor to come with her to the nearest cottage, that Mr. Eckermann consented, and left the two alone to finish their supper.

'Cousin Christina, you are very beautiful; you would set the whole Court in Stockholm in commotion about you.'

'What did you say? Why dare you speak so to a young girl, who knows nothing of your world? Yes, I might look high, but not where you think. I know I am precocious in my wishes beyond my years, but my father gave me them unwittingly. I own no mean thoughts; what I am to be, I must be in honour and purity.' Then, calming herself, she put her two hands on the Captain's shoulder, scarcely knowing the

familiarity of the action, looked earnestly into his eyes, and said:

'Tell me again what men are those three royal brothers.'

'All handsome and chivalrous; all ready to adore such a woman as you. Cousin, give me a cousinly kiss.' He leant his head forward to take what he had asked.

A smart slap rewarded him for having misunderstood her childish movement. He did not like it, and scowled:

'You led me to think you would give what I asked; *you* began; remember, I am a Liljehorn and brook no insults.'

'Nor do I,' replied Christina firmly.

'Then why entice me?'

'Man, are you so base, that a girl's touch makes you think of wrong?'

The Captain was abashed; 'Christina Eckermann, whatever your future may be, it will not be a mean one. I wish I could win you; I am, however, a little too old now to begin a new way with woman. They have easily granted me the kiss I have asked, and your kind of high courage wants a longer siege than I should venture on. Let's be friends for the present, and I will tell you what the princes are like.'

He held out his hand, Christina gave hers; the temptation was too great, he snatched it towards him and kissed it. Christina coloured, but he put the dainty hand down so respectfully, that she was pacified and said nothing, though her blood had rushed up to avenge the unbidden caress.

'The princes, as I have said, are all handsome and chivalrous; I like the youngest the best, admire the king the most, and fear the second the Duke of Suedermanland the worst. I would not have man or woman in his grasp; his proud mother always had a disinclination to treat him like the others, and this motherly aversion is, perhaps, the cause of his more sinister character. He is, however, affable and gracious to those around him, but the serpent merely sleepeth. It will awaken one day, and its poison heed no obligation. The younger brother is more retired, and would not please you much; but the king, though naturally sagacious and wary, has good and great qualities; I scoff at him when I can, but no one who sees his open fine face, who hears his charming eloquence, who comes in contact with his delightful manners can withstand him long. Power, too much of it will alone spoil him and make him go beyond bounds; if so, there will be breakers ahead, for our nobility have for a long time done pretty well as they liked, and will finally brook no control. *That* I know, he means to control them, but not by open opposition, rather by secret action. We are just now in it; I am myself of the king's party, and rather a trusted messenger, though I got into my position by a misunderstanding; your father, I will tell you, now, that he is not here, possesses something I meant to get, and have

not got. He was long at court in the king's youth—and left on account of your mother; hush, you remind me of her. She was—there, I must not tell, are you content, have I said enough, or do you want more?' He looked up, for he had spoken in a hushed voice; Christina stared at him with luminous eyes:

'I always thought we were connected with the court; I always felt blood, blue blood, in my veins. Tell me, Captain, our secret, and I—I will give you the kiss you asked.'

The Captain knew it now; ambition would lose this woman.

'First give me the kiss—you might not like the news.'

Eager as Christina was, she bent to him, and received on her lips the first man's kiss other than her father's. She almost recoiled from it!

'I have paid—now, quick! quick! tell me.'

'Your mother was of distant royal lineage, and you are—not born in wedlock. Few knew of your existence—I did, and my sister, whom you saw once.'

'Ah! now I know why my father keeps that sealed packet of letters so safe under his pillow every night.'

'What did you say? Where does he keep it?—under his pillow?' But recollecting himself, the Captain held back, and said no more.

The old gentleman returned, weary and fatigued. He sank back into his easy chair, and did not notice the excited, flushed faces of the others. The lamp shaded them, or he must have perceived that something had happened.

Christina went up to her father. 'Why do you always trouble about these people here? They are not of us and with us; let them care for themselves.'

'Is it my daughter that says so?'

'To be sure—your own daughter. It is something in life to belong to those of our own birth.'

'But we are of no birth. I have ever taught thee, we are of humanity.'

'Does your former royal pupil think so? Say, cousin Eckermann,' put in the Captain.

'Yes, I am sure of it, whatever he may show outwardly. Gustavus has within him the belief that a king is made for his people, not a people for its king. His uncle Frederick taught it him.'

'His uncle Frederick used his people freely for his ambition.'

'And their well-being. But we shall never agree about it; my ideas are not yours, Captain; so let it rest. We shall want many great men, kings among the number, to show peoples how to develope, before they will be fit to do it for themselves.'

'Still a philosopher, and still looking into the future! Eckermann, it is much to me if Sweden's future course will be quite of your mind.'

'Perhaps not, but my bones will be at rest.'

'Father! dearest father! do not speak so—here am I, your child.'

The old gentleman had drawn back to his easy chair by the smouldering fire. Christina knelt by him, laying her golden-haired head against him fondly. He took her face, and turned it towards him:

'Christina, couldst ever deceive me? ever leave me? ever not be my daughter?'

Christina looked into his eyes, and mutely shook her head. She gave no verbal denial; evidently she felt not sure of her strength.

'I will not doubt thee, child. Thou art not of common mould—the Lord protect thee. Go now to rest; I have something to say to Captain Liljehorn.'

Christina kissed her father, and, holding out her hand to the Captain, turned her face from him as if she were ashamed, knowing there was a secret between them.

The Captain kissed respectfully the girl's rosy fingers, saying:

'Good night, beautiful cousin. May we meet next time at a more congenial place than this. *Au revoir.*'

'I shall always remain with my father,' was the faint answer.

'I think not,' was the low reply, only audible to her.

Long and earnest was the conversation between Mr. Eckermann and Captain Liljehorn that night—so long that Ulrica had sent her helpmate home to her cottage, and had retired herself to rest—that all sound from without had become hushed, and only the whistling wind could be heard across the island, as it swept from sea to sea; yet every now and then, one might have fancied a stealthy step moved under the window, as if watching for someone, while the two talked on.

The conversation at last broke off. 'No, Captain Liljehorn, you are not among those I should trust. I shall establish my child's name without it. I beg your pardon, but though old and failing, I am strong enough to protect us, and ward off the storm I see gathering. I do not give you my credentials.'

'As you will, cousin—as you will. The day may come when you will repent it.'

'Come now, and let me show you your room.'

The old man tottered up to the one floor above, before the Captain.

'And pray where do *you* sleep?' said the wily cousin.

'There, next to you,' was the answer.

The Captain was alone in his room; disgusted he looked round at the simple place, and the blue check bed.

'Pah, wouldn't go to sleep in that thing. All very well in war-time to put up with such wretchedness, not now. Let's see, how can we manage?' He took off his boots and listened; a low snoring sound

came from the next room. Sharper he listened. 'There is only one way of doing it, and done it *must* be.' He crept out of his room to the next door, and listened again; as he leant against it he pushed it open —it had not even been properly fastened. By the faint glimmer of the moon the Captain saw the old man lying peacefully in his bed; he looked solemn and ghostlike, and might have deterred any man from approaching him; not so the Captain. On tip-toe he came nearer and nearer—he stood within arm's length; the old man turned; the Captain held back; once more he moved forward, stretched out his hand, bent over and felt for something under the pillow. He had it; he took it—a bundle of letters. He drew back from the room as stealthily, took his boots, crept down the narrow stairs, found his cloak, jumped from the window of the front room, and met face to face another man.

'Quick, Lorenson, quick! we must cross to the mainland at once!' The ravisher was gone.

* * * * * * *

Next morning Ulrica was just stirring for her early duties, when she heard a loud call of her master's. She rushed up the stairs to him, and found him with distracted countenance sitting up in his bed.

'Is that man gone?'

'I do not know, I will see.'

Ulrica ran without ceremony into the next room, down stairs, and up again. 'Yes, yes; he is not here; the front window must have been his door, for this is closed.'

'Ulrica, call Christina, quickly.'

Christina had heard the running about and had hurriedly dressed; she just then entered the room.

'Christina, what did that man say to you last night, while I was gone; did he speak of your mother?'

Christina knew nothing but truth.

'He did father,' was her answer.

'What did he say?'

'I cannot tell it; indeed, I cannot.'

'Did you give him any cause to think I had the papers under my pillow?'

'If I did, it was inadvertently,' said Christina sorrowfully.

'Come here, child; thou *must* have done it. That man came here to get, honestly or not, the proofs, the living proofs of thy mother's virtue and thy identity; under false pretences he meant to have them from me. I was staunch, thou didst fall into the trap. Christina, Christina, to-day these proofs will be destroyed, I know it; and when I die, when

I am gone, thou, *her* inheritance to me—thou, my darling child—wilt be an outcast!

The old man bent his head low on his breast and cried in an agony: Christina, what hast done, child?'

Christina felt the first wages of the sin of curiosity to be hers then.

(*To be continued.*)

SIBYL.

Ebon hair in mazy tresses,
Gleeing with the wind's caresses;
Skin as clear as crested brine,
White as snow-crown'd Apennine.
Eyes as soft as summer air,
Roving here and resting there;
Floating eyes of hazel brown,
Witch's smile and fairy's frown.
Lips snow girdled, ruby red,
Rosecups on a lily bed.
Voice that melteth as the wail
Of the love-lorn nightingale.
Saw her, ladies fair among,
Deem'd her fairest of the throng;
Sought her, took her to my side:
'Deign, sweet maid, to be my bride!'

F. TOWNLEY DOWDING.

Knole Park.

By Lord R. Gower, M.P.

'The Park (of Knole) is sweet, with much old beech, and an immense sycamore before the great gate, which makes me more in love than ever with sycamores.' So writes Horace Walpole a century ago; and to those who love what is beautiful in the shape of park, garden, or architecture, Knole will make them more in love, not only with its grim old beeches and sycamores, but with all of which it abounds.

On passing through the great gate, on the north-west side, you enter what reminds one of an old college quadrangle. This first court, which has, again to quote Walpole, 'a beautiful decent simplicity which charms one,' dates from the middle of the fifteenth century, and the arms or crest of the Archbishop (Bourdius) who built this portion of the house are seen in the oriel window facing the gateway. Passing under a second gateway you enter a smaller court, unrelieved as the first one by plots of grass, but more picturesque and less formal; an open Ionic collonade faces the entrance, in which are hung huge antlers of deer, and here and there, placed in the wall, portions of ancient statuary. The hall beyond this court was fitted up by Thomas Sackville, the poet, Lord Buckhurst, who became first Earl of Dorset, and to whom this estate was given by Elizabeth. Tradition says he acquired it by the following ruse. The queen complaining of the time he took in coming up to London from Buckhurst, Lord Buckhurst replied that if he had a house nearer town, her majesty would not be kept so long waiting. Accordingly Knole was given to the ready-witted courtier, and the queen had probably no cause to complain afterwards when she summoned her favourite to court. This hall is 75 ft. long by 27 ft. high; a splendid fire-place contains fire-dogs with Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn monograms under a silver crown; these fire-dogs come from Hever Castle. At the lower end of the hall runs a music gallery, which would be much improved by removing the hideous paint with which it is covered. After

traversing this hall we enter the vestibule to the grand staircase, after ascending which we enter the principal drawing-room, a splendid apartment, with a gorgeous ceiling and marble mantel-piece, the walls of oak richly ornamented, but terribly spoilt by white paint—called the ball-room. The portraits here are well worth our attention, there being two first-rate canvases, one by Sir Joshua Reynolds of the third Duke of Dorset, in his robes, and full length, and a half-length by Gainsborough of Lord George Sackville, of Munden notoriety; there is also a full-length Van Dyck of the Lord Dorset famous from his duel with Bruce of Kinlop and his loyalty to the king; but the one to the right of the door on entering from the staircase, is most full of interest, as it represents one whose history is more associated with the place than any other—this is the portrait of Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.

There are two portraits of this lady at Knole. Neither give one the impression of much character, which she undoubtedly possessed; but how few portraits of this period do? Has any one of the numerous portraits of Queen Mary got a trace of what one imagines was the expression of the lovely Scottish Queen? and how disappointing are the portraits of Raleigh, of Philip Sydney, and of Arabella Stuart.

Anne Clifford was, indeed, no ordinary woman; and although her celebrated letter to Secretary Williamson is nearly the only generally-known production of her pen, there exists a MS., of which there is a copy at Knole (the original being at Buckhurst), which is, perhaps, one of the most interesting diaries of that period.

This journal commences in the year 1603, when Anne was only thirteen years old. Throughout this curious work, self-complacency shows itself strongly. She begins by stating that, had Queen Elizabeth lived, she would have been appointed to the Privy Chamber, 'for at that time there was as much hope and expectation of me as of any other young lady whatsoever.' She graphically describes the lying in state of the Queen's corpse at Whitehall, it having been brought by river from Richmond Palace; she was not allowed to act the part of mourner with her brother, not being 'high enough,' but she watched the procession (her mother, with the other ladies of the court, following the body on foot) from 'the church at Westminster.' We then follow her to Tibbald's, or, as it was afterwards spelt, 'Theobald's.' Here she accompanies her mother to meet the new king and court. Her first impressions of the Scotch courtiers is anything but flattering. 'We saw,' she says, 'a great change in the fashions of the new from the old court, for we were all lousy by sitting in the chamber of Sir Thomas Erskine.' The impression conveyed by this last remark is certainly not a pleasing one of King Jamie and his followers; but allowance must be made for the

prejudices of this young Englishwoman against the new *régime*. Travelling in those days must have been a very serious matter: her aunt, Lady Warwick, having started off in a hurry to meet the new queen, Anne and her mother hasten off to join her. From Tittenhanger they rode to Wrest, 'and killed three horses with extremities of heat;' and on arriving at their destination, finding the house shut up, and everybody gone to bed, are obliged to 'lie in the hall all night.'

But it would not be fair to poach upon these interesting memoirs, which we trust may some day appear in print. As records of domestic life in the days of King James, they are most curious, and would add much to what is such a very meagre portion of history, related by those who took part in public life at that far-away time. The diary ends in 1619.

By her first husband, Richard, third Earl of Dorset, whom she married in 1609, she had five children; only one of these lived, a daughter, who married a Tufton, an ancestor of the Earls of Thanet. *En secunde noces*, she married Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, whom she also survived.

She states that two days after her first marriage the father of her dear husband died, and that about six months after her marriage her lord went abroad. Both her marriages caused her, she says, many distresses and crosses, which 'caused the marble pillars of Knole House, in Kent, and of Wilton, in Wiltshire, to become harbours of refuge.'

Her letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, who wished to nominate a Member for the county of Cumberland, is almost too well known to require quoting; but there are two readings, the first of which is most probably the original; it is as follows:—

'Sir,—I have been hector'd by the King; bullied by an Usurper; but I will never be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand.

'ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY.'

or,

'I have been bullied by an Usurper, I have been neglected by a Court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand.'

a well-known statesman reminding those at Knole, in July, 1870, of Mr. Canning having quoted the last words of this spirited letter in a famous anti-reform speech made against that statesman in 1826.

We have lingered long enough before the fair face of this *grande dame*, and must glance at the other portraits, in which no country house is richer than Knole.

Passing through the great hall, which need not detain us long, there being no portraits here of much interest, we pass up the principal stair-

case, much spoilt by last century barbarism in the shape of painted gods and goddesses, vases and emblems, we enter through a quaint little pannelled vestibule, the Brown, or as it is sometimes called from portraits of Luther and Melancthus, the Reformer's Gallery. This gallery is eighty-eight feet in length. Amongst a good deal of trash in the way of historical portraits, which, as Hans Wulhol said, seem to have been 'bespoke by the yard and drawn all by the same painter,' are more interesting and evidently genuine portraits. Amongst the most notable are the following: the three reformers, by (or after) Lucas Cranach—Luther, Melancthus, and Pomeranius; a Holbein, of Ortelius the geographer; a Walker, of Cromwell; a Van Dyck, or a good copy of a Lord Burlington, over the entrance door, the same as at the Duke of Devonshire's, at Chiswick, but absurdly called in the catalogue here, 'Milton, when young;' two curious portraits, near the fireplace at the end of the gallery, of remarkable people—old Lady Desmond, who is traditionally said to have attained the mature age of 140, and Ninon d'Enclos, a fair, fresh, full face, with bright auburn locks, said to have been painted when this beauty was in her seventeenth year. Both sides of this quaint gallery are, as is the case of nearly every room in the house, filled with quaint old chairs and sofas, nearly all, probably, placed here by Thomas, Earl of Dorset, when he re-furnished the house in 1605-1607; there is also a double very sociable-looking armchair. At the end of this gallery you pass, on the right-hand side, into the rooms once occupied by Lady Betty Germaine, who died here in 1769. They are evidently left as when she occupied them. Her bedroom leads into a snug little sitting-room, used probably in her time as a powdering closet; and here is her portrait, amongst many others, the most striking being one of George Villiers Feltons, Duke of Buckingham. Re-crossing the Brown Gallery, we enter a splendid suite of rooms, one of which was furnished in its present state for the reception of the Venetian ambassador, Malino. Empanelled in the mantelpiece is a portrait of the Empress Catherine, in a red hussar uniform. This is one of the favourite rooms resorted to by artists, who are most liberally allowed by Lord Buckhurst to paint in any of the show-rooms, of which there are about a score. Returning by the Leicester Gallery, one enters another drawing-room, containing some good specimens of Dutch and Flemish art. No artist will pass by Rubens' sketch in oils of a wild boar hunt, or a young man's head, by Gainsborough.

The Leicester Gallery and billiard-room, which is a part, in fact a large recess, of the former apartment, is rich in portraits, by far the finest being that of Sir Kenelm Digby, a replica of the one at Windsor and at Lord Bradford's—this is probably the best picture in the house, and deserves a careful inspection; a doubtful Huytens, of James Marquis

of Hamilton; a full length of Prince Henry, painted at Knole; also full lengths of Frederic, king of Bohemia, and his queen, perhaps by Henhorst; Lord and first Lady Middlesex, so often painted, the best picture of her being Lady Cowper's, in London, where she is represented as Juno. Walpole calls her 'a bouncing kind of Lady Mayoress,' and thinks her ladyship looks 'pure awkward amongst so much good company.'

At the end of this gallery is the fine full-length worthy of, if not by, Holbein, of the unfortunate first Earl of Surrey; he is represented in a gorgeous dress, leaning on a broken pillar, not nearly such a gentleman-like looking person as the one of him by Holbein at Arundel, in a red dress; the frame of this picture is interesting, being of the time, large laurel leaves gilt, with berries painted blue.

Next to the ball-room is the crimson drawing-room; this contains some admirable pictures, half a dozen of which are by Reynolds. The best known but least pleasing is 'Count Ugolino,' which caused so great a sensation when exhibited, in 1857, at Manchester; 'The Gipsy Fortune Teller,' in a perfect state of preservation; two charming heads of children, a 'Samuel' and 'Robinetta;' the charming portrait of that arch-looking flirt, Madame Schindleim, in her pretty mob cap and cherry-coloured ribbons; a portrait of a Chinese boy squatting on the ground, with fan in hand—this celestial youth was educated at Sevenoaks, and probably painted at Knole when Sir Joshua is said to have painted his own portrait, of which mention will be made later; and, lastly, 'Madame Bucalli,' a vulgar-looking Comedy Queen, with a mask in her hand.

Besides these is a fine Holbein of 'King Henry,' a Van Dyk of a 'Lady Dorset,' in white silk, a Garupalo of 'Judith,' a 'Holy Family' by Titian, an Andrea del Sarto, also of the same subject; a good Domenichino, and two clever Teniers; a portrait, perhaps a Zucchero, of 'Mary Queen of Scots when Dauphiness,' should not be missed, in all probability a genuine portrait; it has, strange to say, never been exhibited; she is represented as a good-looking, fresh-complexioned chestnut-haired young lady of eighteen or nineteen, in a richly-brocaded white silk dress, ornaments, as the 'Court Circular' would say, pearls and diamonds; there is another interesting association of Queen Mary in this house, which is a set of coloured wooden figure groups, about eight inches in height, representing the 'Passion of our Lord,' these are placed on the altar in the chapel, and are said to have been given by the Queen, on the eve of her execution at Fotheringhay, to Robert, second Earl of Dorset; might not this portrait of herself have come into Lord Dorset's hands at the same period? Leaving the crimson drawing-room, we enter the most striking looking room in the house, namely, the Cartoon Gallery—called so after copies of Raphael's six cartoons, which line the walls of this

gallery—they are copies by Huytens, and are of more interest as having been executed from the originals soon after their appearance in England —the frames, which are handsome but somewhat heavy, are of the same time; this gallery has a most picturesque effect—a large recess, with a huge window, encrusted with the arms of the Sackvilles and their alliances, opens in the centre on the left, the walls are covered with curiously chased silver candle sconces, and from the roof depend quaint old chandeliers, in rock crystal and silver; to the right, on entering the gallery, is the chair which served as throne to James the First on his visit here, a curiously handsome old velvet bit of furniture, with a stool to match; above is a life-size portrait of the British Solomon, seated in this very chair, looking as besotted and drivelling as he is represented to have been by Walter Scott; a fine half-length of Lord Albemarle and page hang next to this portrait. The only other picture in this gallery is a full-length of the same actress as painted in the room we have last left, Madame Bucalli, who is represented dancing apparently a cachuka with castanets and outstretched foot, a charming portrait of what must have been a charmingly wicked-looking person; at the end of the gallery, under a table, laden with splendid silver flagons, or vessels, of the time of James the First, stands an old brass-bound leathern box, reminding us of a Florentine 'cascone' in shape.

We next enter the most gorgeous room of this magnificent series, called the 'King's bedroom,' after James the 1st, for whom this room was entirely fitted; the grand old bed is a mass of tarnished gold and silver work, for which a fabulous sum was given. The chairs, stools, &c., are all in keeping, and must, when new, have astonished Scottish James; but what eclipses even bedstead and canopy here is a table encrusted with silver, with candelabras to match. The show of silver ornamentation in this room cannot be surpassed, not only is there a table candelabra and dressing service in this material, but the old ebony and ivory cabinets are laden with every manner of patterns in silver, silver grass, moss, and even flowers in repoussie silver abound; the fire-dogs and sconces also here are of the same material.

Above the fire-place is an interesting life-size portrait of the brothers Coligny, by Jansen.

Here there is a copy of a curious little oil picture in the dining-room on the ground-floor; it represents a scene which probably often occurred within these walls in the early part of last century. The figure standing up with pipe in one hand and a wine glass in the other, is the wit and poet, Tom d'Urfey; he is said to have objected to have his portrait painted for his friend and patron Charles, last Lord Dorset, but his objections (on the score of extreme ugliness) were winked at, and the picture in this room was a sketch taken during a probably very

DRAWN BY E. F. C. CLARKE. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

KNOWLE PARK.

lively host's prandial meeting in the kitchen. The parson seems here quite in his element, and is evidently delighted with Tom's remarks. The painting bears the name of Van Gought, which can only be an assumed *nom de plume*, and the little canvas has all the raciness of a Hogarth.

The walls of this room are full of traditions of the poets and wits of the last two centuries, for not only are the portraits of those whose names are the glory of our country, wherever literature or art are appreciated, to be found here, cheek by gowl, but, if tradition is accurate, have met at the bidding of the last Earl of Dorset, himself a poet, the most remarkable literary man of the eighteenth century. We will mention a string of them: Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton and Shakspeare, Rowe, Congreve, Dryden, Garth, Wycherley, Cartwright, Otway, Swift, Pope, Betterton, Chaucer, Sir Philip Sydney, Johnson, by Huburt; Waller, Addison, Foote, Locke, Sedley, Fletcher, Rochester and Cowley, by Du Bois. Of these Pope, Dryden, Prior, Wycherley, Congreve, and d'Urfey probably have often met in this room. Besides the above-named portraits, is one by Sir Joshua of himself, also a full length one of the actress, Mrs. Abingdon—a sparkling picture, the face full of wit and life, and all the grace in the attitude that was Sir Joshua's peculiarity to give the colour, is apparently as bright as when it left the painter's esael, and is in all respects one of his most charming works.

Let us now visit the chapel; to get to this we pass again through the ball-room and enter an ante-room entirely hung with quaint old tapestry, which is fastened back by hooks on either side where the doors are; one of the most striking features of Knole is the immense quantity of ancient tapestry; many of the visitors' bedrooms are full of it, besides the quantity hung in the public room walls, and along the galleries and corridors; besides, there is much more, but for want of space a great deal of it is laid up in the huge store rooms at the top of the house. On the left of the chapel we enter the organ-room, passing into it up a flight of steps which picturesquely forms a half circle. This room is also rich in tapestry. Above the quaint old organ, which is said to have been here and even used by Queen Bess, is a fine specimen of Flemish arras representing the flight into Egypt; the private pew in the chapel is also full of this same series of early sixteenth century work, as are also the walls of the chapel. Before leaving the organ-room remark a very curious old piano case with the date MDCXXII; this, unlike the organ, which is still in use, is only the outer part of the instrument. The most interesting object in the chapel, namely, the wood-carving, which belonged to Queen Mary, has already been mentioned. The family gallery is a beautiful specimen of highly finished James I. carving, beautifully picked out in gold. The chapel was built by Archbishop Bourchier, his device, the

Bourchier knot, is also to be seen in the chimney-piece of an adjoining room, erroneously called that of Sir Thomas à Becket.

Beneath the chapel is a very ancient vaulted crypt formerly walled up, but now being cleared out by Lord Buckhurst.

Few strangers see one of the most curious parts of Knole, namely, the rooms immediately under the roof, the piombi as they might be called; these rooms consist of galleries some eighty or ninety feet long, with handsomely decorated walls, and here and there richly carved chimney-pieces. The walls are plaster and lath, but the hooks to which tapestry used formerly to be fastened still remain in the wall. Opening out of these long galleries are rooms as bare of furniture as the galleries; here and there what once was a grand old velvet chair is falling into shreds, and along the galleries are boxes with remains of old hangings, tapestry, and velvets, beautiful even in their decay. Before leaving the house a view either from the roof opening from these rooms or from the entrance tower will amply repay the climb; until you look down upon the labyrinth of courts, it is difficult to have an idea of the enormous extent of building you have traversed; it is said that there are as many courts as months at Knole, as many staircases as weeks in the year, and as many rooms as days. Some of the small courts are wonderfully picturesque, and the mixture of gable mullion windows and battlemental roof cannot fail to please. The stable-yard and adjoining courts are worth passing through.

The gardens of Knole are, in their way, as beautiful as the house. A large bowling-green fronts the house; here, as two hundred years ago, the game of bowls—in Lady Dorset's Diary called Burleigh ball—is still played. A long trellised terrace leads into a beautiful garden, the walks all turf, and full of old English flowers. To the left, surrounded by a low wall, is a garden dating from Queen Elizabeth's reign, the pattern copied after a ceiling in the house. Nothing can be quainter, or more in keeping with the grand old mansion, than this garden; and the view from a seat, shaded by yews of three hundred summers, of the house from this part of the grounds, is worth coming from London to see. The quaintly ornamented gables, with the numerous stacks of chimneys, crowned by clock-tower and belfry, with the deep red of the long line of roof relieving the grey stone, is perfect. Beyond this again, on the right, is another garden, rich in rhododendrons and box, surrounding a pond with a sculptured fountain in the midst. Another point worth visiting is one at the extreme end of the garden, facing the towers of the principal gateway, from which floats (when the family are here) the union jack.

Surrounding this garden is the park, filled with stately trees. The beeches here are magnificent. Here and there a monarch of the forest, in the shape of an ancient oak, stands forth prominently. A long avenue of stately chesnuts leads to the park gates; but it would require the pen

of Gilpin to describe this wilderness of park and forest. There, as well as within the house, the artist will find scope for his pencil. It is, indeed, a fit framework for such a house, enshrining, as it does, one of the stateliest homes of England. This grand domain is not selfishly confined to its proprietors; on a Sunday summer's evening, the park is full of people, who are allowed to wander freely where they list. Indeed, the liberality with which not only the park but the house is shown to strangers is worthy of all praise. Long may Knole remain in such liberal hands and in such worthy keeping, must be the prayer of all who have had the happiness of visiting what is in every sense one of the most perfect specimens of the old English baronial home.

VICTOR HUGO'S 'YEAR TERRIBLE'

'J'entreprends de conter l'année épouvantable
Et voilà que j' hesite, accoudé sur ma table.
Faut-il aller plus loin ? dois-je continuer ?
France ! O deuil ! Voir un astre aux cieux diminuer,
Je sens l'ascension lugubre de la honte.
Morne angoisse ! Un fléau descend, un astre monte.
N'importe. Poursuivous, l'histoire en a besoin.
Ce siècle est à la barre et je suis son témoin.'

Année Terrible.

'L'ANNEE TERRIBLE' is one of those books which can only be conscientiously criticised *à tête reposée*, when the first moment of surprise, the first period of wonder and admiration have passed away, and made place for cool and impartial judgment. Every verse in this long-winded poem contains a thought—every word has a meaning; it is only after careful study that one feels qualified to emit a final opinion, not on its merit—this is beyond discussion—but on its comparative worth. The fact is that Victor Hugo has written so many masterpieces, has accustomed us to such marvels of versification and dramatic power, that we greeted his more recent works, of whatever value, with something like disappointment, mainly because our minds are full of 'La Légende des Siècles,' of 'Notre Dame de Paris,' of 'Ruy Blas,' 'Le Roi s'Amuse,' or 'Les Orientales,' and we expect the poet to surpass himself. It is thus with lofty intellects: the better their works the more exacting is the public. Such is the spirit with which 'L'Année Terrible' was received —a kind of breathless expectation in the hostile camp, a good deal of anxiety among the poet's partisans. Naturally, Victor Hugo's enemies began by saying that if the subject could not inspire him with something abnormally sublime, he was fit for Charenton and a shower-bath; and thus they prepared, in any case, to heap on him as much abuse as their aversion for a great and generous writer could inspire. This species of prefatory criticism before the issue of the poem had, we are sorry to recognise it, some effect on M. Hugo's supporters themselves, and much

more so on the public at large. 'What will "L'Année Terrible" prove to be? A rhapsodical, spasmodic, senseless collection of odds and ends? The poet, 'tis indeed true, has fallen a great deal of late. . . . He answers every letter that is written to him, and this is a sign of lunacy not to be mistaken. . . . Besides, he is old—over seventy; "L'Homme qui Rit" is insensate. . . . The war was amply sufficient to confuse what brains remained to the pompous old man.' *Nous allons rire!* And the readers of the 'Figaro,' and the *petits crevés*, who parade the Boulevards with violets in their button-holes and the last bulletin from Chislehurst in their breasts, and the mass of simpletons whose narrow intellects are unequal to the mental effort of understanding an antithesis—winced knowingly, and waited. Because 'the poet highest of heart' had fallen in a passing trance of weakness, cut off as he stood from every society, torn from the great town where he had uttered his noblest words, alone with his own thoughtful genius, his sorrowful heart, and the elements—because, we say, Victor Hugo, more and more lonely and desolate, had penned a work of comparative inferiority, but yet, withal, abounding in admirable pages—it was thought that Victor Hugo was a dullard. Indeed, many could have proved to you, by the laws of mathematics and the light of medical science, that the author of 'Les Chatiments' could give nought but insipid nonsense, being stark mad. 'Let him retire, and be forgotten, the obstinate old fool! Why spoil the small share of glory he has acquired in times gone by? Enough of him—our patience is at an end; one more trial, and we give him up.' And the abuse went on; the poet was laughed at for being patriotic, jeered for attempting to conciliate factions, and stoned because he was humane. Time passed, and an extract from the forthcoming poem was given in a Paris journal; as it happened, this particular piece was perhaps the most defective of the book, and the laughter began again, for there is a class of writers in France for whom nothing is sacred—not even genius.

At last 'L'Année Terrible' came forth, and laughter subsided; the pages were so pregnant, so fiery and vigorous, that Hugo's systematic detractors were hushed for a moment. It is true that 'L'Année Terrible' was enough to silence the most ruthless of cynics. The blindest could not but see that Victor Hugo was himself again—as young and eloquent as in the prime of his glory. A few months and a year of calamity had operated the transformation. A glance through the poem showed, under a nearly faultless form, all the lyric qualities of the works that had delighted the passionate generation of 1830, with less of their habitual defects. Every Frenchman must have felt secret pride in reading their thoughts couched in an immortal form. There was nothing of the sickly, boneless muse of the Ponsards, the Mussets, and the school of Parnassians, but the robust, and healthy, and dauntless inspiration of him who

can be a man as well as an artist, 'L'Année Terrible' took the public by storm; and, perhaps for the first time since the death of Béranger, a poem has penetrated among the French peasants, and is read every evening by the most lettered of the locality to an eager audience of rustics. This homage ought, indeed, to flatter Victor Hugo, for one man only obtained it before him.

Naturally, criticisms of 'L'Année Terrible' have not been few, since the issue of the book in April last. Every opinion has been expressed, from frantic admiration to judgments *de parti pris;* political antagonism has led astray many able critics who could not make up their minds to appreciate the work from a purely artistic point of view. It is somewhat edifying to follow the most prominent dissenters: some pronounce the 'Year Terrible' highly blasphemous; others denounce it as a stimulant to the worst passions of the multitude; not a few put it down as criminal, and call the poet a Communist; certain Bonapartist prints go so far as to hint that he is a *pétroleur;* Victor Hugo's generous defence of the conquered finds no echo, save among his friends; and a critic of 'La Gazette de France' hurls the excommunication of the Church at the peccant poet because he says that he is not an atheist, and he (the critic) maintains that he is. Another reviewer, in this country, laments that Victor Hugo should have written a poem devoid of method and classification; just as if the record of a year so unequal and essentially irregular could be written as smoothly as *La Henriade;* or that he lacks self-criticism, and falls in the same reprehensible error as of yore; just as if Hugo would not be called insipid, were he unfortunate enough to be faultless. The most serious and reasonable accusation is that of mistaken patriotism, unnecessary clamour for *la Revanche,* bitter hatred against Germany. In part of this we perfectly agree; but the circumstances in which most of the verses were written must be borne in mind, and considering how Victor Hugo was in Paris for five long months of investment, how grating to his proud heart must have been the humiliation of surrender, we are astonished at the moderation he betrays throughout the relation of the hopes and disasters of Paris and France. There was not a Frenchman whose hope did not linger on future revenge when Alsace and Lorraine were taken by the conqueror, and few, at present, have controlled their feelings sufficiently to weigh the terrible consequences of mistaken patriotism. Victor Hugo, as we shall presently see, in no way directs his bitterness against the Germans, but against their political leaders. But one of the most surprising reviews of the 'Year Terrible' was that of M. Louis Etienne, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' the writer seriously maintaining that the new poem was no more nor less than a calamity to French poetry, a signal for the corruption of versification, and that the author of 'La Légende'

was inaugurating a school of triviality, and freedom in the treatment of the metre, which must prove fatal to a promising generation of youthful disciples. That so serious and thoughtful a publication as the 'Revue' should have assumed the responsibility of this singular remark is all but incomprehensible; for the most ignorant and prejudiced cannot but render this justice to 'L'Année Terrible,' that the verse is composed with marvellous dexterity, and that no *romantique*, not to except Théophile Gautier, ever treated Alexandrines with more consummate art than Hugo has done. Indeed, the poet uses all his science, neglects none of his means, to arrive to metrical perfection, and brings forth that extraordinary knowledge of the vocabulary, and discernment in the precise use of words, which no modern writer possesses, save the author of 'Emaux et Camées.'

We now come to the attentive analysis of the book which has proved so unfortunate as to deserve the reprobation of the 'Revue de Deux Mondes.' It need scarcely be said that the 'Year Terrible' consists in a series of nearly a hundred poems on the marking events of the up-hill struggle which commenced at the fatal capitulation of Sedan, in September, 1870, and lasted until the insurrection of the Commune. Many of these pieces are personal; but who would chide Victor Hugo for putting himself forward in the record of a stubborn resistance which took additional strength from his eloquent exhortations? We can easily forgive him the verses he devotes to the scandalous scenes of Brussels, when a certain number of ruffians smashed his windows and wounded his baby granddaughter, since his personal affairs are intimately linked with most of the episodes of foreign and civil strife; and when he indulges for a while

'Aux âpres voluptés qui naissent du mépris'

we feel almost thankful that he had good cause to thunder and strike, and we hardly pity General Trochu for the cutting irony he brought on himself by his inconsiderate criticisms of the old man's 'Képi.' Napoleon III. is less unmercifully dealt with than might have been expected from the author of 'Les Châtiments;' but the reason is obvious—one terrible denunciation is enough for the ex-Cæsar; other evils, catastrophes, and bleeding wounds, demand the poet's attention; he has no time to waste on his collapsed foes. Yet, when the name of Bonaparte for once falls from his pen, every fibre of Victor Hugo's vibrates with crushing indignation and contempt: 'One day this man said, "I have a throne, but I am despised. I must be feared. I will be master of the world; I shall put my foot over the turban of Abdul Aziz, and dictate to the Czar. Since I won a battle on the Boulevard Montmartre, I can conquer Prussia. It is as easy to besiege Berlin as Toulon. I took the

Bank; why should I not capture Mayence?"' And the infatuated folly of the fallen sovereign receives its fill of sarcasm, until the indignation of the poet rises more and more as he realises the mistakes of the man he impeaches: 'No, never did centuries and history witness this insensate spectacle—this nightmare—a man who, of his own free will, descends from a triumphant summit, takes the trouble to dig his own grave, and, bending under the frightful knife, severs his own head, to save his crown.' At last the impeachment culminates in a sombre invocation, a marvellous piece of eloquence that can bear any comparison:

'Alors la Gaule, alors la France, alors la gloire,
Alors Brennus, l'audace, et Clovis, la victoire;
Alors le vieux titan celtique aux cheveux longs,
Alors le groupe altier des batailles Chalons,
Tolbiac la farouche, Arezzo la cruelle;
Bovines, Marignan, Beaugé, Mons-en-Puelle,
Tours, Ravenne, Agnadel sur son haut palefroi,
Fornoue, Ivry, Coutras, Cérizolles, Rocroy,
Denain et Fontenoy, toutes ces immortelles
Mélant l'éclair du front au flamboiement des ailes,
Jemmapes, Hohenlinden, Lodi, Wagram, Eylau,
Les hommes du dernier carré de Waterloo,
Et tous ces chefs de guerre, Héristal, Charlemagne,
Charles-Martel, Turenne, effroi de l'Allemagne,
Condé, Villars, fameux par un si fier succès,
Cet Achille, Kléber, ce Scipion, Desaix,
Napoléon plus grand que César et Pompée,
Par la main d' un bandit rendirent leur épée!'

And with this the name of Napoleon disappears. Other wondrous events have followed the capitulation of an army. Victor Hugo arrived in France at this climax. He came to stand by his country in the final life-grapple with the invader. Twenty years before he had left France as an exile, a prey to civil dissensions; a fierce war greeted his return. Yet Victor Hugo despairs not; he believes in his country, the mother land of a host of heroes, Hochr, Kleber, Marceau; surely the spark of undaunted patriotism is not extinct; in such desperate moments do heroes spring from the earth and instill courage to the terror-stricken. But, alas! all is a shapeless heap of smouldering ruins; of the brilliant army that was marched to the Rhine two months before, not a soldier remains; the arsenals are empty, the fortresses dismantled, the country in a panic, and over this vast scene of desolation the Prussian eagle broods ominously; the Germans advance towards the capital in thick cohorts, elated with victory, fresh from bloody battles; and Paris, the town of pleasure and luxury, the *Cabaret de l'Europe*, to quote the expression of Madame de Matternich, tears her rich and gaudy garments, and prepares to fight. In the view of a statesman, the appeals of Victor

Hugo to the victor are undoubtedly childish; as pieces of generous effusion inspired by hatred of bloodshed, they are admirable. 'How!' he exclaims, 'the country of Goëthe, and Kant, and Beethoven, and the country of Voltaire will rush upon each other and tear their hearts from their bosom.' . . . . Nay; 'tis impossible; no nation is greater than thee, Germany; thou wast the most just of powerful nations; thou wast the protector of the vanquished; thy breath is music; nothing is fresher and more charming than thy green plains; the hamlet slumbers in the sombre shadow of the castle; and thy fair maidens have the adorable candour of angels. . . . . Germany, thou hast Beethoven as Greece had Homer; thou art superb and powerful. . . . . Nay, nay! it cannot be; thou art too great to conquer or be conquered.' It is to be remarked that Victor Hugo is never bitter when he speaks to the Germans; his ire is only unrelenting towards those whom he thinks their instigators in an unfair protraction of the war. 'A Prince, prince et demi,' 'Dignes l'un de l'autre,' 'A tous est prince,' are penned in this spirit. Let us for a moment suppose that Victor Hugo eschews military glory, preaches concord and oblivion of wrongs and humiliations, whether deserved or not; that he is no longer that chivalrous and often unreasoning spirit that admires the Vendome Column and speaks tenderly of the monument of La Bastille; shall not Victor Hugo thus altered be no more the genius, lofty in his inconsequences, we admire? He must be taken as a whole; and 'L'Année Terrible,' divested of its spontaneous patriotism would lose much of its vigour.

In the midst of these verses, fiery and youthful, that reflect the clashing of arms and the roar of the battle field, the reader is taken aback at finding pages of touching tenderness which remind him that the poet still possesses the power of moving profoundly the hearts of his readers, and that the hand that wrote the last scene of 'Ruy Blas' is as firm as ever. When he speaks of children and women, one is irresistibly charmed; he attains a lyrism which would alone carry his name to posterity. It is like the sweet and plaintive music of Bellini, pure and beautifully simple. What pathos and sentiment in the piece inscribed 'A Petite Jeanne!'

'Vous eûtes donc hier un an, ma bien aimée.
Contente, vous jasez, comme, sous la ramée,
Au fond du nid plus tiède, ouvrant devagues yeux,
Les oiseaux nouveaux nés gazouillent, tout joyeux
De sentir qu'il commence à leur pousser des plumes.
Jeanne ta bouche est rose; et dans les grands volumes
Dont les images font ta joie, et que je dois,
Pour te plaire, laisser chiffonner par tes doigts,
Ou trouve de beaux vers, mais pas un qui te vaille
Quand tout ton petit corps en un voyant tressaille;

Les plus fameux auteurs n'ont rien écrit de mieux
Que la pensée éclose à demi dans tes yeux,
Et que ta réverie obscure, éparse, étrange,
Regardant l'homme avec l'ignorance de l'ange
Jeanne Dieu n'est pas loin puisque vous êtes là
Ah! vous avez un an, c'est un âge cela!
Vous êtes par moments grave, quoique ravie;
Vous êtes à l'instant céleste de la vie
Où l'homme n'a pas d'ombre, ou dans ses bras ouverts
Quand il tient ses parents, l'enfant tient l'univers!
Votre jeune âme vit, songe, rit, pleure, espère
D' Alice votre mère à Charles votre père.
Tout l'horizon que peut contenir votre esprit
Va d'elle qui vous berce à lui qui vous sourit;
Ces deux êtres pour vous à cette heure première
Sont toute la caresse et toute la lumière;
Eux deux, eux seuls, O Jeanne; et c'est juste, et je suis
Et j'existe, humble aieul, parceque je vous suis;
Et vous venez, et moi je m'en vais; et j'adore,
N'ayant droit qu'à la nuit, votre droit à l'aurore.
Votre blond frère Georges, et vous, vous suffisez
A mon âme, je si vois vos jeux, et c'est assez;
Et je ne veux, après mes épreuves sans nombre,
Qu'un tombeau sur lequel se découpera l'ombre
De vos berceaux dorés par le soleil levant.
Ah! nouvelle venue innocente, et rèvant
Vous avez pris pour naître une heure singulière;
Vous êtes, Jeanne, avec les terreurs familière;
Vous souriez devant tout un monde aux abois;
Vous faites votre bruit d'abeille dans les bois,
O Jeanne, et vous melez votre charmant murmure
Au grand Paris faisant sonner sa grande armure.
Ah! quand je vous entends, Jeanne, et quand je vous vois
Chanter, et me parlant avec votre humble voix,
Tendre vos douces mains au dessus de nos têtes,
Il me semble que l'ombre où grondent les tempêtes,
Tremble et s'éloigne avec des rugissements sourds,
Et que Dieu fait donner à la ville aux cent tours
Désemparée ainsi qu'un navire qui sombre,
A l'univers qui penche et que Paris défend,
Sa bénédiction par un petit enfant.'

Nothing is so touching as the poet's grief over his son's grave, and his love of the two babies, his grandchildren, who all were in Paris throughout the siege. Victor Hugo has been sorely tried in his dearest affections; twelve years ago Madame Vacquerie, his eldest daughter, perished with her husband in a boating excursion to Honfleur; the painful event was recorded in one of the finest poems of 'Les Contemplations;' Madame Hugo soon followed her child to the grave, and the list of affliction was

augmented by the premature end of Charles Hugo, the one of the great man's sons who had inherited some of his father's power.

We ask, is the man who wrote such verses where the name God is continually extolled, the blasphemer, the atheist, many believe him to be, from mere hearing? Of all modern French poets, Hugo is undeniably the most religious; he believed, and he proclaims it in every line. Only his religious opinions affect a peculiar form; and, however different from more generally diffused theological ideas, they are lofty enough to claim respect from all. *En attendant* his future work—'Dieu'—he thinks it worth his while to condense, once for all, his beliefs in an answer to a bishop who called him an atheist. This insertion of a personal plea may be irrelevant, strictly speaking, in a book which professes to be an awful period; but we care not: it is fine, eloquent, and lucid, and its relative inopportunity obviously becomes a question of minor importance. No doubt that there must be some rule to safeguard the symmetry of a poem, and that, however eager *romantiques* may feel to free themselves from the cold, stately, and narrow form which Casimir Delavigne and Ponsard attempted, the one to maintain, the other to raise again too exaggerated errings from the limits assigned by art and common sense would be conducive to unfortunate results. But we have not the heart to haggle over a petty violation of rule, such as many have already done.

The siege of Paris has begun; 'L'Année Terrible' takes us into the dark hours of the isolation of the great city from the world. How thoroughly does the writer depict the hopes, and fluctuations, and opinions, the secret thoughts of every besieged, the abnormal aspect of the capital, and the final struggle with hunger! He is a mirror wherein are reflected the souls of his compatriots. 'Will no people help us?' exclaims Victor Hugo; 'shall we fall in the abyss for want of a friendly hand? O, France, alone, alone! They all look on and move not; all see thy blood flow from thy gashes, and forget that thou wast the defender of progress and right. Their pity is more insulting than anger. Ah, I wish I were not French, to be able to say that I choose thee, O France, and that in thy martyrdom, gnawed by the vulture, I proclaim thee my country, and my glory, and my only love!' Exalted patriotism can soar no higher; it is irrational; it is unreasonable, but it is sublime. Equal to it, in another respect, are the descriptions of a mournful battle-field, of a sortie, of the sinister aspect of the ramparts by twilight, &c. In these particular subjects, however, which demand a calm, mysterious, and impressive language, although the dramatist reveals himself, a rather unsparing use of certain words, such as 'sombre,' 'ombre,' 'noir,' and dark tints in general, are to be detected; the poet is too fond of showing off his figures in fantastic shades. Thus we come to

January, the last month of resistance: Paris feeds on bad bread and coffee; children die by hundreds; the streets are filled with hearses, and occasionally a shell bursts into the midst of death; a small piece of horseflesh can be yet obtained by the women, but the poor creatures wait half a day for it, and meanwhile the horizen grows darker and darker. We find a graphic and original description of the painful crisis in the verses inscribed, *Lettre à une femme par ballon monté*:—

'Paris terrible gai combat. Bonjour, madame.

'We have no sun, no help, nor fear. All will be well provided; no one sleeps. Schmitz writes insipid proclamations on the war. I have just given fifteen francs for four eggs, not for me, but for my darlings George and Jane. We eat rats, bears, donkeys; Paris is so well entrapped and surrounded, that a Parisian's body is like Noah's Ark. Paris burns the Champs Elysées; we are cold, without fire to dry our linen. When night comes, a rumour rises from the streets—drums, calls, bellicose appeals. The Seine bears myriads of blocks of ice, among which the gunboats glide like birds. On our clothless table a potato is queen and onions are divinities, just as in Egypt. We have no coals—but our bread is black. No gas—Paris sleeps under a gigantic extinguisher. All is dark at six; tempests of shells whizz over our heads. . . . . Paris is valiant and charming. As for me, I rejoice to see that we resist unflinchingly; I say to all, to love, to struggle, to forget—to have no other enemy but the enemy. I exclaim: My name I have forgotten it—I am called *Patrie!* The women (you may be proud, madam) are simply sublime; they accept everything—their fireless hearths, their feet benumbed in waiting at the door of the butcher, despite of the storm and the snow. The drum awakes the immense city at dawn; we fraternise; we dream of success; we give up our hearts to hope, and our heads to thunder. We suffer, but with hope. Courage! Paris before a month will shake off the Prussians. Afterwards we hope, my two sons and myself, madam, to live with you in the country; and we shall go and ask your leave in March—if we be not killed in February.'

A rapid translation does but poor justice to the graceful versatility which characterises this piece. But Victor Hugo is too sanguine; he trusts to something short of a miracle. Another month, and sad truth replaces illusions, with the fall of Paris. France loses her nerve, and bends her head; France is like a mouse in a trap; still Victor Hugo retains his generous illusions. Our business is not to analyse his motives for a protracted struggle, but this we perceive, that a higher reason than is at first palpable impels him to reject peace, because it is prone to endanger the future welfare of Europe.

We have now arrived at the final, but not the least important, part of 'L'Année Terrible,' that which has raised the most passionate debates. It absorbs a third of the volume, and treats almost exclusively of the horrors of civil war. Far from giving himself as a political arbitrator, partial to the insurrectionists, and throwing oil on the flames, as he has been so lightly charged with, the author of 'L'Année Terrible' denounces internal strife, and deplores that his country should tear itself before the

invader. Not a word of encouragement does he bestow on either party; he says that the civil war is impious, and must be stopped at any price. Paris has suffered; its sufferings must be taken into account; remember that these men are yet smarting from misery and humiliation—console them with kind words, not with chassepôts, and whoever refuses to spare French blood is guilty of a crime of *lese nation*—let Paris hold out her hand to Versailles and cry 'Peace and solidarity before a common foe'—both have grievances—let both accord mutual concessions. Such is the tenor of *Un Cri, La Lutte, Pas de représailles*—a sentiment of horror, an overflow of revolted humanity. When Versailles errs, Victor Hugo exclaims 'Pas de cruautés;' when the adverse party design to retaliate, he says 'Pas de représailles.' He strives not to conceal his indignation, his profound grief. He speaks for the Arc de Triomphe, battered by the besiegers; he speaks for the Colonne Vendôme, overthrown by the besieged; and his part is a noble and grand one. By-and-bye, when the insurgents are hemmed in and conquered, and the terrible work of carnage begins, the poet comes forward alone, and pleads for the conquered; his voice is unheeded but not hushed. It must be clearly understood that he speaks as a humanitarian, free from party prejudice, deprecating cruelty from whatever quarter it comes. What Victor Hugo's personal opinions may be it is not our business to inquire, but there can be little doubt that the defence of human life has inspired him the finest verses he ever wrote in his life, so pregnant, so elevated, that one is reminded of Voltaire's magnificent rehabilitation of Callas:—

'Personne n'est méchant, et que de mal on fait!'

This verse is the summary of his brief—none are wicked, yet they kill each other; the gutters reek with blood; women and children are brutally executed; the fatal wall sees side by side the grandson and grandsire, cruelty is a frenzy and drinks deep. . . . . None are wicked, none guilty—save of blindness and ignorance:—

'Tu viens d'incendier la bibliothèque?
Oui.
J'ai mis le feu là.
Mais c'est un crime inoui!
Crime commis par toi contre toi même, infame!
Mais tu viens de tuer le rayon de ton âme!
—Je ne sais pas lire.'

To kill and foster revenge is not the way to insure a happy future. Victor Hugo interceded for Maximilian; why should he not intercede when Paris becomes one vast field of execution? 'They are placed against the horrible wall; the man says to the soldier who prepares to shoot him, "Farewell, brother." The woman says, "My husband is dead; 'tis

enough. I know not whether he was right or wrong, but I know that we have toiled and lived together; if that man be taken from me, I have no need to live. Thus, since he is dead, I must die;" and the corpses cover the pavement; in a sinister peloton twenty girls pass; they sing—their grace, innocent tranquillity, frightens the crowd. "Where are you going?" demands a man, addressing the prettiest, "I think they are going to shoot us," she answers. The deadly mitrailleuse does its work—yet none of the victims weep; they seem happy to leave an incomplete world.'

'Ce rire, ce dédain tragique est un aveu.
Gouffre de glace! Enigme où se perd le prophète!
Donc ils ne tiennent pas à la vie; elle est faite
De façon qu'il leur est égal de s'en aller;
C'est en plein mois de mai; tout veut vivre et mêler
Son instinct ou son âme a la douceur des choses;
Ces filles-la devraient aller cueillir des roses;
L'enfant devrait jouer dans un rayon vermeil;
L'hiver de ce vieillard devrait fondre au soleil;
Ces âmes devraient être ainsi que des corbeilles
S'emplissant de parfums, de murmures d'abeilles,
De chants d'oiseaux, de fleurs, d'extase, de printemps!
Tous devraient être d'aube et d'amour palpitants.
Eh bien, dans ce beau mois de lumière et d'ivresse,
O terreur! C'est la mort qui brusquement se dresse,
La grande aveugle, l'ombre implacable et sans yeux;
Oh! comme ils vont crier et trembler sous les cieux,
Sangloter, appeler à leur aide la ville,
La nation qui hait l'Eumenide civile,
Toute la France, nous, nous tous qui detestons
Le meurtre pêle-mêle et la guerre à tâtons!
Comme ils vont, l'œil en pleurs, bras tordus, mains crispées,
Supplier les fusils, les canons, les épées,
Se cramponner aux murs, s'attacher aux passants,
Et fuir, et refuser la tombe, frémissants;
Et hurler: on nous tue! au secours! grâce! grâce!
Non. Ils sont étrangers à tout ce qui se passe;
Ils regardent la mort qui vient les emmener.
Soit. Ils ne lui font pas l'honneur de s'étonner.
Ils avaient dés longtemps ce spectre en leur pensée.
Leur fosse dans leur cœur était toute creusée.
Viens, mort!'

Could anything be more supremely transcendent and eloquent? Repeatedly Victor Hugo returns to the charge; his intercessions are as many masterpieces, named *a ceux qu'on foule aux pieds, les innocents, les fusillés.* We have then in the final part (classed in the month of July) containing matter as vigorous as the first part, appeals to concord, pieces on miscellaneous subjects; and, lastly, a colloquy between what

Victor Hugo calls the old world and the tide of retrograde ideas, and progress :—

'LE VIEUX MONDE.

. . . . . .

Dieu t'-a dit : ne va pas plus loin, ô flot amer !
Mais quoi ! tu m'engloutis ! Au secours, Dieu ! La mer
Désobéit ! La mer envahit mon refuge !'

'LE FLOT.

Tu me crois la marée et je suis le déluge.'

But it is time to conclude. We have indicated what we believe to be the most salient parts of 'L'Année Terrible.' If our appreciation is free from the kind of criticism which consists in finding defects where there are none, merely out of deference to an accepted tradition, it is because, on our own humble confession, we feel unequal to the task of impeaching a great genius for a few rare defects and some occasional lack of propriety. Indeed, we should be sorry if Victor Hugo were perfect. His perfection and imperfection we have found in that marvellous book on the 'year terrible.' An old man cannot break down his proud spirit to certain ideas; such he has been during forty years of glory, such he will die; but posterity will probably think that of the brilliant collection of masterpieces the author of 'Les Châtiments' has furnished to the world, 'L'Année Terrible' is the most truly powerful and characteristic. To sum up its qualities in three words, 'L'Année Terrible' is the incarnation of Lyrism, Patriotism, and Humanity; a mighty appeal to concord, and a proud self-assertion. The literary excellence is above controversy; no one but the great exile could pass from tremendous bursts of indignation to the softest, sweetest music ever written by a human hand; render the harshest passions like a Meyerbeer, and relapse into the dreamy tenderness of a Mozart. It is easy to follow in this last manifestation the development of the idea pursued in all of Victor Hugo's works, the rehabilitation of the *déshérités* of society; it can be traced in '*Quasimodo*,' '*Triboulet*,' or even '*Ruy Blas*' and '*Gwinplaine*;' it can be detected in 'L'Année Terrible.' Victor Hugo is a thinker as well as a poet; he speaks to men, appeals to their hearts and not to their senses, and despite of vehemence, and clamour, and insults, he becomes greater. No wonder that he has been continually and fiercely assailed by the crowd of shallow intellects who would imprison a poet within the bounds of an *école*, and worship of physical beauty. No genius, except Voltaire, ever excited such fierce attacks as were directed against Victor Hugo's glory; even M. de Laprade and Arsène Houssaye were held up to him as rivals! We admit that the politician is null, that the thinker is at times an utopian, that the poet is often unnecessarily exuberant; yet there remains one of the noblest minds of

the age, a poet who has treated every branch of his art with equal skill, a dramatist whose works have at a critical moment regenerated the French stage, a thinker who waged men against prejudices and ignorance without irony or bitterness. One of these titles suffices to the glory of a man; and between the country that has too many victories to reckon, and the people that has a poet to lament its disasters in such inspired strains, it may be asked who, of the conqueror and the conquered, has the best grounds for congratulation.

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

A Song of the Fates.

Cantant.

Blood, and fire, and wine, and tears—
Twirl the spindle, ply the shears:
  Swift the wheel is turning;
How goes on the midmost thread?
Milk white—golden-hued—blood red:
  Troy town lies a-burning.

Clotho.

I, from out the silence black,
Spin the threads all pale and slack,
And I know not what ye lack
  To a perfect weaving;
Yet your silence doth me wrong—
Silent thou with fingers strong
Passest burnèd strands along
  For her silent cleaving.

Lachesis.

Surely goes the tightening twist
Through my hands—or loathe, or list,
Every strand my lips have kissed,
  Pressed have my long fingers;
Still I weave the threads so raw,
From my lips strange hues they draw;
Fingers light on knot and flaw;
  Yet my hand ne'er lingers.

ATROPOS.

Blood, and fire, and tears, and wine,
Mingle in this jar of mine;
Fire that flashes through the brine—
  Brine that brightens burning;
Fire that flashes off the shears,
Scorching severed threads, and tears
Quenching hopes, and woe the fears—
  Blood the heart's old yearning.

ET CANTANT OMNES.

Blood, and fire, and wine, and tears—
Twirl the spindle, ply the shears:
  Swift the wheel is turning;
How goes on the midmost thread?
Milk white—gold-hued—blood red:
  Troy town lies a-burning.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

Beer: its Witches, its Ghosts, and its Smugglers.

At the northernmost end of that great bay which lies between Portland Bill and the Start Point, a solitary range of chalk cliffs stretches for a mile along the coast, rising some 200 or 250 feet above the sea at its highest points. Beginning with the 'White Cliff,' which springs suddenly from the low banks of red marl to the west of Seaton, Devon, the range ends in the remarkable landslip westward of Beer Head,[1] there joining the soft sandstone cliffs of Branscombe, though the true junction is hidden by the confused way in which the rocks are jumbled together at that point. Horizontal courses of black flints run along the sea-face of these chalk cliffs at regular intervals, interrupted here and there by deep rounded furrows, called 'chevrons' by the local seamen, in which black-bosomed sea-birds are fond of resting, when they are indistinguishable by a stranger's eye from the flints which range above and below them; indeed, they probably fill the place of a former row of flints, washed or worn out of the cliff in time immemorial, and Mr. Darwin could no doubt prove that their black breast-feathers were gained by the process of natural selection.

The structure of the cliffs is of the most insecure description. Their base has been hollowed by the sea into numerous caverns, fantastic in their windings and vaultings, whilst large masses of flint and chalk fall upon the shingle daily, and traces of landslips may be found from end to end of their short range. In many places cultivation is carried to the very verge of the cliffs; but at their highest point, near Beer Head, the winds are so strong that even the wild flowers have to undergo transformation before they can keep their ground. The thistle, which in its elegant columnar structure and wild luxuriance of ornament may well be classed with the Gothic order of plants, changes its character here

[1] This must not be confounded with the more famous and extensive landslip near Lyme Regis, which occurred so recently as 1839.

completely, and becomes a mere groundling—the flat purple boss of a prickly star afraid to emerge an inch above the short-cropped grass, amongst which it grows.

Towards their middle, the cliffs dip downwards and inwards, forming a miniature bay, and vanishing into the narrow gorge which leads from the beach to the village of Beer. From the sudden down-sloping of the strata, from both east and west, to this vanishing point, it would seem that some support had been removed from beneath them, causing this great vault. It is very evident that the useful little stream which meanders down the village street has had nothing to do in scooping out the valley; but no geologist, as far as is known, has yet formed a plausible hypothesis as to the cause of this sinking of the strata.

The whitewash and thatch of Beer follow the little stream faithfully in all its wanderings from the rocks, whence it springs to the shingle, where it is engulphed. For why? 'Tis so handy to have running water just at the door to wash bairns or plates, clothes or fish, in. And drainage is so defectively provided for here, that were it not for the stream, which carries all impurities away to the sea, the health of the villagers would be in constant peril. Some forty or fifty years ago the good Judith, Lady Rolle, fixed certain conduits in the street, spanning the brooklet, where at all times drinking water may be had, brought pure from the rock in iron pipes. This service brought her ladyship much goodwill from her poor tenants, and a young lacemaker, one E. Woodgate, felt constrained to utter her feelings in verse, as follows:—

BEER CONDUITS,

By E. Woodgate, of Beer, Devon, Aug. 4, 1829.

All ye inhabitants of Beer
To what I say now lend an ear.
It's my opinion that you should
Make some returns of gratitude.
Who was it, think you, first inclined
Good Lady Rolle to be so kind?
God the first cause, and she the mean,
To bring the water fresh and clean,
Flowing in streams so near your door,
For great and small, for rich and poor.
Now tell me what can you do less
To manifest your thankfulness
Than praise the Majesty of Heaven
For such a blessing to you given?

For does not duty loudly call
You on your bended knees to fall?
Then let your prayer to Heaven ascend
For your most kind and bounteous friend;
And as you view the streams, each day,
For your kind benefactress pray,
That still her life may be prolonged,
With Heaven and every blessing crowned:
May God preserve her and her lord,
And recompense a kind reward
When they are called to mount on high
To join in hymns above the sky.
When they are praising God above,
Beer people will their kindness prove;
For doubtless till the end of time
The conduits ever will remain,
To show to all, both far and near,
What Lady Rolle has done for Beer.

Lace-making is the chief industry of Beer. The best Honiton is made there, and it is said that there is not a house in the whole village but had a share in making the last royal wedding-veil. White faces are too common in the street, from the close confinement this work requires; the roses of the Beer beauties are very pale ones. The mistress of a lace-school is usually a discreet matron, who probably keeps her well-trained daughters about her, be they married or single, as well as such neighbours as wish to have the benefit of her advice. If she has many duties to attend to she gives up teaching rudimentary work, and even sends her own little girls out to learn their first lessons, whilst she becomes professor of only the higher branches of her trade. But she strives to rouse the emulation of her little ones by offering them bobbins, simply carved or stained with pretty clouded designs in aquafortis, prizes highly valued by the children. There is nothing more interesting than to watch the growth of lace on the well-stuffed pillows, as the deft fingers twine the bobbins in and out in due order, without ravelling the threads or ever taking up the wrong one; as they shift the pins from hole to hole in the pricked-out pattern, making each pin the centre of a new set of complications, or snip off the threads as every fresh petal of the rose, every rose of the design is finished, knotting the cut ends together—all with bewildering swiftness. As the bobbins click cheerfully, they set the workers' tongues going, and a lace-school is a most talkative gathering; scandal and witch stories, ghostly experiences, and smuggling escapes are passed from lip to lip, until, always in improving forms, they become the property of the whole village.

The women claim to do the best part of the housekeeping at Beer. Where fishing is the mainstay of a village, the earnings of those who go upon the face of the deep must always be precarious. The fishermen lead a hard life from early on Monday morning to late on Friday night, should the weather be fair; dragging their nets from east to west, from west to east, as the wind blows—always sailing to windward on their out-voyage that they may have a speedier home-coming; dragging continually, with little time for rest or sleep, and no soft hammock to throw themselves upon, but only hard boards; no deck to shelter them from wind or cold, or rain. No wonder that rheumatism so often racks their joints, poor fellows—no wonder that the cheerful sanded inn parlour and the comfortable cider have such irresistible attractions for them. Soon as a boat touches the shingle her freight is laid out on the pebbles, and an auction takes place there and then; the buyers are retired fishermen, smugglers, coast-guards, or tars who make a poor living out of so slender a trade as the fishing of twenty boats, shared among them, can afford. The crab and lobster boats, smaller than the others, visit their sunken 'pots' daily, each owner having certain fishing-grounds reserved to him by the custom of the trade. Lobsters are most cunning, most malignant creatures, it seems, according to the crabsters; they are much given to take a round of all the pots, smashing the fish already trapped therein, and managing, somehow or other, to escape themselves.

The ignorance and superstition of the people of Beer are hardly credible to dwellers in cities. Their belief in charms and ghosts is most profound. One substantial shopkeeper in the street, whose knowledge and talents are supposed to be unbounded, is said to cure gatherings quite as easily as Zouave Jacob; he simply puts his finger on the affected place, without pressing it, says a few words in a low voice, and the boil disappears. The most celebrated witch, however, has disappointed her friends and enemies by giving up her evil craft, and entering the bosom of the Church in her old age. If all tales be true, her early life was wild and bad enough, which may have given rise to the many stories that are rife as to her wicked deeds. Once, it is said, she had a spite against a poor shopwoman, who would not give her some butter already bought by another person, 'You shall never have good butter in your shop again,' said the witch; and so it was, though the woman went to the best dairies in the neighbourhood, and though the best dairywoman made her butter; however sweet and pure it left the churn it became rancid and uneatable as soon as it crossed the threshold of the shop. The number of crowing hens the witch has distributed throughout Beer, at different times, as tokens of her ill-will, is something enormous; and every farm round about has felt the influence of her evil eye, in the shape of poultry laying away, murrain amongst the cattle, and other clouds of misfortune.

The following is the *authentic* story of one of her cases of witchery, had direct from the victim's husband. In her young and evil days the witch dabbled in smuggling, and she once wished the smartest smuggler in Beer to fetch a cargo for her from France. But he was not inclined to go, as he had found out the perils of that line of business. So the witch went to the smuggler's wife for help in the matter, and found none there, and then she resolved on revenge. Sitting on every chair in the smuggler's room, Mother Blackcap laid them under such a spell that his wife was never well afterwards, but sickened and pined away in the course of a year or two; nor could all the efforts of the white witches at Honiton and Exeter, whom husband and wife consulted in the matter, prevent her decline. 'And she stood in it to the last,' says her husband, 'that she had been overlooked,' *i.e.*, by the witch's evil eye.

Judith, Lady Rolle, or rather her spirit, is the ghost of whom the Beer gossips talk most. Having died before the almshouses and schools which she founded were complete, she haunted the site, they say, until she forced the builders to finish them. 'Up to Bovey' again, the old manor-house of the Walronds (to which ancient family her ladyship belonged), there used to be a room hung with patchwork, which she with her sisters and friends had made in their youth. Lady Judith had such an opinion of her share in this work that she inserted this couplet, say the villagers, in the midst of it:—

'Patience is a virtue—that you may see;
This work was begun and ended by me!'

Even after death she had such a fancy for this patchwork that she continually haunted the room, which had to be pulled down before the tenants of the manor-house could get peace or quiet. Another member of the Walrond family is given to ghostly rambles, but whose spirit it is the ill-informed gossips are unable to tell. It is many, many years since he died; and, when it was first found that he haunted the earth again, all the clergy of the Beer district were called together, and, holding a solemn prayer-meeting, they succeeded in getting the perturbed spirit carried off to a respectable distance in a flaming chariot drawn by fiery steeds. From his place of exile he is only allowed to advance one cock's-stride per annum towards his ancient abode. It is said that the burning chariot is still occasionally seen driving across country; and the restless old gentleman appears now and then in the dark copses which line the lonely Bovey Lane, so that it has now become a matter of almost exact calculation how many years it will take him to reach the manor-house again. Any of the Beer witches with a talent for land-surveying might venture a prophecy on the subject, with some certainty of getting near the truth.

Old Bampfield is the next famous ghost. The worst of all these village stories is their vagueness and want of dates, thus making it very difficult to discover on what basis of truth they rest. The form in which they are given here is that which they take in the mouths of the village gossips. Bampfield used to haunt the "Star House," fabled, from its superior style of architecture, probably, to be the oldest house in Beer. There is a tablet, too, in the church—an ugly, uninteresting old place—to the memory of some one who died in the Great Plague of 1666, and who is said to have been one of the family who then lived in the Star House. But the Bampfield affair seems to have been later than this. One of the Bampfields was murdered by his brother, who suspected him of owning a hidden treasure. The treasure was not found, however, and is still supposed to lurk in some secret corner of the farm; for until quite recently the headless ghost of the murdered man used to haunt a pear-tree near the street, and was seen by many of the villagers; nay, there used to be the most mysterious knockings and rumblings in the old Star House, so that no one who wished for peace would spend a night there. However, the house was freshened up lately, and is now in the hands of a pushing farmer, who has cleared away all cobwebs and ghosts with unsparing hand.

Smuggling used to flourish extensively in Beer—was, perhaps, the chief means of livelihood there. There is an old Beer man of seventy-seven, sexton of the church in a neighbouring village, who is used to utter many a bitter lament over the times that are gone. Bent and lame with rheumatism, and worn with age, his eyes yet fill with fire as, leaning on his spade or mattock, he ceases grave-digging to tell some stirring story of his youthful adventures. His work was not on the sea, but on land; when the cargo was beached it had next to be taken to its owners, running the gauntlet of the Preventive officers.

'Ah, you had need of two good horses as ever stepped then, and a brace of well-primed pistols, and the nerve to use them and kill your man at a pinch,' quoth the old fellow, with animation and grim humour. 'Those were the times for making money,' he said. But when asked how much the better he was for it now, he admitted that it certainly might have been more profitable to follow a regular trade: only there's no excitement in doing that. His own church-tower used to be a favourite hiding-place for the spirit kegs, until the officers found some there once, and it has never been used since. It was the accursed race of informers that spoiled the smuggling trade, and the unreasonable multiplication by the State of coast-guards on sea and policemen on land. The old sexton, too, fancies that machinery has had some occult influence in deteriorating the character of the age. There was work for everybody when they wanted it, in the good old times; but threshing-machines and the like

have cleared away all the odd jobs which anybody was fit to do when a rainy afternoon came. Hopeless, indeed, was the prospect before the old man: he must soon give up his place as sexton, from failing strength; and then he must go to the workhouse, he said, with tears in his eyes. His lame daughter, just able to keep herself by dress-making, could do nothing to support her father and mother; the other children were scattered far and wide, and all had enough to do with their own households, though he thanked God that some were in a fair way to prosper; that married son in New Zealand, whose face he should never, never see again, was a pride to his old father. Alas! is the day ever coming when the aged poor shall not look upon the workhouse as a dreary prison, the fit punishment for their crime of living so long, but rather as the safe and comfortable refuge for those who have fought the battle of life long and manfully, and have won for themselves a right to rest, now that they are supplanted by more active and better qualified combatants? Let us hope so, friends.

Of the sea-smugglers there are plenty in Beer, of two generations. The coast guards say pretty confidently that no smuggling has taken place in the village for many a day. But coast guards are not infallible; and not so many months have passed since a full boat's cargo of tobacco was safely landed and distributed through the street under the very noses of those most vigilant officers of Her Majesty's Government. There are no men of mark in the younger smuggling generation—they should be called pseudo-smugglers rather. The saving of a keg or two is the sum of their exploits. But these 'young' men, of fifty or thereabouts, regard with great reverence the heroes of an earlier generation, and are always delighted to tell of their escapades and to point out the 'holes' (or caverns) or other places on the cliff most celebrated in their history. The wild, weather-worn 'Neck-o'-the-Hole,' between the village and Beer Head, has more associations of that sort than any other bit of the coast. Amongst this older race of men 'Snorter' Gibbs, a companion of the Rattenburys, is sure to be heard of. His peculiar nickname has helped to transmit his fame to posterity. Gibbs is so common a name in Beer that each owner of it needs a second surname to distinguish him from his neighbours; but the origin of 'Snorter' is buried in obscurity like that of so many other of the village curiosities. Gibbs has passed away, and so, too, has William Loveridge. 'Ah, he *was* a man,' the villagers are fond of saying. Being born with a caul to his head, it was his firm conviction that he could never be drowned. So, let the weather be foul as it might, Loveridge would go to sea if he wanted to visit his lobster-pots or to help any ship in distress; the storm was never seen that could frighten him from a smuggling voyage if he had set his heart on it. 'Ah, he *was* a man,' indeed. Bill Orley still lives, or did last summer;

when, having a severe attack of gout, the great big man was unfitted for work, but his restless nature would not let him sit still at home. So, with a carpet slipper on his swollen foot, and a thorn stick in his hand, he hobbled along the White Cliff, glad to lay him down under the hawthorns at its edge and tell any curious stranger some of his many hair-breadth 'scapes, dreamily looking out to sea-ward meanwhile.

These three men were all famous; but the most renowned of the Beer smugglers are the Rattenburys, father and son. John Rattenbury, the father, was born in 1778. Such was the fame of his exploits that he was compared to Rob Roy; and in 1837 Mr. Harvey, a bookseller of Sidmouth, published an account of his life entitled 'Memoirs of a Smuggler, compiled from his Diary and Journal; containing the principal events in the life of John Rattenbury, of Beer, Devonshire, commonly called "The Rob Roy of the West;" with a portrait of the smuggler and a map of the country for twenty miles round Beer.' A Unitarian minister was the real author of these memoirs, for John could neither read nor write; and the 'Methody parson,' as the younger generation ignorantly and contemptuously name their hero's historian, added many graces to his plain tale which are anything but the natural expressions of a Beer smuggler. Take, for example, the following brilliant passage:

'About the latter end of March, 1792, we proceeded on our first cruise off the Western islands; and even now, notwithstanding the lapse of years, I can recall the triumph and exultation which rushed through my veins as I saw the shores of my native country recede and the vast ocean opening before me; I was like a bird which had escaped from the confinement of the cage and obtained the liberty after which it panted.' (p. 3.)

This may be Johnsonian English, but it certainly is not the common dialect of South Devonshire. John Rattenbury was a very daring fellow, and got in and out of trouble many times. The book from which the above quotation is taken may be found in many of the farm-houses round about Beer; but, though it is full of very interesting matter, it quite fails to present a satisfactory picture of the old smuggler's life and character.

John Rattenbury died in 1866, but his son William is still alive—the most famous man in Beer; and worthy the name of 'The Last of the Smugglers;' for, since his last expedition in 1847, no great exploit, in the old way, has taken place. William was born at Lyme Regis, where his father was then living, on the 6th of October, 1801—an illumination day throughout the country for the peace. William received so much of an education that he has been able to write out his autobiography for himself without trusting to so imperfect a chronicler of smuggling

adventure as even the cleverest of parsons, Canon Kingsley not excepted, could make. This autobiography, in its manuscript form, has been read by very many visitors to Beer; nay, it has travelled to many distant parts of the kingdom. Mr. Ruskin, at Denmark Hill, and Dr. John Brown, in Edinburgh, have both read it with great delight; and Sir Walter Trevelyan has given William permission to dedicate the autobiography to him when he publishes it. For some of William's friends are at present endeavouring to bring his story before the public; and in the 'Graphic' for the 9th of December last, in an article upon William Rattenbury, a letter from Mr. Ruskin was quoted so characteristic that it may well be introduced here:—'I shall have much pleasure in subscribing for two copies of the "Life of the Old Smuggler," and am glad it is to be published. I do not smuggle myself, but have great respect for smugglers, as I hold frontier duties (whether the frontier be of state, parish, or town) among the foolishest and wickedest ways of raising money that can be practised by Governments.' Few people are likely to subscribe for William's book because they agree with Mr. Ruskin in thinking smuggling respectable; but the literary labours of a man whose life has been spent in hard manual work deserve some recognition, especially when they have such merit as those now in question.

His story, as written by himself, fills two hundred pages of closely-written manuscript, in a somewhat tattered condition; but another copy exists, made from this original by a lady deeply interested in the old smuggler, and with notes to render some obscure passages more intelligible. Rattenbury's handwriting is clear and legible enough, but the grammar very defective. He has invented a new mode of spelling, to which he is faithful throughout the manuscript. Phonetics have guided him—but phonetics based not upon the standard English tongue, but upon English as it is spoken in the south of Devon. He has written his story just as he tells it by word of mouth to those who visit him in his little cottage; his only attempt after literary graces being a copy of verses he despatched to his first wife, to console her whilst he lay unjustly confined in Dorchester Gaol. The Devonshire idiom is strongly marked in his modes of expression. Thus—setting aside the intrinsic interest of his adventures themselves, and the light they throw upon a phase of English domestic history not hitherto very brilliantly illustrated—the autobiography is most valuable as a study of simple human nature, unconsciously furnished by the subject of it himself, and is, besides, a literary curiosity of a sort not often met with. It records an interesting English dialect far more faithfully than any philologist or novelist could have done after the most attentive study and observation. For each and all of these reasons, it is to be hoped that the book, when published, may meet with a hearty welcome from the public. Any little

profit he may make out of it will be very acceptable to William in his old age and infirmity.

For he is over seventy now, and the only work he is fit for is fish-buying; he buys them as they are landed, and his wife carries them over to Seaton, to sell there. Some of the visitors to Beer can't recognise much of the heroic in old William; they have only seen him as a business man, bargaining over his basket of crabs and lobsters; and if he asks a high price for his goods, they should remember how he has to support his wife and two children, and how the two or three summer months are all of the year he *can* do business in. But if they want to see the true 'Raddenbury'—the Rattenbury of the old days—let them enter his little cottage in Common Lane some Sunday evening when church is out. Dressed in his best, which, though very plain attire is yet as neat as could be desired, the old man sits back on his chair in the chimney corner, beaming with joy that anybody should care to come and have a talk with him. His wife sits by, listening with great admiration to his stories, and occasionally introducing some stories of her own about the hero. His rosy-cheeked boy, from the parish school, stands between the old smuggler's knees, with eyes and mouth very wide open indeed; and the little girl standing by tries to estimate what effect the tales are producing on the stranger's mind. Then Rattenbury's grey hairs and finely-shaped head do indeed inspire reverence; and though knowing how many are the failings in the poor old smuggler's character, yet will the young stranger bow with humility and awe when William blesses him in his patriarchal way: and such a blessing is never to be forgotten.

It would not be fair to William to tell his story in these pages, since he intends to publish his autobiography so shortly. But a characteristic extract may interest the reader, and lead him to ask for the book when its publication is announced. This is the story of William's conviction on false evidence:—

'I went along with my partners to the watch-house, and when we came there they told my partners to go about their business and me they lock in. After I had been there about of two hours, Lieutenant Clay came; he came in and said, "There is the man, and I will swear to him;" and he never saw me before and I never saw him before, to the best of my knowledge. When night came they made a bed up for me, and I lay and studied all the night about them that saw me very handy the time that (the smuggling affray) happened, for I was in Beer at the time. The next day there was another man brought in, and he was guilty, but I was innocent. I knew him very well, but I keep my tongue from him. My trial was coming on. My wife came down with so many witnesses she could get, but all was no good. I was condemn

to go to gaol for sessions or 'sizes, and they got the carriage ready and took us away for Exeter Gaol. My wife got two bondsmen to bail me out, and when the time was for sessions I was to appear. I subpœned two perventer (preventive) men to be there and all my witnesses, and then he (Lieut. Clay) had it put off till 'sizes, and when 'sizes came they made the two preventer men keep out of the way because I should not have them. I had got thirteen witnesses, and my wife's mother, that had not been out of her bed for more than seven years without being taken out. So I and the other was tried. Mr. Aberdeen was the 'torny and Mr. Domett was carrying it on, but the counsellor I quite forget his name.[1] But we hold our hands to the bar for eleven hours and a half, and the jury gave their verdict Guilty; and we were taken back to prison, and in two days we were had up again before the judge, and he passed sentence on us. He said, "William Raddenbury and Henry Bird, seven years transported over the sea." I put my two hands to my head and hauled the hair out, and I hollowed out as hard as I could, "You transport a poor innocent man!" We was hand-bolted and taken back to prison. Oh, how hard I thought it was after I was forced even to pawn my clothes for the concern. I had not been in gaol long before some of them in the next yard tried to get out, but the governor and the turnkeys overpowered them. The governor said we were going to do the same with them if we could get to them. Some one as I heard was in the governor's house said they saw me take up a note that the others hove over the wall, but I knew nothing of it; but I think it was done by some one. The next day they put the chains round my legs. I thought it very hard, and innocent of that too. But I thought to myself, I must try to bear it up as well as I can, and trust in God in all of it to carry me through all. In a day or two one of the jury came to the gate to see me. They told me he was one of the jury. He said, "Why did you not say you were innocent?" I said, "There was witness enough to prove it by fair play." He said no more, and I was put back to my old quarters. There never was once that I went to church but I shake my head when I heard the parson say, "To execute justice and to maintain truth." Now I thought to myself I would buy two books to send home to my wife; one was a "Common Prayer" book, and the other was "The Four Last Things—Death, Judgement, Heaven and Hell." I used to employ my time in reading of Him; it keep me from studying upon other things. When they put the chains on us, the first when I was out in the yard, my partner looked so melancholy I laughed to see him, and he said, "How can you laugh, Bill?" I said, "I can't help it to see you." He said, "You are the same." I said, "I

[1] William's counsel was the present Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn.

know that." He said, "I wish we was not like this, neither of us." I said, "I hope 'twon't be long."

In this extract the spelling is reformed, and punctuation, entirely absent in the original, is introduced. The original language, however, is strictly preserved, except in such cases as the substitution of 'were' for 'was,' and other such little corrections. The smuggler's friends will be glad to hear that shortly after this he was able to establish his innocence, and received the Queen's pardon. His pious indignation at such a miscarriage of justice as the above is vastly amusing. Indeed, a queer vein of devotion runs through the whole of his autobiography, a strange growth in what most would think a lawless life; his code of morality, indeed, is quite an original one. He never attempts to keep under his natural vanity at the smartness of his own sayings or doings.

Thus it will be seen that the quaint little village of Beer has much in it to amuse and instruct a curious visitor. Free from the affectations of a more civilised community, the lacemakers and fishermen artlessly disclose their true ideas on men and things in general, as their unrestrained gossip flows on. The raw material of humanity is only to be found in such places as Beer, where there are no employers to grind down their employed—no gentry to exact servility; but where all are on a true democratic level, free to say and do what they think right. Nature is very kind to the village—there are some lovely walks in the neighbourhood. The walk across the common and along the under-cliff to Branscombe, is as beautiful as the most enthusiastic lover of fair scenery could desire. In the villages round about there are old churches full of most interesting relics, particularly Colyton, Seaton, Axmouth, Branscombe, and Shute. Lastly, the best possible accommodation may be had at the Dolphin Inn, or at some of the farm houses built within the last two or three years. Should these notes induce any to visit the old village, who have hitherto scarely heard or thought of it, no one will be better pleased than the writer.

G. F.

ARABS AND TRAINING SHIPS.

By R. Batson.

II.

Toothache of any kind is excruciating, but the wisdom teeth of wise acres are insupportable. Their razor-edged acumen in its agony gnaws the very vitals of common sense. I have suffered from these miracles. I have complained. And till something is done to mitigate the misery caused by the hollow fangs of these sharp people, I shall scream on. There is nothing selfish in it. Every human being expressing his anguish, thereby represents, as George Elliot puts it, 'talks away' the unsyllabled torments of hospitals of his fellow men. His Jeremiad is their relief, by proxy. When I am told that the incessant enumeration even of legitimate grievances is apt to border on the wearisome, I reply that there is a necessarily tedious tautology in the tones of dolorous disapproval. Torment is no Æolian harp. Vexation of spirit is deaf to style. Grinding teeth is not grinding tunes. The gamut of ululation has yet to be invented.

I therefore persist in a laudable curiosity to know—and the long-suffering intelligent millions with me—why a morbid love of figures, rather than an aversion to the arbitrary, should mark so many a happy official thought of the period. When it transpired that boys must be thirteen to gain a passport into the 'Chichester' training-ship, it could escape no critic, I mean none of the uninitiated, none of the un-blue-taped, that though captains suffer from a professional objection to small boys, nevertheless a proper cause for wrath is lodged in the tender bosom of Master Jack, who is twelve years old, and an inch and a quarter taller than Master Harry who is thirteen, to have this winningly neat reason assigned for his rejection. Is it really the symptom of an eagle-eyed insight into the eternal nature of things to search jealously for age as an infallible criterion of the desiderata associated with size? Is it an incomparably judicious arrangement to insist upon size, just where there is a demand for the qualities of age? Was it after all a masterpiece of adroit policy, in the twinkle of a knowing eye, to promote the standard

of the boy-sorters at the Post Office from 4 ft. 10 in. to 5 ft. 2 in.? Was it a signal triumph of the intuitive faculty to take on a hundred five-footers? Were the two inches, inches of industry, method, despatch, inches of character, or inches of brain? Is the cream of the solution of the problem of the existence of well-sorted letters to be found settling on the top of the problem of juvenile height at the Post Office? Is life 'a tale told by an idiot full of sounds and fury signifying nothing?' I hope not, but as at present advised, I have no reason to believe Shakspeare to be a greater fool than the Post Office, the White Swan of Avon to be more verdant than the blue tape of Thames.

Now the Post Office, though not without its flaws, is generously kept in countenance by the august Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, who has been good enough to report that the Metropolitan Police returns of 1870, embrace 267 boys and 77 girls, thieves under sixteen years; sixteen years old and upwards, 1113 men and 329 women. Now, given an Arab, how are you to know his age? Ask his mother? Mother died of gin. His father? Father died of beer—not the liquor, but the pot. Ask his aunt? Died of a desponding walk by a canal. Uncle? Died of homicidal indifference to life. Ask the Arab himself? How is he to remember when he first entered this busy planet? Suppose, however, you do discover your Arab's length of sojourn in his earthly paradise. Surely the habit of splitting the elastic juvenility of our boys and girls into two rough classes, as in the present instance, under sixteen on the one hand, sixteen and upwards on the other, is not very sagacious. As regards physical development, it is really no exaggeration to say that a boy of seventeen may be a child or well nigh a man. Taking judgment on the other hand as the criterion of manhood, I, for my part, have no hesitation in saying that however knotty the muscles, or however bushy the whiskers, the faculty of distinguishing what pays in the long run from what delights in the short moment is, even at nineteen, feeble. I therefore view the tabulation of our criminal fellow creatures under sixteen with suspicion. The inner consciousness of our detectives is rather peremptory in its conclusions, than infallible in its nature. But while as a type our English boys, whose natural sweetness and light attractiveness, minus chignons, and animal spirits, minus gin, command the instinctive chivalry of all true men, may be occasionally precociously big, or dilatorily childish, it must be admitted that our Arabs are seldom either. On the contrary, they are shrewd and stunted. A very stunted one may look very shrewd. Judged by his proportions, he is not yet born; by his knowingness, he has been born for ever. How on earth are you to tell how old the poor little wretch is? But it is as easy to chalk him down 'under sixteen,' as it is to put the robust and tall young chawbacon, who is as verdant as the country hamlet which he has just

left, at the figure 'over sixteen.' Altogether my admiration for the superb ingenuity and innocent dove-like pigeon-holing classification of criminals as under sixteen and over sixteen has its limits.

In making these remarks I confess to a certain feeling of awe. The helmets of Bow Street and the heads of St. Stephen's are formidable to a degree. Hence it is with relief that I greet the appearance of Mr. Tuffnell, the inspector of schools for pauper children in the metropolitan district, on the stage of this presumptuous controversy. Were our rulers wise, and the People's William kind, all the vast concatenation of momentous themes which underlie the Forest Gate School District Board's address to the Local Government Board, with respect to a report recently made by Mr. Tuffnell, would not so much excite the spasms and hysteria of their parental affection now, as have evoked their earnest action long ago. Mr. Tuffnell has given offence by saying 'I could wish that more model ships were erected in the large schools for training boys in seamanship; but the "Goliath," which is now in action, is calculated to train 500 boys for the Royal Navy or merchant service. These regulations prescribe that every boy entering the navy must be fifteen years of age, over 4 ft. 10½ in. in height, and not less than 29 in. round the chest. Now it is well established that no town-bred boys of the poorer classes, especially those reared in London, ever—except in very rare instances—attain the above development of form at the age of fifteen. A stunted growth is the characteristic of the age.' The managers of the Forest School reply to the circular embracing this 'imperfect statement of facts.' 'The first admission of boys into the "Goliath" took place in October, 1870; and at the expiration of the first week in December in that year the actual number of boys on board was ninety-eight; the whole, with the exception of nine from Islington, and the eleven from Woolwich, were removed from Forest Gate School. Since then, however, additions have from time to time been made by various unions and parishes in the metropolis, so that on the 2nd instant the number had increased to 423, thus showing that not only the managers, but also the Boards of Guardians of metropolitan unions and parishes generally, have faith in the system as a means of creating an opening in life for boys of the pauper class.'

Now, with every wish to do justice to the two animated belligerents, I am free to confess that I utterly fail to appreciate the wisdom of this reply. The answer to the statement that 'a stunted growth is the characteristic of the race' under consideration, is that 'the Boards of Guardians have faith in the system.' Some might imagine that Mr. Tuffnell insinuates that the age is stunted. Our poetry is silken nothing, or transcendental nebulosity, or anonymous backbiting, or enamelled lust. Our statesmanship is the leap of Pegasus in the dark, with a bundle of taxed matches fizzing at its tail. Our philanthropy is gossip about

the three R's, and the policy of sewage. Our official logic stings an accomplished infidel, more remarkable for wit than reverence, into the irrepressible admission that it makes chaos possible, purgatory likely, and hell itself a relief. In Shakspeare's age life was a tale told by an idiot. In our day and country the idiot raves without a lucid interval. But it is not to these truths that Mr. Tuffnell refers. He alludes purely to physical degeneration—degeneration of the heart, and proportions anything but fatty, anything but huge.

True, the Forest Gate School District Board proceed to point out 'the error respecting the development of growth in town-bred boys.' But I must decline following it into a matter so well known as to be outside controversy. The stunted growth of the young paupers of crowded cities is a dogma. It is a raw, a cruel, a hideous, and—I say it advisedly—a disgraceful fact, known to the man of science, the statesman, the philanthropist—in fact to every man who, with an eye for size, cares to compare village children with young Cockneys. Nor am I able to perceive how the facts that seventeen of the 'Goliath' boys have attached themselves to the Royal Navy, nine enlisted in regimental bands, twenty-three joined the mercantile marine, and that three have been provided with situations on shore, in any way affect the broad fact. The 'situations on shore' could hardly include the desideratum of size, unless indeed their recipients were promoted to be sorters at the Post Office, where, as we have seen, it is perfectly and absurdly true that two inches, in addition to the previous standard, were all of a sudden found essential. I am willing to admit that the 'Goliath,' which recently, in a few months, shot the stature of a couple of boys two inches nearer the heavens by good feeding, cleanliness, air, regularity, and shelter, is not only very proud of turning out such elevated specimens of juvenile humanity, but anxious to repeat the operation. The very fact, however, that the lads grew so quickly in the new atmosphere proves that there was something wrong in the old. And lastly, as regards this—were it not for the exceeding painfulness of the subject—amusing dialectic, it is purely gratuitous to argue, in the teeth of Mr. Tuffnell, that model ships are acknowledged to be desirable, when he expressly states that he wishes there were more of them.

No tyro in the history of the misery of London can be blind to the first letter of its alphabet. This letter Mr. Tuffnell has thoroughly mastered. Mr. Tuffnell hits the right nail on the head of the coffin when he states that 'a stunted growth is the characteristic of the race' of our young paupers and old friends the Arabs.

But where would an adequate sermon on this text ever end? For the present I must dismiss some complex causes of a result, which, if it rubbed its eyes hard enough, a sleeping nation would find affected its very vitals. I deal with the broad facts, as they exist. Our pauperised

and crowded cities send thousands of human beings prematurely to the grave. The accretion of rustics to the great hives of commercial industry proceeds by sharply defined laws. These and their statistics I reluctantly postpone. Of all crowded cities London is the busiest, most buzzing, the fullest of human bees, drones, wasps—exhibits the widest gulf between the well-to-do and the ne'er-do-well. How many crowded cities, then, are there? At the dawn of this century only five towns outside the metropolis had 50,000 inhabitants. Now there are thirty. The town sucks the country into its vortex; merchandise and manufacture dwarf the youth, who would be better breathing native air in their own villages, stripping nuts, robbing nests, and killing water-rats, instead of perpetuating a stunted race in the choked cells of the richest city in the world. The cotton operative and city mechanic have a delicate sense of touch and sight undreamed of and unneeded by the swain sturdily thrashing the corn, listlessly following the plough. The back rests, the brain strains—muscularity declines, ingenuity sharpens. At Salford, from 1860 to 1866, 49·9 per cent. died under five; the death-rate most varying with the sanitary conditions of the three great divisions of the borough—the mortality in Salford proper quadrupling that in adjoining Brighton. At Manchester, according to Mr. Leigh, the medical officer of health, 'no plant will live without constant washing;' the leaves become coated with soot, the respiration impeded after a few hours. Longfellow sings, with horrid conventionality, of the fleur-de-luce being wooed by the river's billows. But the only part of a river that could be appropriately said to court the delicate petals in Manchester courts and alleys is its mud. Tom Moore's 'Last Rose of Summer' could only differ in Cottonopolis from its deceased brethren in being, if possible, more begrimed. When Wordsworth exclaimed ''Tis my faith the very flower enjoys the air it breathes,' it is quite clear that he did not mean the blossoms that need perpetual ablution in the Queen City of factories. Young children, forced to be indoors amidst the fœtid atmospheric poison, suffer most. They grow, indeed; but mostly thin and pale. There are quarters where even washing will not avail the inanimate young plants. As to the young folk—the human 'olive branches'—they do not grow up like the polished corners of the temples at all, nor like the young plants, except that they need eternal scouring, and, what is worse, don't get it. Twelve families were found gracing one midden, and that closed by key at ten o'clock. Drains, ruins, animals, damp walls, made a block of buildings in the township of Ancoat so cacodorous as to render it impossible for the visitor to remain. At Bristol, Leeds, Newcastle, Greenock, from one-fourth to one-sixth of the population, as late as five years ago, needed better housing.

At Plymouth, lately visited with so frightful a scourge of small-pox,

11,000 out of 37,000 were at that date living in single rooms. An intelligent midwife, who lives in Bloomsbury, tells me that she has, in 'respectable' quarters, very frequently attended in rooms where twelve human beings have slept, or tried to sleep. Sleeping on straw or shavings is common. Snoring on the simple floor is an occasional phenomenon; and these sleeping partners 'look as if they had not been washed from the time that they had been born.' Such are among the hotbeds of the stunted human growths which wither in crowded cities. They are all very bad, but London is the worst of all. Modern science analyses what modern statesmanship ignores. The relations of food, of geological substrata, of clime, to health and growth, are too various and too complex all comfortably to squeeze even into the most brilliant epigram. About esculents, one word. *A propos* of 'the extraordinary maggot,' which Professor Huxley found in the Government biscuits, it is instructive to recall the declaration by the celebrated microscopist, Ehrenberg, in Berlin, that certain red stains on bread, cheese, and potatoes were caused by small monads or vibrios, which have a red colour, and are so minute that from 46,656,000,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 distinct beings occupy the space of one cubic inch. This, I incline to think, is too many for the very hungriest Arab, promoted from the fag end of a discarded cigar to the imperial fare of Her Majesty's navy, as catered for by the people's Government. The little boy who was surprised in the act of fishing for minnows in his father's milk-can, had he lived to indulge his piscatory tastes in our happy age, would no doubt have indulged in ecstasies about Government biscuits for bait. I may be told that, foiled in its efforts to achieve the elaborate genesis of a distinct policy, Government, with extraordinary fertility of resource, has made good its title to imperishable scientific renown by affording full and lively play to the spontaneous generation of an Ehrenbergean, 'distinct being,' a Huxleian, 'extraordinary maggot.' It is true that the 'blood' which was seen oozing from the bread of the soldiery, who, under Alexander the Great, besieged Tyre, so inspirited them that they took it; but then a seer gave the omen. In our age 'bleeding bread' and steel-filing tea would not form a reliable antidote against Bismarck's blood and iron. A Government under which Captains and Megæras are turned into coffins, and biscuits into maggots, would really serve the country all the more efficiently if it were to evince a trifle more care in its manipulation of the plates, carrying captain's biscuits, for the future. After these 'extraordinary maggots,' it would be idle to inquire what restaurant the shivering little starveling patronises for his 'ordinary, every day, at one sharp.' Not that the Arab has not something 'every day at one sharp;' only that something is not exactly his 'ordinary;' it is his appetite. Dinner, then, is Utopia; but a good 'bed and breakfast,' as

the snug hotel keepers call them, are not outside the hopeful peripatetic's audacious power of transcendental dreaming. There is no sweeter bed, he tells you, than a clean heap of straw—good wheat straw. Unfortunately his weary limbs have hardly tasted their fortuitous heaven before it is time to quit it. Instead of a cosy landlord sending in an eloquent breakfast, which keeps on whispering 'cut and come again,' the Bobby shouts in his ear, 'cut and don't come again!' Thus it happens that the Arab, the very antipodes to that 'distinct being,' the Government maggot, becomes indistinct as the illustrious donkey, not, indeed, as the British Museum well-thumbed translation of the golden ass of Apuleius, whose love adventures a sudden page of Latin interlarded amongst the innocent ones, written in the vulgar tongue, has, it is clear, rather attracted than appalled the ennobling curiosity of the literati; nor again as the aldermanic donkey, which Lawrence Sterne regaled with a macaroon; but as that clumsiest specimen of asinine creation, which has long since passed over to the standing majority of time, which positively stupidly went and died at the very moment that the patient empiric, its adroit owner, had fondly flattered himself that he had taught it to live on nothing a day.

What *do* you eat? I once said to a broomstick, I mean an Arab whose figure resembled one, and who was short in proportion. 'Eats, sir? I never eats, I smokes,' and he was smoking at the time. I may as well give a word to the Arab stunted per smoking, as well as to the Arab stunted per starving, though by-the-bye the two luxuries may be enjoyed in languishing combination. I encountered one Saturday night, chasing the cobwebs out of his week-worn, care-racked cranium, vigorously and with a ghastly success puffing at a short and apparently well-used clay pipe, a remarkably diminutive male, the number of whose tender years, I ascertained on inquiry from the girl who accompanied him, to be five! Now, as Milton scribbled and Watt experimentalised almost in infancy, it was not altogether without a thrill of admiration that I ventured to expostulate with this prodigy of an urchin. He smoked so like a philosopher! Who was to say of what *speciosa miracula*, which paraphrased into our modern forms of thought, answer to astounding creations, he was not—amid his whiffs—conceiving or ruminating upon the germ?

> Non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem
> Cogitat, ut speciosa dehine miracula promat.

I am perfectly willing to give the individual the benefit of the doubt. He may have been a man in disguise, with a man's brain and needing a man's relaxation, and anything may be forgiven a boy, who lives 'ex fumo dare lucem,' to invent a steam-engine or compose a 'Paradise Lost.'

But it is quite certain that all smoking boys cannot be accounted for on this benevolent and pleasant theory. For if a confirmed smoker at five is a phenomenon, at fifteen, though I am always sorry to speak harshly of the young, he is a common type of fool. I defy anybody with his eyes about him to walk as far as from the Angel to the Elephant and Castle without meeting boys by the score, with young bodies, old faces, and smoking apparatus to match. It is impossible to throw away half a cigar, or the very end of it, without some emulous Arab or apprentice rushing to prevent the iniquitous waste of the precious weed. Now all this early smoking is as bad as possible, and ought to be put down, put out at once. All doctors are agreed that under its baneful operation not only is

The child, the father of the man,

but of the short and unhealthy man.

Not long ago, a poor little creature became a victim to that type of paralysis, which is known to the faculty as *loco motor ataxy*, arising, as Dr. Dickenson assured the Pathological Society, from 'his going about with his father, a game-keeper, smoking shag.' Unlike his girl-attended beaming prototype of five, this wee little bit of a Lilliputian smoker of three, loved only sense, business, dash, and the masculine gender.

According to a mass of solemn, unanswerable, emphatic evidence, brought before the physicians, he 'early evinced a remarkable objection to female society.' Now when Petticoat Government is not only recognised, but intensely detested by its male subjects, it possibly may fail to pursue their goings out and their comings in with the never-sleeping solicitude of womanly love. But a knowing, tenderly-parental, son-beloved game-keeper might surely have been expected to guard against the folly of inviting tobacco into the preserves of his own child's delicate brain. He ought to have been sufficiently wide-awake to prevent the poisonous fumes from poaching. Shag is an unwholesome substitute for dill-water.

Hence respect is certainly due to the Bill discussed in the Grand Conséil of the Canton de Vaud, in Switzerland, to the effect that nobody under fourteen is to smoke. No Act of Parliament could make a boy of three love the opposite gender, and when evidence is given to that effect before the solemn disciples of Æsculapius, some faint idea may be formed of the intensity of the feeling. It was very naughty of the little boy to consider lovely woman, who only stoops to conquer and to folly, too mean to scorn, too loathsome to abhor. But infantile sentiment cannot be eradicated by legislation; infantile smoking can be. Boys under fourteen, not to speak of children under four, should be shielded from blasts of tobacco by a devoted army of tutors, valets, mothers, nurses, sisters. The Arab has no such staff of knights-errant. The waifs of the streets, who are ever struggling for waifs of cigars, who smoke with the simple

object of being manly, and the simple effect of being sick, should be checked by the prospect of some merciful punishment prescribed by law. My admiration, however, for the Grand Conséil of the Canton de Vaud stops abruptly short of their proposal to impose an annual tax of two francs on every smoker. Unlike children, men have families to support, nerves to soothe, the world to govern—like smoking Bismarck. Indeed, many a masterpiece of action has been concerted amidst whiffs; and man, so long as he is clay will like clay; so long as birds of a feather flock together, he will take a bird's eye view of things.

But, if ever we are to have parental despotism at all, why not in the matter of this monstrous wedlock between olive branches and tobacco leaves? In the name of the Commonwealth, I know of a just impediment, and I forbid the bans. Why cannot an Act of Parliament impose a heavy fine on a smoking silly child of fifteen? What can English mothers, sisters, nurses, and gamekeepers be about when columns of careless smoke are allowed to issue from the lips of a babe of five and a suckling of three till the first is accosted by a stranger without an introduction, and the second suffers paralysis without a female protector? It is as chimerical for the Swiss to ape the wild dreams of the Anti-Tobacco League, by scheming to tax smoking adults, as it is inconsiderate for Englishmen to allow the small fry to smoke at all. Smoking men have done growing. But misplaced smoke ruins growing boys, climbing boys, who mistake their lips for chimneys.

But bad air is worse than bad food, or bad 'baccy.' Our population the great broad bulk of our people, in spite of the various forms of honied rhetoric that grace the cloister, the counting-house, the drawing-room, and, to its shame be it said, the senate, is being choked, crippled, and cramped for want of air. The selfish instincts are vastly ahead of the sympathetic, or rather the ignoble selfish instincts are far too strong for the instincts which, though ultimately no doubt referable to self, are, in their action and result, noble. The sultry sun excites the fever-charged exhalation stored in the drains, and the people droop. It is not able to grow in wisdom or in stature, and, though we have a right to hope that it is in favour with the God of our boasted creed, it seems at present little in favour with man. Not that if some irritant active person slew hecatombs of the poor, the 'Times' would not overflow with subscriptions, and prove a perfect Nile of redundant beneficence. The banks would burst. But the dread foe is subtle, treacherous, opium-like, Pecksniffian, 'very soothing.' The languor which the bad air creates stifles the appetite not unpleasantly, stifles the growth not painfully. The poisoned arrows speed from the bow without a twang.

I cannot conclude these comments on the subject, which is knit into the very existence of the country, without indicating what, in my own

opinion, is the only practical remedy for the evil under consideration. We must give the poor not our money only but our time. It would be perfect misery to believe that the physical deterioration of great cities would always remain unarrested. The English divide their energies impartially between decrying 'Utopias' and realising them. As an Englishman, I cannot resist the hope that English patriotism, if nothing else, will, by indirect and pacific processes, cheapen trains, close up cellars, clear out courts, remove alleys, turn the sites into air shafts and play-grounds, scatter factories, widen streets, and build workshops in clear open air—in time. Meanwhile, as regards the immediate naval demand, and the alleged difficult 'Goliath' supply, I have yet to learn that it would not be found worth while to have training cruises as well as training ships. The experiment has been tried—let the experiment ripen into a system. Our undersized population of youngsters would not only better learn their crafts, but have fresh blood infused into their veins by sea-voyages. Take the famine in the Highlands of Scotland. The inferior emigrant thrived at once. So elastic is the human brain, emigration (or what answered to it) if anything, would make the boys grow, and the wandering 'Goliath' would produce its lovely crop of human wild oats to its own intense satisfaction and the rescue of our unmanned navy. Man is framed by nature for endurance. Rags, crusts, sties—he can be restricted to such things and hold out; but air he must have, or death will say to him 'out brief candle,' even in the act of selling fusees. 'There is nothing so dreadful that man cannot bear it,' said the comforting Greek poet. Euripides was wrong. Had he lived in these Christian days he would have known it. There is one thing man cannot bear—bad air, and too little of it is killing the people. Bad air makes a stunted growth characteristic of our race. Bad air is dwarfing the population. Bad air is thinning our navy. Bad air is encouraging our enemies. Bad air is impoverishing our blood as a nation. Bad air is scandalising our creed as a church. Bad air is outraging our perfectly shameful pretensions to the enthusiasm of humanity. But ships or no ships, religion or no religion, Providential Government of the world or no Providential Government of the world, Christ or the Commune—the stunted populace pines for decent air.

If there is an abstract right, it is to breathe.

[*To be continued.*]

Periodical Literature in India.

By Colonel W. F. B. Laurie.

IV.

To book-hunters especially, a very interesting character is to be found in British India in the shape of the book-wallah or book-hawker—a sort of literary pedler who wanders about from town to town and from station to station with much patience, and an apparent love of books and periodicals which such great book-worms as our Roscoe and Charles Lamb would have greatly admired. Without this dispenser of heavy and light literature in our splendid Eastern dominion, we may doubt if India would be as secure as it is. Through the travels of the book-hawker, many antidotes to poisonous writings are administered; educated natives purchase English philosophical treatises, mathematical works, and old magazines—all with equal composure; the poorer Hindu or Mahomedan, with Lord William Bentinck's famous remark ringing in his ear—'Education is the first want, education the second, education the third want of India'—dives into the box or bundle (to the astonishment of the patient cooly or native porter who carries it) for a grammar or spelling-book; while the *burra sahib*, his wife and daughter, seated in splendid mansion at tiffin (lunch), or it may be enjoying a siesta, with the thermometer 100° in the shade, startle at the sonorous voice exclaiming from the door, or beside the refreshing *kus-kus* tatties[1]—'Book-hawker, Sir!'

We shall now give two brief anecdotes of this important *periodical* visitor in India. The first may be styled

THE TWO SHAKSPEARES.

It was towards the close of sultry day—we shall not say how long ago—that we were sitting beneath the porch of our humble dwelling ensconced in a comfortable arm-chair, and engaged in musing on the various

[1] These most necessary mats or screens outside the door in India, being kept wet, with the hot wind blowing on them, causes the *kus-kus*, of which they are composed, to emit a most grateful perfume.

vicissitudes of an Indian career. We were startled from our harmless reverie by the drawling tones of a voice, which said, close to the chair, 'Master, want any book?—very good book for master.' Turning round suddenly, we beheld, standing at our side, a middle-aged Borah, with dark turban and not unpleasant countenance. He held a book in each hand, and immediately behind him was a cooly, who had just thrown his box or basket, covered with a blanket, on the ground.

'Master, want Shakspeare?' resumed the book-wallah, 'Shakspeare very good book.'

'Aye,' said we musingly, 'Shakspeare was a great man. No writer, ancient or modern, ever came near him in the delineation of human character or the human passions. He is the poet of all ages, the poet of nature, fancy's child: "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new!"—who can write like Shakspeare? In every sense, "his head was the palace of the passions."' But, anxious to see what edition of our favourite author was proffered on this occasion, we snatched the book enthusiastically from the hawker's hand, and found it to be—*horribile dictu!*—Shakespear's 'Hindustani Dictionary!'

The next is from 'Colonel Davidson's Travels'—the gallant officer weighing nineteen stone, and having 'a strong predilection for the good things of life in general, and of tomata sauce in particular,'—where, according to his Calcutta reviewer, the colonel encounters a wag, and here we have a sketch of

THE CORPULENT COLONEL.

'Riding past this (Baboo's) ghat one morning, I heard a loud call in my ear, and turning round, discovered that a Bengalee book-hawker wished to enjoy my conversation. He ran up quite breathless, and opening his wallet, took out a little octavo half-bound in Russia volume, which he placed in my hands with an air of triumphant satisfaction. "Lo, Sahib! lo! Take it, sir, take it." I took and opened the book, and the first glance displayed an old fat lady in a chair. Its title was "Wade, on Corpulency." I had never before seen, although I had heard of, the work. I saw another similar etching, and at last laughed heartily. "What do you want for this?—how much?" "You know best, sir." "No, I don't; what is its value?" "You ought to be the best judge of that, sir," said the nigger, laughing in my face. I immediately looked round to ascertain whether he had not been directed by some wag to bring it to me as a joke, but I could not see any one.' The Calcutta reviewer well thinks the fellow ought to have received 'a rupee on the spot.'[2]

Whether or not the book-wallah (lit. book-keeper) ever rises to the

[2] 'Calcutta Review,' No. 1. p. 256.

dignity of a native editor of a newspaper or magazine, or occasionally gives a lecture for the benefit of some of his benighted countrymen, we cannot say; but there can be no doubt that, by hawking about good books, he assists ambitious editors and all young Mahomedans and Hindus who are inspired with the vanity and glory of literature.

We have already alluded to the native journals of the north-west; but to give a correct idea of the extent to which the periodical press exercises an influence over the natives in those parts would require the pen of the 'Friend of India,' who, in November, 1848, published an excellent paper on the subject. The editor of the 'Zoobdut-ool Ukhbar' (written in Persian), we read, does not often hazard his own opinions, or lay himself open to attack, but is very cautious, and clothes in flowery language any expression of dissatisfaction which he may publish. No scurrilous matter found place in this respectable Agra journal, the information in which used to be generally correct, 'and for the most part gathered from the English and other papers.' The following information regarding this 'chief of newspapers'[1] is of great importance, especially when we consider the nature of our hold on India: Its advocacy of the views of educated natives on religious and other subjects, in opposition to the Europeanised opinions which are now becoming so extensively disseminated by means of various periodicals, is seldom of a direct and open character; 'but the editor being a staunch, though cautious Moosulman, is not backward to avail himself of opportunities for insinuating opinions agreeable to the Moosulman population.' What an argument we have here in favour of everything being done that can be done to establish a sound and healthy system of education in India! The more we live the more we are convinced that the love of knowledge is strongly implanted in every nature.

In Bombay they have Parsee editors and vernacular journals, one of which used to be the 'Apakhtyar' ('Independent'). In 1859 the dawn of intelligence in Bombay became decidedly manifest among the native community. In the 'Times' of 10th September, it was announced that Dr. Bhawoo Dajee intended to give a lecture in the Town Hall on the travels of Fa-hian and Hiouen Thsang, two Chinese Bûdhist ecclesiastics, who visited India in the fourth and seventh centuries of the Christian era respectively. Light was to be thrown on a dark period of history by Dr. Dajee. The lecture, we believe, was a success. The first traveller, 'Chy Fa Hian,' is alluded to at some length by the late Colonel Sykes, in his valuable work (or, rather, elaborate paper), published in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 12, May, 1841, 'Notes on Ancient India.'

[1] Alluded to at the end of our last paper; the high-flowing title in Persian being 'Zoobdut-ool-Ukhbar-Tuhfut-ool Ukhyar-o-mikrut-ool-Ashrar.' This used to be the only indigenous paper in the N.W.P. not connected with the Government colleges and schools.

By the 'Homeward Mail' of July, 1872, we learn some particulars regarding the 'native press of Bombay,' which, according to a correspondent of the 'Gujerat Friend,' far from showing any disloyalty to the Government, is wonderfully tame, and is simply a second edition of the daily journals. 'In the Anglo-vernacular journals there is no great talent displayed, though Bombay is richer than any other city in India in the excellence of its daily papers, under the editorship and proprietorship of Englishmen. Of course the natives are inferior to Europeans in journalistic talent, for it is a very difficult task to become an able journalist—more difficult, perhaps, than to pass the Civil Service Examination. The Calcutta Anglo-vernacular press is superior to that of Bombay, in consequence of the wider spread of education in Bengal'—the native editor is at present in his infancy; but the time is not far distant when he will act as a mental lever on the benighted millions of India, and, Archimedes-like, or rather excelling him, having found a rest, move the Eastern world. Even the next twenty or thirty years may see some self-made, energetic Gordon Bennett, proprietor and editor of a Hindu or Mahomedan 'Herald,' sending his Stanley, or fearless 'special correspondent,' far beyond the ranges of the 'cloud-capt' Himalayas, to bring back to civilised parts some lost daring British traveller, who, with the great Livingstone in his mind's eye, has gone forth to explore distant lands, peopled by the Mongolian or other varieties of mankind of which we know little or nothing, and where may be wealth untold—gold, coal, precious stones, beyond the possibility of human calculation. Should such a consummation ever be effected, and the discovery tend to enrich our Eastern dominions, and consequently Great Britain, how England would rise from her wretched apathy towards India; what debates concerning her welfare would take place in Parliament; and how soon would Britain's greatest glory—the cradle of science, which possessed a grandeur of its own ages before Athens and Rome promoted the arts of civilised life and literature, and now containing one-sixth of the human race—receive due attention and consideration! But let us begin at once, and not delay the study of India till some internal convulsion brings us near the dreadful word—LOST!

At present there are said to be fifty-nine native newspapers published in the Bombay Presidency, which considerable number of native organs is considered a good sign—'so many opinion-ventilators running through it.' In July of the present year a new Indian magazine was about to be started in Calcutta, under the promising title of the 'Bengal Magazine.' It professes to be a monthly review of Indian politics, society, and literature. The editor, Rev. Lal Behari Dey, has, it is said, 'secured some of the best native writers as contributors to the new magazine.' There is decidedly a love of periodical literature in India, and the curious

traveller will not be long in the country without ascertaining the fact. While serving in Orissa the present writer has looked over a small Oorya periodical, entitled 'Gyánáruna; or, Dawn of Intelligence,' published under the superintendence of the missionaries at Cuttack; and while marching with artillery through far-famed ancient Madura, in Southern India, he has purchased from an intelligent Hindu a well got-up paper entitled the 'Morning Star.' It was published in English and Tamil by the American mission at Jaffnah (Ceylon), and consisted of articles by the missionaries, with short sketches and correspondence by the native converts. The writings of the latter were generally good. The natives of India evidently think like ourselves in the matter: 'Without a periodical literature we should be in this dilemma—either to be silent, and let what small insight we may have attained die with us; or else, resolutely undertake tasks for which we are not fitted.'

We commenced this sketch by alluding to lectures at Seetabuldee (Nagpore); and now we read that in the present year there are to be vernacular newspapers for the Central Provinces—the Chief Commissioner having determined 'to supply the want of a vernacular newspaper in the districts under his rule.' The 'Central Provinces News' and the 'Gazette' are henceforth to enlighten the natives in this historic quarter of India; the former journal being printed in 'Hindi, Urdu, and Marathi.'[1]

Periodical literature will ever have one good effect among the intelligent natives of India, that of making them travel. In May of the present year, several well-educated Madrassis started for England, some for pleasure, and others to study for the bar; and our countrymen at home may not be fully aware that a good native pleader is a gentleman not to be despised. As a sort of finish to these glimpses of the new dawn of Hindu and Mahomedan intellect, chiefly as regards native periodical literature, we shall give an extract or two from the native opinions or ideas regarding the murder of the late Viceroy, when, as the 'Calcutta Englishman' well said, 'it must have been a severe trial to those who had known him so intimately, and been so much in his company, to see the manly form laid low, and to know too bitterly that they had no power to raise a timely hand to avert "the deep damnation of his taking off."'

The Bombay 'Jam-i-Jamshed' wrote:[2]—'Everywhere we see signs of sorrowfulness. The public have left off their business, and they seem to ask what the motive was of the scoundrel in committing such a horrible act. . . . . He is not fit for a single moment to live in this world.' And 'Native Public Opinion' says:—'That so noble a life should be ruthlessly cut short by the assassin's knife is as appalling a tragedy as

[1] The head master of the Nagpore Normal School was to be editor.

[2] 'Homeward Mail,' March 11, 1872.

any that the records of human crime present.' And then the journalist goes on to express 'the deep and cordial sympathy which all loyal subjects of the Queen, be they European or native, feel for Lady Mayo, under this cruel bereavement.' Such ideas at least show a healthy state of native periodical literature, and may well take a place beside a fine passage from 'Indian Public Opinion' (Feb. 13), by one of our own countrymen: —'Not climate, not overwork this time. That clear, firm intellect was never more securely seated on its lofty throne; that herculean figure never firmer in the saddle, more commanding at Durbar, more conspicuous in brilliant assemblies, more lordly and magnificent everywhere.'

It must be kept in view that the early development of native intellect, according to our ideas of what civilisation should be, or the process at work of a transition state of the Hindu mind, only dates from the beginning of the present century; so, let us look at the picture as we will, some good has been done during the last seventy years. And this remark leads us to think over Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the missionaries of Serampore, a trio almost matchless in zeal and the glorious attempts to conquer ignorance and superstition; and in sternness of purpose not unworthy to take a place beside the fine old Roman triumvirates. Purpose was the secret of success with the above three great men; and their success shows how little birth is to be considered in the great battle of life. William Carey was a bad cobbler; but he possessed the determined spirit of Whitfield in England, and Xavier in Asia, so much so that we find the divine and philosopher, Chalmers, talking of him, in a flood of philanthropic eloquence, as the man 'from whose hand the generations of the East are now receiving the elements of their moral renovation.' Marshman was the son of a weaver and Baptist minister. William Ward was a carpenter. At the very commencement of the present century, after overcoming the most serious obstacles, they were all three settled at Serampore. They set up a Press. Dr. Carey translated the Scriptures, and Ward printed the translations, the printer also preaching in Bengali when time permitted. Dr. and Mrs. Marshman opened schools; and their popularity was soon proved by the receipt of sometimes as much as 4,000 rupees in one month for tuition. Everybody (Europeans, East Indians, and natives) sent a son or two to Serampore. We have already said the missionaries published the first native newspaper; they also published the first periodical work in India. They established the first native schools, organised the first college for native catechists, printed the first books in the Bengali language, and founded a vernacular library.[1] In fact, they were the great pioneers of know-

[1] See article in the 'Calcutta Review' (1859), brought about by the appearance of a Life of the Three Missionaries, by John Marshman, Esq., C.S.I., son of the great Indian missionary.

ledge *versus* ignorance in India, during the early part of the nineteenth century. Ignorance is the greatest enemy we have here to contend with. In a fair stand-up fight, we can see our foe, lay our guns, and dispose our troops; but in India, where treachery is generally combined with ignorance, we never know when the enemy is at hand. Doubtless, it is nearly the same in all countries. But ignorance of our power and resources is a more serious matter in India than elsewhere, perhaps only exceeded by British ignorance of the vast country, its history, geography, wants, and our great responsibility towards it. Probably, in history, we are a little better up than formerly. There is no longer doubt as to Holkar *not* being a Mussulman; but we are afraid there is still a chance of at any time, in a debate which might require an allusion to the early conquest of our Indian empire, hearing a desire expressed (as was really the case in the last century) to learn whether or not Surajah Dowlah (Sir Roger Dowler?) were a baronet!

We have not space to say much regarding the religious periodicals of India. The 'Madras Native Herald' used to be very well written, and was great on the question of 'Educational training' for the general population of the country. It is deemed self-evident that the efficiency and success of a system of general *education* for the Hindus will mainly depend on the character of the *inspectors*, *teachers*, and *books*, to be employed in carrying it on. . . . 'We do not demand that inspectors (European) should be ministers of religion; but we deem it indispensable that they should be *truly religious men*.'[1] In another number of the 'Herald' (for 1848) we have a glance at passing events, and a comparison between a fearful tragedy just enacted in Paris and what was going on in the 'great heathen city of Madras.' Alluding to the *Cheddul*, or Swinging Feast (at Jagannàth it is styled the Dole Jattra), the writer says: 'This brutal exhibition is not only destructive of all true religious feeling, but a nuisance and an offence to common decency. To offer, in the name of devotion, half-stupified wretches, hooked up by the backs and suspended to a cross-beam whirling on a pole sixty feet from the ground, is an insult to the enlightened understanding of mankind, and proves that two of the features of Hindu superstition are *childishness* and *cruelty*'—the Calcutta 'Christian Intelligencer' and 'Christian Advocate' may be mentioned among the influential Anglo-Indian religious periodicals. We have two numbers of the former magazine (1858-59) before

[1] Regarding the vital question of Christianity in India, in a review of Mr. Kaye's work (1860) it is remarked that the Rev. Mr. Long had urged strongly the necessity for native missionaries. The 'Calcutta' reviewer says:—'We believe that if Christianity is ever to take a hold on the people of India it will be by native agency.'—in the same number we learn that the end of the seventeenth century saw the first Protestant Church erected in Madras.

us; one containing the 'Fall of the East India Company,' our former munificent masters, who gained and ruled over a mighty empire—an empire comprising, as Mr. Bright tells us, 'twenty different nations and twenty different languages;' while both numbers have most interesting 'Recollections of Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta.' The periodical writer here gives us a few good anecdotes of the admirable Bishop. His outset as a preacher at home was by no means favourable. 'When Richard Cecil, whose curate he afterwards became, first invited him to preach in his church, the young preacher no doubt made the best display he could, when in the pulpit of one who was himself so eminent as a preacher. On rejoining Cecil in the vestry-room, young Daniel Wilson, either inquiring how his sermon had been appreciated, or else appearing desirous to know, Cecil is related to have said, "Well, of all the bad preachers I have ever heard, for both matter and manner, you are one of the worst."' Now, for the commencement of the Bishop's career as a preacher in India:—'After, say the story-tellers, the first novelty of the new Bishop's style, manner, doctrine, etc., began to wear off, the somniferous influence of a tropical climate began to re-assert itself; and the Bishop often looked round from the pulpit on a drowsy and nodding congregation. "This," he exclaimed, "will not do. I must, at least, have the people awake to hear the gospel I bring them." And hence, it is said, he on design adopted the homely, abrupt, eccentric manner of address, the odd anecdotes, strange illustrations, and personal recollections which at times marked his preaching.'

One of the Bishop's peculiarities was 'a rather overweening estimate of *big people*, persons of rank and position.' He would excuse the offence given to minor lights in the way of indifference, by saying, with the greatest simplicity, 'But, my dear friend, he is a *Member of Council!*' The Governor-General was regarded by him as a species of divinity, and others with rank as *Dii minores*. Thinking so much of a Viceroy, what the good Bishop would have thought of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, had he been spared to have an interview with His Grace in the palatial India Office, it is impossible to say.

The Bishop eschewed all needless show and style; the furniture of his palace was of the humblest kind, and his table was marked by extreme plainness; but, let it be remembered, he gave two lakhs of rupees (£20,000) to the new Cathedral in Calcutta, where he now sleeps, having nobly done his work. To the above anecdotes, furnished us by periodical literature, another one may be added, the truth of which may be vouched for, as the remark was made to some men of the present writer's corps during the Bishop's inspection of the Artillery Company at Moulmein, in British Burmah. The men were much struck with the 'bold and plain-speaking truthfulness' of their exalted 'friend,' and particularly when he

said, 'Now, I tell you what it is, men, every dram of arrack[1] you drink more than your allowance, you drink down damnation along with it!'

We shall now proceed to another station in Burmah, and very briefly introduce a little periodical to our readers, 'The Toungoo News' (*pro Deo et Ecclesia*). It was edited by the learned American missionary, Dr. Mason, author of 'Fauna, Flora, and Minerals of Burmah,' founder of the Karen Institute, and who, with his excellent wife, laboured for many years among the Karens (of Pegu), a remarkable people, who preserve in their books[2] the fossilized skeletons of our faith. Being simply Deists, without any idolatry or multitude of false gods, it is easier to engraft Christianity on such a foundation than on the Hindu; and religious periodical literature, in their own and the English language, is a most useful instrument among them. The first number of the second volume (1865) commences with an account of the Pali alphabet.

When Europeans first visited India, they noticed some remarkable stone pillars, scattered in different parts of the country, with inscriptions cut on them. These were sometimes found in three various characters. In the process of time, the languages of two were discovered, 'but the most ancient characters defied every attempt to decipher them.'

Five centuries ago the learned Brahmans of a Mahomedan sovereign could not decipher the inscription on the pillar at Delhi. A native historian wrote: 'Round it have been engraved literal characters, which the most intelligent of all religions have been unable to explain.'[3] Early ignorant European travellers thought the writing to be Greek, from the association in their minds of Bactrian coins and Alexander the Great, from which they were ready to pronounce any Indian inscription to be in the Greek character. 'From the days of Sir William Jones,' writes Dr. Mason, 'the eyes of all the antiquarians in India had been directed to these inscriptions, but they were directed in vain. . . . . The first attempt to render any part of them was made by a Bombay scholar, who, in 1834, translated the first thirteen letters:—"In the two ways (of wisdom and works?) with all speed do I approach the resplendent receptacle of the ever-moving radiance." In 1837, James Prinsep walked up to the inscriptions and read them off to a wondering world, with as much apparent ease as Daniel did MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN, to the bewildered Babylonian monarch: "Thus said King Devanampiya Piya-

[1] The spirit distilled from rice, or the various kinds of palm, of which the allowance used to be two drams a day; afterwards one dram, if beer was taken.

[2] Some account of their traditions will be found in 'A Narrative of the Second Burmese War.'

[3] 'Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal,' July, 1837; Supplement; Supplement, 1864; October, 1834; and March, 1838.

dasi!"' Remarking on the Pali alphabet, Prinsep says: 'There is a primitive simplicity in the form of every letter, which stamps it at once as the original type whereon the more complicated structure of the Sanskrit has been founded.' And he adds what has never been controverted: 'I consider it the primeval alphabet of the Indian languages.' As 'all the ancient alphabets west of the Indus have been traced to the Phœnician, and all east of the Indus have been derived from the Pali,' it may be interesting to give a note or two on the language of Burmah (more correctly Burma), where, if the learned Chief Commissioner, Sir Arthur Phayre, had met Prinsep, there might have been some addition to the flood of light which, we trust, Sir Arthur is yet to furnish us with on Bûdhism in Chin-India. There never was a better time for English students to learn something about such a land. The 'intercourse of West and East' is rapidly bearing fruits. In truth, to use the words of a popular London journal, 'The lands of Buddha and Brahma have entered what we call the paths of progress.' We have now in England for the first time Ambassadors from Burmah, Western China (the Panthays), and Japan, anxious to see our wonders and learn about our commerce and science; and, fifty years hence, if Japan has gone far on the road towards becoming 'an Oriental England,'[1] if Burmah and Western China have not done the same, Great Britain will have much to answer for. More periodicals should at once be started to furnish information regarding these important parts of the world, with which we are so closely connected. The Burmese Embassy has already drawn much attention to the land of the Golden Foot of Ava, and the following brief notes on their language may be added to what has already been said about the Pali:—The common language of Burmah is called the Burman, and is written from left to right in characters of a circular form. 'The language in which all their religious books are composed is called the Pali, and is written in the Sanscrit character. The Burmese use the palmira leaf, and for common purposes the iron style; their religious and other books of value are written with lacquer, or sometimes with gold and silver, and the leaves are splendidly gilt and ornamented.'[2]—After the capture of Rangoon we found some manuscript leaves and other books in less elegant taste than the above; and no doubt many a Pali periodical escaped our notice.

We now proceed to make up for this digression from our sketch, which may be excused on account of the attempt to make it a vehicle of instruction, and for directing attention to Indian affairs.

Among the scientific periodicals of India we used to have the 'Madras Journal of Literature and Science,' a 'Journal of the Indian Archipelago and Eastern Asia,' and the Calcutta and Bombay 'Journals of the

[1] 'Daily Telegraph,' Aug. 13.

[2] The Rev. A. R. Symonds, M.A.

Asiatic Society.' The Asiatic Society of Bengal (which used to be the great feeder of the 'Royal' in London), was founded by Sir William Jones. Their meetings are held in one of Calcutta's noble mansions, and the prophecy of Sir William—the motto of their Journal—has been tolerably well fulfilled: 'The bounds of its investigation will be the geographical limits of Asia; and within these limits its inquiries will be extended to whatever is performed by man, or produced by nature!' In the grand room you will behold busts of Sir W. Jones, Colebrooke, Horace Wilson, and James Prinsep, the greatest lights of our Oriental literature. We had also an 'Indian Journal of Art, Science, and Manufacture,' which was published in Madras. It contained some able articles on Geology and Native Manufactures. The labours of Dr. Hunter in pottery, and for the improvement of native taste, have also been set forth in periodicals.—Nothing has yet been said about Medical periodical literature in India, a most potent instrument for the advancement of this supremely necessary science. A medical journal, to which the graduates of the Medical School at Hyderabad[1] (Dekhan) contributed, used to be published in Hindustani. An English 'Medical Journal' was once attempted in the North of India, but it met with little encouragement. We know not the name of the Anglo-Indian Wakley who gave us a 'Lancet,' but certainly the Indian 'Lancet' was published at Lahore in August, 1859; and it appeared thrice a month.—We had once hopes of Madras having a 'Law Times,' but we know not if they have been realised; however, cases of importance which came before the Indian Courts of Judicature used to be regularly published. Madras, which has now emerged from its darkness into a marvellous and, we trust, lasting light, must do something more than hitherto for Indian periodical literature. Calcutta has had, and still has, its 'Quarterly,' the early numbers of which even went through three or four editions. Bombay had her 'Quarterly' twenty years ago: why it ceased we know not; we presume through want of patronage, but still the effort deserved credit.

But Madras is nowhere in the race, and yet her journals have always been edited by men of considerable talent. From the very fact of a 'Calcutta Review,' 'Bombay Quarterly,'[2] and 'Sporting Review' having existed in India at the same time, it is evident that with able and, above all, energetic editors, and the amount of talent we know to exist in the civil and military services, from which might be got a powerful staff of contributors—who would be nothing if not *punctual*, as well as critical—periodicals to suit all tastes might be set a-going and prosper.

Some thirteen years ago, while musing over the uncertainty of the fate of Indian periodicals, we read in the 'Bombay Times' an account of

[1] Under Dr. Smith.

[2] Mr. Anderson (now Sir Henry), we believe, wrote in this 'Quarterly.'

a 'Sunderbund tiger-hunt, by young Nimrod,' in which the death of the tigress, measuring 9ft. 4in., was told with much feeling; and in the next paragraph the death of the 'Indian Sporting Review' was announced, and its subscribers were asked to rally round its heir and successor, the 'Indian Field' (newspaper). The 'Calcutta Sporting Review,' under 'Able East,' was much admired in India and elsewhere by the Nimrods of the day. Older Indians than the present writer also tell us of a 'Bombay Sporting Magazine,' in which some 'Letters from John Dockeray, a Yorkshire jockey, to his brother in Tadcaster,' were of a first-rate character—full of vigorous writing and dry humour. It will thus be seen that in order to counteract the apathy and rouse into activity 'the slumbering energies' of the educated Indian community, every stimulant that could excite was resorted to in the way of periodical literature. That the energy of 'the leaders of public taste,' under so much indifference and so little sympathy, should have died away was natural enough; but we trust that the energy will burst forth again stronger than ever. We should have liked in this sketch to have said more about Madras; but it may be mentioned that, in 1840, we had a 'Madras Miscellany.' The now defunct 'Metropolitan,' of London, flattered the bantling by facetiously declaring that the sun of Madras 'rarified and sublimated the intellect.' But, as the Turkish poet sings, 'Nature said it was too sweet to last!' 'Pickwick in India'—written by a most intelligent Madras officer, now holding a high scientific appointment—was generally acknowledged to be clever; but it wanted the idea of originality. We once read in the 'Miscellany' a whole chapter upon a tiffin! What would Crabbe, 'Nature's sternest painter,' have said to this? Even Sydney Smith, with all his love of wit and fun, would have declared that a tiffin—a good one—is a very good thing, especially with a glass of cold beer; but however essential it is to the stamina of the body, it cannot be said, at the outset, to be favourable to that of a magazine.

As near the Madras presidency, and of old joined to the Peninsula, let us now proceed to the utmost Indian isle, Taprobane, and glance at the periodical literature of Ceylon. It commenced with a 'Religious and Theological Magazine,' nearly forty years ago, having been published at Columbo in 1833. The 'Colombo Academy Miscellany,' and the 'Friend' were both to be found in Columbo in 1837. The 'Protestant Vindicator,' the 'Columbo Magazine,' the 'Ceylon Magazine,' and the Ceylon Miscellany' were all to be found between the years 1839 and 1842. The 'Investigator' flourished in Kandy in 1841; and between 1840 and 1844 were to be seen two papers, chiefly for the natives, the 'Lanka Nidhana,' published at Columbo, and the 'Morning Star' (as before stated), published at Jaffna. The first of these periodicals appeared

at a time when the reading community consisted of 'civilians and military, fewer far than at present, and of a very small number of clergy.' The Rev. B. Bailey was its able conductor, and, before the days of Overlands and general coffee-planting, he furnished the society of Columbo with readable and instructive essays, as well as Bible biographies. The average life of Ceylon periodicals used to be two years; but the 'Friend,' which owed its origin to the ubiquitous Wesleyan missionaries, existed ten. This excellent periodical enabled the Singhalese, who acquired a tolerable knowledge of English at the schools, to become acquainted with our European books and magazines, liberal extracts from which were freely given. The 'Lanka Nidhana,' or 'Lamp of Ceylon,' was a Singhalese publication of a similar character to the 'Friend.' The 'Columbo Magazine' was edited by a gentleman in the Ordnance Department, who, escaping from the heavier occupation of indents and piling of shot and shell, contributed tales, essays, poetry, and anecdotes to its pages. This journal was the first to rouse the desire for a local periodic literature, which, let us trust, may one day be permanently established in Ceylon. The 'Ceylon Magazine' had Dr. Macvicar and Mr. Bailey among its contributors; but in 1848 the 'Morning Star,' of Jaffna, alone glimmered as the sole survivor of the periodicals above mentioned. Writing on this Ceylon periodical decline, the 'Calcutta Review' informs us that 'the romance of life bowed down its head before the strong reality of the prices current. Quotations from the classics were replaced by quotations from the coffee market;' and even at present we believe the local newspapers do the literary periodical as well as the chief commercial business. But in many other places besides Ceylon the 'quick pulse of gain' is beginning to beat too high for men to think of anything but making money.

We have sometimes wondered why, in such a military country as India, where the reality of soldier-life is ever apparent, no firmly established army journal or magazine exists. This is a want that should at once be supplied, and if discreetly edited, would doubtless effect much good. During the second Burmese war an 'East India Army Magazine and Military Review,' from Calcutta, reached our tight little force at Toungoo. It was most ably conducted, and furnished a supplementary paper to a narrative of the campaign in Burmah, 1853.[1]

The forests of India—especially before the coal of the country is developed—being of such vast importance, we must not omit to announce that, in April last, the Punjab Forest Department were about to start a periodical. It was, doubtless, the result of a conference, wisely recognised by Government, at which 'essays were read, experiences related, difficulties solved, and much valuable information given and

[1] 'The Second Burmese War'—Pegu; p. 422.

received.' An Indian paper prudently suggested that 'matter which would be of interest to the *shikaree* (sportsman), as well as the tourist, might be added to the subjects of the proposed periodical, which would render it popular, not only departmentally, but also with the public, and tend to make its financial success more certain.'

In the 'Annals of Indian Administration,' published at Serampore, India has an excellent magazine, to show at a glance what the Government is doing for the good of India and Burmah; and in a number before us (September, 1866), we find forest conservancy in Oudh and British Burmah concisely related; the Government of India declaring that forest administration in our portion of Burmah was in a 'very satisfactory state.' Lighthouses, education, police, geological survey, with a number of other subjects, are also to be found commented on in this useful State periodical. It is difficult to get the English people to understand that, in spite of shortcomings which, where such a large portion of humanity is concerned, must every now and then occur, the India Office at home, and the Indian Government are (especially at the present time) working hard for the good of our splendid dominion. Periodical literature in the country should do its utmost to aid this good work; and we trust and believe that there is a grand future for it in India. For anything we know, the pens of Native editors may now be working towards a mighty consummation which, a few hundred years hence, may, as a sort of companion to Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, afford the interesting spectacle to the world of a once chief of the native Indian press (as if he had copied a leaf out of the book of the great M. Adolphe Thiers, who owes so much of his well-won fame to having been a journalist) governing a mighty Indian Republic, and, with flowing robes and ready pen, sending forth severe monitors[1] from Bombay, Madras, or the City of Palaces! But without indulging in any such dreams, there is yet much to be done in the way of encouraging the 'potent instrument' everywhere in India. Our very hold on the Empire, in some measure, depends on the proper management of it.

Among the Anglo-Indian community, a well-conducted periodical literature is a pearl of great price; and, at the conclusion of this rapid sketch, we are glad to notice that a new weekly journal has been started at Simla. It is styled the 'Civil and Military Gazette,' and is designed to supply a void which has long been felt in that glorious region by 'the very large proportion of the intellect, ability, and talent of India congregated at Simlah six months out of the twelve.' Madras and Bombay must be more than ever on their guard! We trust the remark is at an

[1] The 'Moniteur Officiel' of Pondicherry—the Paris of the East—a great monitor during the Empire, should have been mentioned in this sketch as an example of French periodical literature in India.

end, that such and such a periodical is 'defunct for want of patronage;' the saying is a stain upon the Anglo-Indian social and literary character. The late Lord Cockburn—at a dinner given many years ago, in Edinburgh, to a famous artist—said, while talking of the goodness of one of Roberts' early patrons, he remembered Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling, say, when talking of a certain lord who should be nameless, 'Oh, he is proud of the blaze of Burns' light, when it shone in its full brightness; but,' added the Man of Feeling, 'I am prouder still, because I was one of the few who fanned that flame when in its infancy.' The prophetic historian of our disasters in Afghanistaun, the acute biographer of Malcolm and Metcalfe, and the founder of the 'Calcutta Review,' may, we think, among living writers, safely take to himself some credit of this kind; and so may it be with others—patrons of periodical literature, and promoters of knowledge in our Eastern dominion—at a time which may not inaptly be styled 'Gyánáruna'—the dawn of general intelligence in India.

NOTES.

In the July number of DARK BLUE (page 645), when alluding to Sir Henry Lawrence and the 'Calcutta Review,' instead of 'grand,' Sir John Kaye writes:—'His contributions were GRAVID with matter of the best kind.' Since writing our sketch, the 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence'—a name which no true Indian soldier will ever forget—by the late Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., continued and concluded by Herman Merivale, Esq., C.B., has fallen into our hands; and some account of this important work may be given in a future number.

At page 642, while mentioning the *Englishman*, and 'Butcher' as succeeding Stocqueler, we should have written that 'Mr. (afterwards Sir Macdonald) Stephenson succeeded him, and Stephenson was, we think, succeeded by Mr. Hurry. Butcher was, if we recollect right, connected with the 'Star.'

COMIC PERIODICALS IN INDIA.

Although, throughout the sketch just concluded, it has been attempted to blend an occasional touch of the comic with grave matter, while thinking of the twin genii, Grief and Joy, and of the force of the saying, 'Il n'y a rien plus près du rire que des larmes,' we find that no allusion has been made in the foregoing pages to the 'Delhi Sketch-book,' which Indian 'Punch,' in Lord Dalhousie's reign, was very good sometimes. 'Momus' succeeded the 'Sketch-book;' but its chief fault was its bad lithographs, spoiling an excellent design. The 'Delhi' was far different, and gladdened the Anglo-Indian world with as much zeal as 'Punch,' 'Judy,' and 'Fun' evince for the amusement of London in 1872. In the 'Delhi,' 'the Royals in India' formed a capital series of sketches: Mrs. Corporal Flouncey objecting to take service with 'the lady of a Sepoy officer,' the quiet surprise of the lady, and the grim corporal in the background, being admirably brought out, was one of the best. 'The War with Burmah' formed the subject of some amusing verses in one number, and where the Lion flares right up, and send 'two wise ambassadors, the Serpent and the Fox' (the actual names of a gun-brig and frigate, R.N., employed at the commencement of the war), is told with some humour.

Two conundrums from an old 'Delhi' may be given:—'Who was the greatest drunkard in Indian history?—Asoka. Which is the most killing—Brown Bess or Miss Minié?' Also a capital sketch of Anglo-Indian military life, in which the stern visage of Colonel Blowhard, in his Bengal muster buggy, and the *harum scarum* look of Sprugg, on his tattoo at full speed, are drawn with admirable effect:—'Cornet Sprugg hath just joined his regiment—hath not had sufficient time or opportunity to set himself up in chargers, or purchase a buggy. Church being over, he mounteth a diminutive tattoo. Having previously divested himself of his sword and belts, he giveth the same unto his syce [horsekeeper] to bring after him. Blowhard, the man in authority, twiggeth him. C. O. [Cantonment Order] No. 2.—The practice of officers' servants being permitted to carry their swords is unmilitary, and is to be discontinued. The place for the sword is *always by the side* of the officers.'

This number of the periodical was issued from the 'Delhi Gazette' Press, which also sent forth 'Saunders' Monthly Magazine for all India,' with some good original writing and translations, in June, 1852. W. F. B. L.

Hercules Adamant.

By Compton Reade.

There is a strike among the navvies employed on the new Stanchester and Oldelm line. Gideon Fisher, the contractor, has contrived to get at loggerheads with the army of Goliaths, whom he has levied to complete the work by June 1st, and here we are at the end of April. It is the old old story between labour and capital, repeated *ad nauseam*. Capital, as represented by Gideon, overbearing and vexatious; labour, dogged, ill-conditioned, more careful to contend for the wrong it demands than for the right which the bully has denied unjustly.

Que faire? Gideon has taken a cosy little cottage for a term at the village of Mistdene, half way between the two towns, in order to be able to supervise the work more thoroughly; for Gideon is not a leviathan contractor, but a man sprung from the ranks, who has worked his way from manhood to masterhood, and this is his first heavy contract. He goes home to his only child, Esther, on Saturday night, well nigh broken hearted, for the fortune he has dreamt of amassing for her seems likely to vanish in a trice, and he has set his whole soul, poor fellow, on one object of ambition—to make Esther a lady, if not an heiress. Unless those horny-handed fellows go back to their toil by the middle of next week, at the very latest, his contract will be forfeited, and he once more reduced to manual labour; whilst as regards Esther—well, she is educated; perhaps up to the level of a governess. But, then, Gideon never gave her education for that end. He is sharp enough to know that a girl had better be an ignorant scullion than a refined lady-servant.

Never did Esther behold such an expression of countenance on man, as that which Gideon bears as he meets her at the threshold of 'Rose Cottage.' She comes to meet him as usual after his long day's toil, looking as fresh and lovely a maiden of blushing eighteen as ever graced an English home. Her deep blue eye is filled with tender solicitude, for she realises this terrible hour of trial, and it is in a voice tremulous with emotion that she asks:

'Have you come to terms with the men, father?'

The hard features of the man relax not—as of old—to a smile. Rudely he pushes her aside, and entering the parlour, flings himself heavily into an arm-chair, without uttering a syllable. Perhaps he dare not trust a tongue which is burning with wrath and hate.

Esther gazes upon him in dismay. He has never before treated her thus, and with true feminine perception she perceives that the mental tension has proved too severe for him. He is still, however, in her mind, the same loving parent for all his roughness, and she busies herself to think what she can do to distract his brain from that which is wracking it like torture.

An idea—she will sing his favourite song. So she trips lightly into the drawing-room, and opening the piano, begins to warble sweetly enough, till a hollow strange voice calls from the parlour:

'Esther, girl, don't.'

He cannot bear that song. It is one which always reminds him of Esther's mother. Besides, his head aches. He wishes to be quiet. He is afraid of himself.

She closes the piano, and then returns to the parlour.

'Shall I get your supper, father?'

'Hey? Sooper, lass?' he murmurs in a rough Doric dialect. 'Nay, I've no need for sooper.'

'The men—hav'nt, hav'nt,' she falters.

'Nowt,' he hisses between his teeth. 'Nowt, lass, dom 'em all. Aboov all, dom Dick Satterthwaite.'

She starts. This is the very first time she has ever heard this rough father of her's swear. She knows that his lips are foul enough outside, on the railway cutting, on the embankment side—but hitherto his language at home has been proper as a parson's. The bad words grate cruelly on her ear.

Yet there is something in her heart which tells her that now she has a duty to perform, that now is the time when a daughter's love may be of priceless value. She kneels beside him, and in a second her glorious golden locks are mingled with his of iron-grey. She has wound her arms around him. Her lips are assuring him of that affection he values above all things on earth; when she feels a scalding tear fall on her cheek, and at once he springs nervously to his feet."

'Nay, nay, Esther lass, but I'm unnerved, I'm joost a fool. Get me a glass of whiskey out o' the coopboard?'

Perhaps there is a trifle of misgiving in her breast at this strange medicine for a heart-wound. Gideon hardly ever touches spirits. In fact, this whiskey is kept in store for others—for business men who come to call, and gangers, and the lawyer and doctor—not for home consumption.

He takes the bottle from her hand—eagerly.

'A glass, lass. Nay, nay, not a woin-glass; a toombler'—with a hideous smile.

'Yes, father. Will you have hot or cold water?'

'Noither.'

'Father!' Esther can but gasp, for he fills the tumbler full to the brim of raw spirit, and hastily raises it to his lips.

'Don't, father dear!' she cries, perceiving now only too acutely the ugly purpose of the man.

'Whoy not?' he replies, almost savagely, lowering the glass, however. 'Whoy not?' I'm a ruined mon, and I'd better be drunken. Take thy hond off't, lass.' She has placed her lily fingers on his arm, and the muscles somehow quiver under the influence of that light touch.

'You mustn't, father,' she whispers; 'for MY sake, you mustn't.'

'For thy sake, ay, for thy sake'—stupidly. 'Time was when for thy sake I—I didn't do this. That's all over; that's all over, lass, now. There, take thy hond away, or ——'

'No, no, father—dear father— for my sake.'

'Away, lass,' he is shouting at her now; 'I moost, I moost, or I shall go mad. Dost hear? mad—mad, I say. Dom thee, lass, take thy hond off me!'

But the little hand is firmer than ever, and he cannot raise the glass to his lips. She is very pale—very determined. His word has stabbed her; but she is true, with all the great truth of woman's love.

'No,' she whispers, hoarsely.

'No!' he cries, fiercely, 'no! Am I not master in my own house? Get thee off, get thee off;' and, suiting the action to the word, he flings her from him with his left hand so roughly that she falls back over a chair. Then he raises the draught once more to his mouth.

A cry of bitter anguish has already issued from her lips, when suddenly there sounds at the front door a double knock, as of some one who has a right to demand admittance.

He pauses—the liquor untouched.

'See to the door, Esther.'

With a glance of reproach she obeys. There before her stands, hat in hand, the very most magnificent specimen of young manhood her eyes have ever seen. She perceives by his dress that he belongs to the noble order of hand-workers, by his mien that he is no ordinary man.

'Mr. Fisher at home?' he enquires. The tone is that of a plain-speaking navvy, but the accent strikes her ear as, at all events, south country. It might or might not be Attic; it is certainly not Doric.

Gideon saves her the trouble of replying, by himself appearing at the door.

'Dom thy impudence. What dost mean by making this row at my door, mon?'

Esther quails at the glance of sarcasm that falls across the countenance of the young navvy. She sees that this splendid young man has a mind; it is, indeed, engraven on his every feature. She knows that he despises poor Gideon, and somehow it strikes her intuitively that he is quite right to assert himself her father's superior, although he has not done so, except in the *je ne sais quoi* of manner.

'I've taken the trouble,' answered the stranger, 'to come here, sir, with the design of serving your interest. I believe it is essential to the success of your contract that the strike should cease at once. I have not worked long on this job, but I am so far satisfied, in this quarrel between you and—and *us*, that you have the best of the argument, that I have determined to stop the strike if I can.'

'Stoop the stroike!' cries Gideon; 'Dom, if ye can; why you only coom on last moonth, and can you turn Dick Satterthwaite round thy finger?'

Satterthwaite, it may be stated, is the delegate, spokesman, ringleader, and promoter of the strike.

'Certainly I can, or I should not be here. I have taken my measure of Dick.'

Gideon shakes his head. 'What is thy name, young mon?' he asks.

'Hercules Adamant.'

'A Cookney, I suppose. Well, they have queer names in the south, and they have queer tempers in the north; and I tell thee, Master Hercules, thou dosn't onderstand us, or thou would not prate of stooping the stroike.'

The young navvy stands unconcernedly in the doorway, his eyes fixed perhaps rather too attentively on Esther. His attitude is that of a man who does not care to argue, being confident of his own position. Gideon is in doubt whether to be angry with him for what he regards as a futile intrusiveness, or to bid him God-speed. From the expression of his features, the former appears the more likely. At this juncture Esther is tempted to speak:

'If you can do any good, for pity's sake——' she begins, addressing young Adamant more with her eyes than her lips.

'Shoot thy mouth, lass, and go indoors,' interrupts Gideon, turning upon her sharply.

'I can, and I shall!' replies Adamant to her, eagerly.

One glance of thanks, and she obeys her father's command. Then the manner of the young man alters towards his superior from cool indifference to an assumption of superiority, which simply staggers Gideon.

'I've no time for words,' he says, abruptly enough; 'I am positive that my interference will not be in vain; that is, of course, provided you will make some sort of concession.'

Gideon's face waxes darker. 'Thou hast been put on to spy,' he mutters bitterly between his teeth.

An angry flush rises to the young man's brow. 'Faugh,' he exclaims, with an air of disgust, 'I am a man of honour; I am a—bah! what am I saying? you must know that I am a southerner, and not so over friendly with Satterthwaite, or any of the gang.'

'Thou beest a dommed good workman,' exclaims Gideon, in a sudden impulse of generous feeling.

'I believe I can use a pick or a spade as well as any man living,' is the calm reply. 'However, to the point. The men's worst grievance is that they can't have their Sundays free. They wouldn't mind doing a Sunday's work once in a way to oblige a master; but here they've been at it for three months. They say you should put on more hands.'

'I'll yield that,' replies Gideon, after a moment's reflection. 'I'll yield that. Boot, Master Adamant, not a jot further. No, not if I rot for it!'

'I have your permission to propose to Satterthwaite that the men resume work on Monday on those terms? Eh, Mr. Fisher, yes or no?'

Gideon grins broadly, and in the imbecile fashion of a puzzled north countryman. Then he nods his head with an air of assumed wisdom.

'Good. There is a meeting at the Bull's Head, at Oldelm, to-night at eight. Let me see,' taking out an old-fashioned hunting watch, 'it is now seven. I shall be back here by nine or a little after, and will bring you the news.'

Gideon has not closed his open mouth ere the young man has turned the corner and is out of sight. He lumbers back to the parlour to find the whiskey removed. Somehow, although it is hope against hope, he feels that he does not want it. There was a calm assurance in that young man's manner. No doubt Dick Satterthwaite had induced him to act the part of mediator; and yet that same Dick, only two hours ago, had been defiant, insolent, and even threatening. It was something, however, to feel that there was a chance, if ever so small, of the strike terminating.

'Esther!'

He calls for her, rather pained, for he is ashamed of himself. She does not answer.

'Soolks,' he growls to himself. 'Let her soolk. I've a dommed good moind to take a drop. No I won't though; the lass is roight—it's bad coomfort. Let be; she'll coome round afoor sooper.'

The fact is that Miss Esther has escaped by the back door into the garden, and by a chance, resembling premeditation, has run against

Hercules Adamant, who raises his cap to her with a grand smile on his handsome face.

'I—I am so very grateful to you for trying to aid my poor father,' she murmurs, her cheeks flushing with a delicate carmine as she makes the avowal.

'You must not thank me, Miss Fisher,' he replies, 'because I have only acted according to my conscience. Except on one point, I think Mr. Fisher is in the right.'

She starts at words so strangely unlike any which she had ever heard fall from the lips of a 'navvy.' 'It is very noble of you,' she exclaims.

Now it is his turn to blush, and blush he does like a maiden. What a beautiful girl is this Esther Fisher. How natural. How refined. As she stands before him with that eloquent face, for the nonce he could curse his working garment, which seems to interpose a barrier between himself and her.

'I am, I assure you,' he says, in a tone of peculiar tenderness, 'rejoiced to be of any service to your father. I am even more glad to earn your praise.'

'Tell me,' she cries with eagerness, 'will the strike cease?'

'I will bring the news to-night—before ten o'clock, at the latest. It will be good news, too; that I promise you.'

Her little lips quiver with emotion, for she feels somehow that she may fully trust this great man, who towers above her almost protectingly. She can only frame a 'Thank you, so much;' but she gives him her hand freely; nay, more, she returns the gentle pressure he gives her, and the brilliant smile which illumines his presence.

Remember, reader, she is only a manufactured lady. She knows three modern languages, passably. Better still, she has an intimate acquaintance with three of the gods of sound—Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Mozart. She can daub. She can also talk the Queen's English. For all these accomplishments, she began life in or about a gutter, and has never quite washed off the naturalesque.

Hence she can meet a man without having previously iced her tongue, or dulled her eyes, or regulated her cheeks into an uniformity of colour. She is, in short, modest, a maiden, and a human being possessed of mind. Nothing more.

Perhaps it is to avoid her father's possible wrath at the abstraction of the whiskey; perhaps it is to think over for a moment the handsome youth to whose beauty she is not insensible, although she does wish that nature had made him something less 'common' than a 'navvy'—for, like all women, she tends towards snobbishness, and much prefers a highly scented and oiled gent to an out-at-elbows gentleman or an honest labourer; perhaps it is to pick some herbs for Biddy the cook: be that

as it may, she does not re-enter 'Rose Cottage' till the church clock of Mistdene strikes eight, and she is reminded that her father's 'sooper,' as he calls it, is just one hour after date. She finds Gideon steeped in a sound slumber—the very best medicine kind nature provides for all ailments of the heart. Recognising this truth, she therefore beats a quiet retreat to the kitchen, with the resolution of concocting, with Biddy's assistance, something surprising in the way of a 'relish,' to be ready the very moment that Morpheus should release the sleeper from his tender embrace. Esther can cook. She learnt the art from her dead mother, who in earlier life had served an apprenticeship to the culinary art in the household of a nobleman. Perhaps, also, of all her accomplishments, Gideon values this not the least.

The boom of nine awakes the wearied man. 'Hey, lass,' he cries; 'whoy, where's the sooper?'

'All ready,' responds a bright voice from the nether settlements. In a trice the lamp is lit, the 'relish' is introduced, with a jug of foaming ale of the right sort, and some curious cakes of a savoury nature, manufactured only north of the Trent.

'I wish that yooung chap would bring me the news of the stroike,' exclaims Gideon, laying down his knife and fork uneasily. 'I'd ask him to have a bit o' sooper; I would, lass, though he be but a navvy.'

Esther's face brightens. 'I'm sure I'm not proud,' she says; 'why should I be? You were a navvy yourself, father, not so long since.'

'Aye, aye, lass; but thou art a lady, and I wouldn't have you mix with such folk, except it twere joist oonce in a way loike.'

The words are hardly out of his mouth, when the door resounds again to a loud double knock. Gideon has barely time to mutter something about 'Dom the fellow's impudence, to knock in that stoile,' before Esther has rushed to the door, and admitted, with a secret grasp of the hand, Hercules Adamant.

He looks enormous in that little room. He is so broad and magnificent. Esther, as she gazes up in his face, feels sure that all is well, for he wears the aspect of a bearer of good tidings.

'There, sir,' he says, extracting a paper from his pocket, 'there is the agreement, signed by Dick Satterthwaite on the part of the men. The strike is at an end.'

Gideon clutches at the paper. 'I— I can't make it out!' he gasps; 'not for the loife of me. I can't make it out.'

Esther looks quite as genuinely surprised as her father.

'I wish you good evening,' says the young man, turning to go.

'No, no!' cries Gideon, raising his eyes from the paper, which he has been gloating over. 'Not so; you doant go without a bit of sooper, Master Adamant, or whatever your name is.'

'No, thank you,' he answers, coldly.

'Please stop and join us at supper,' says Esther. He pauses, his hand upon the door.

'I—I don't desire to intrude.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, man. Sit thee down; my lass asks you; so you be welcome. There, give 'un a platter, Esther. I doant know, mon, who I've got to thank for this service, but whoever it be, I stand his debtor for my soolvency, and that's flat.' Gideon looks across at his guest, half doubtingly.

'Don't thank me,' replies Adamant, carelessly. 'Miss Fisher, may I give you some bread?'

'Lookie, here,' continues Gideon; 'you make yourself at 'ome, my mon. You beant accoostomed to young leddies society, but that doant matter; you make yourself at 'ome.' All of which is said with no small air of patronage.

Perhaps the young navvy is not accustomed to the ways of 'society.' Indeed, how should he? Nevertheless, Esther fails not to remark that he does not juggle with his knife, or in any way offend the strictest propriety, while his conversation shows a certain amount of education, which is unmistakeable.

'You come from London?' inquires Esther.

'Yes; I came from London.'

'I was at school there; at Brompton,' she says, simply.

'A hoondred and fifty guineas,' breaks in Gideon; 'a pot o' money; wasn't it, my lad?'

'At Brompton?'

'Yes; at Miss Eldon's, Acacia House.'

He slightly elevates his eyebrows, as if the name was not unfamiliar. Then, after a pause, he observes, drily, 'A gentleman I worked for sent his daughter to some school at Brompton.'

'What was the gentleman's name?'

'Sir Montague Harleston.'

'Harleston! Why, Ada Harleston was my greatest friend. So you worked for him. Did you ever see Ada?'

'Yes; I've seen Miss Ada at Harleston Court—a very tall girl,'

'Young leddy, he means,' interprets Gideon, prosaically. He is anything but gratified to find that his daughter is so affable to this young navvy.

'She is very lovely!' exclaims Esther enthusiastically.

'She is,' responds he; 'at least, I believe people think so.'

'And Harleston Court—is that a grand place? Ada did say that she would invite me to stay with her—but—but—' a little sigh.

'Not grand,' he answers; 'old-fashioned, rather dull, perhaps. I don't think you would like it.'

'Why?'

'I can't exactly say,' he replies, looking rather nonplussed, and very much as if he desired to avoid the subject. Gideon Fisher, however, opportunely at this moment observing that he has disposed of one plateful of the 'relish,' proceeds to exercise the duties of host in his own peculiar way.

'Have a boite more, mon. Nay, never be shame-faced. My lass, there, be not accoostomed to the twist of a navvy. But that don't signify. She'll excuse thee.'

'Pray, Mr. Adamant, let me help you to a little more,' half whispers Esther, heartily vexed at the sort of offensive tone of superiority assumed by her father towards his guest.

'No, thank you—much obliged. I have got to get back to Oldelm, remember; and if I'm up late I shan't be in church to-morrow.'

'Church!' cries Gideon, more than ever amazed; 'well, you're the first navvy as ever I heard to enter a church. My lass, she makes me go, because its respectable, loike; but there—if I had my own way—'

'For shame, father!' interrupts Esther; then turning to the stranger, 'Is there a pretty church at Oldelm?'

'No,' he answers, 'I rather think I may walk over here. As I passed by I was somewhat struck by the beauty of Mistdene spire?'

A few more words of courtesy and he has taken his leave. Esther gives him her hand, at which act of friendliness old Gideon rather winces. Nevertheless, he shakes him heartily by the hand as he wishes him good night at the garden gate, assuring him of his gratitude for 'as good a turn as oone mon ever did anoother.'

'I say, Esther, lass,' he says, as he returns to the supper-table, 'look at this handwroiting. It's as good as the lawyer's, and better than the parson's.'

'He seems to me,' replies the young lady, unconcernedly, 'to be educated very much above his position.

'I doubt that,' answers Gideon. 'He's mooch too stout a hond with a pick.'

Esther, not caring to argue, retires to roost.

On the morrow her eyes wander in vain through the aisles of Mistdene Church. The tall form of Hercules Adamant is nowhere visible at the morning service. Perhaps her little heart is disappointed just a trifle, for she has been dreaming of him, not as a navvy clad in rough clothes, but as a very fine gentleman, indeed, an amplified Beau Brummel, a young lady's hero.

Dinner over—it consists of pork, sage, onions, and all other indigestibles, including a preparation of saccharified suet—she leaves Gideon to his snore, and betakes herself to afternoon service. As she enters the

church the first object that strikes her eye is that of a large young man attired as a navvy and kneeling reverently enough. She has to pass him to gain her seat, but he does not pretermit his devotions in order to grin, smirk, or even recognise her. She is not quite sure that she is not affronted.

The service is short, the sermon of the same admirable quality, so that the congregation are soon dispersing. In the churchyard Esther is brought to a halt by Mr. Jabez Juggins, son of lawyer Juggins, a surprising magnate in and around Mistdene. This gentleman has for some time past paid her no inconsiderable attentions. He is, in short, enamoured of her beauty, and has been cherishing secret hopes that she will relent from the cool indifference she has hitherto displayed. Jabez is not a handsome man; worse still, he is not a good man. There is an ugly story afloat about a certain poor girl of Oldelm who committed suicide because young Jabez had deserted her. Besides, is he not a chip —as they say—of that old block, Juggins, who has amassed wealth by expedients which could not have exalted his moral sense, if he ever had such a quality? Esther has guessed that her father is disposed to favour this young Juggins' suit. This makes her exceedingly wary of how she gives him the slightest encouragement, for she has determined to embrace old maidenhood rather than say 'yes' to Jabez, though he should offer her the wealth of Crœsus.

'Fine day, Miss Esther,' says Jabez, with an air of decided familiarity.

'Yes,' she answers coldly, attempting to pass him.

'May I have the pleasure of walking home with you?' he asks, suiting the action to the word by marching alongside of her, willey-nilly.

'Thank you, I—I have to see some one—one of my father's men who was in church.' She turns back abruptly, leaving him not a little astonished.

Then she walks up to Hercules, who has just emerged from the porch, and with a most winning smile gives him her hand.

This proceeding seems so strange that Jabez seats himself on the churchyard wall. His impression is that this young navvy must be old Gideon's foreman, and that she has a message to deliver. No doubt she will return to him in a moment.

But, no, Esther takes her swain back into the church, as she says, to show him an old monument, but in reality to escape Jabez. Then she passes forth with him at the other porch, and they wend their way towards the little stream which waters the vale of Mistdene.

A more flagrant violation of the laws of Mrs. Grundy was never perpetrated by any young person calling herself lady. Esther, however, is very much of a spoilt child; nor could the mental tight-lacing of Miss Eldon, of Brompton, at all eliminate the naturalesque from her composi-

tion. She likes this young man Hercules, so she will enjoy his society whilst the sun shines.

Very agreeable he proves himself. Evidently he knows a great deal more about London than she does. He has been to all sorts of theatres, whose name only she had barely heard of at Brompton. He has travelled abroad. Nay more, when from curiosity she tries him with one or two French phrases, he evidently understands their meaning. And yet, though evidently so refined, there is the objectionable fustian dress, and leathern belt and hob-nailed boots—aye, and horny hands, though his neck is so white, his manner so tender.

'I shall come to church next Sunday afternoon,' he says ever so softly as she bids him good-bye, declaring that she has thoroughly enjoyed her stroll—which, by the way, is the whole truth—'May I hope to meet you again?'

She smiles on him frankly enough as she answers 'Perhaps. I don't know. Yes. Perhaps.'

It is fortunate for her that no gossip encountered them in their walk, or she assuredly would have incurred the displeasure of her father. As for Jabez Juggins, having sat on the churchyard wall till he felt himself snubbed, he retires sulkily, but with a mental resolution not calculated to enhance the peace of our fair heroine.

On the Sunday following Hercules Adamant is again in his place, and again Miss Esther accords him the favour of her company. Those dreams of hers, in which he figures as the centre, seem to increase in frequency; indeed, she has been looking forward somewhat eagerly for the day of rest, which to her is to be the day of happiness.

And he—he has worked the work of two strong men all through the six days. Gideon, as he stands on the embankment, marvels to behold such a miracle of muscular prowess. 'Lod,' says he, 'they called thee rightly Hercules.'

He laughs merrily at his master's words. 'Do I earn my week's wages?' he enquires.

'I wish I'd a hundred more of the same stoof,' rejoins Gideon. 'No fear then of stroikes; I could well afford to pay half as mooch again.'

There is no doubt about it, but that he is stealing the heart of his master's daughter. He is, you will say, acting hardly an honourable part. Yet his conscience does not disturb him. When he meets her after the church service, whereat he is no inattentive listener, it is with the most fresh honest bearing. If she is afraid that in the long run Gideon Fisher may crush love's young dream, he seems to entertain no such fear in his breast. All he does care for very dearly is that little heart which beats, as he hopes, for him. Yes. The thought uppermost in his mind is, 'Does she love me?' He well knows that fair and false

have ere now only too frequently been united in one person. He guesses truly enough that that plebeian dress is so much gall and wormwood to her. He resolves therefore to try her worth to the very extremity. She must either give herself to plain Hercules, the navvy, or let him go his way to find a truer help-mate.

They wander as before down by the stream, but neither are so inclined for prattle as on Sunday last. He has offered her his arm, and she has accepted the proffered support, lovingly. She is very happy, for has not her heart been filled with that which alone can satisfy a maiden's cravings? It seems as if life were opening like a summer's morning—gloriously.

'Esther,' he whispers; he never before has called her by her Christian name, 'do you see where that brook is flowing?' solemnly.

'To the river, I suppose,' with a little titter.

'The pure and beautiful, to the broad and great, eh?'

'Yes.'

'Well, child, it seems to me as if you are that little pearly brook, and I the great river at Oldelm.' Her hand is trembling now on his muscles, but in pleasure, not in fear. 'Is it so?'

She answers only by a pressure of his arm.

'Yes, it is so. But there the parallel ends. The brook flows lazily, and easily to the river.'

'Do you think that our lives will unite as easily?'

She looks up at him in silence, with that grand look of enquiring love, which you will never see but in a maiden's face, to whom love is new.

'I mean,' he continues, 'will you brave something for me?' He has taken her hand in his as he asks this. She can hardly form a reply. She is just a little frightened. So the golden locks fall on his shoulder, and it is not until their lips have met, that she is able to murmur in a voice of the most dulcet music, 'I will be true.'

As they leave the meadows for the high road, by the eternal laws of the course of true love, they encounter at a corner no less a person than Mr. Jabez Juggins, who bows, and grins, and goes his evil way with poison on his evil lips. He knows now that he has a rival. He perceives who that rival is, and he resolves to trample on him as on a worm.

On the following evening Gideon does not return home alone. He has been to see lawyer Juggins in the course of the afternoon, for his funds are short, and he needs additional assistance to procure extra hands in order to complete his contract.

'Esther,' says he, 'I've joost brought our yoong neighbour Jooggins to sooper, and be perticular, my lass, to treat him koindly, for if it hadn't been for his father, who has lent me a thousand pounds this day to

complete the contract, maybe you might have walked out o' Rose Cottage —a beggar!'

Now, Esther has been indulging in the fairest of day-dreams for the past twenty-four hours, and her little heart sinks as she hears these ominous words. Nevertheless, disloyalty to her father's interest seems impossible, so she greets Jabez with civility—perhaps with too much complaisance to be strictly honest. The young man is, in turn, evidently not a little pleased, and exerts himself to conversation so successfully that old Gideon, who watches them from his arm-chair, begins to believe that his 'lass' might perchance consent to land herself in his ideal paradise of ladyhood, by accepting the heir of the rich lawyer.

Supper over, she retires, leaving the men to their pipes and their grogs.

'Miss Esther is a downright lovely girl,' begins Jabez, with an assumption of impudence which would have offended a gentleman.

'Haw! haw!' roars old Gideon; 'so you're in love with her, Master Jabez! Eh! but she's a lot of admirers. I hope she'll choose well!' He is treating the young man as a joke—not bad diplomacy.

'Well, Mr. Fisher,' he replies, 'I am not ashamed to own that—I—I do feel a liking for Miss Esther, and, though I should not say so, she might do worse.'

Gideon's face wears for a second a grave expression. Perhaps he thinks that she might do better in every respect except the one which weighs down the scales of his mind—money. Then he laughs again, but maintains an awkward silence.

'I suppose I may ask her,' says Jabez, meekly.

'Oh, ay. Yes, lod, ask her by all means.'

Jabez fidgets on his chair uncomfortably. 'Maybe,' he remarks, 'you might drop a hint that my father is worth a hundred thousand pounds, at the least.'

Gideon winks at this. This is sweet.

'And,' continues the young man, 'my father will settle a good round sum on my wife.'

'All roight,' answers Gideon; 'I'll not fail to put the motter plain. Take a drop more whiskey, Master Jabez.'

'Thank you. You'll excuse my freedom, Mr. Fisher, in making a remark?'

'Certainly.'

'It is not quite my business to interfere, but I do wonder that you allow that navvy fellow to walk about the country with your daughter.'

'Hey?' shouts Gideon; 'what navvy?'

'A giant of a man—rather good-looking.'

'Dom! Whoy, it's that young mon Hercules what's-his-name. Dom! You don't tell me that——'

'I do tell you, Mr. Fisher, that he takes a walk with Miss Esther every Sunday afternoon; only don't say I said so.'

Gideon's hard face waxes harder and harder. So his daughter has deceived him. He cannot believe his ears.

'Jabez, my lod,' he exclaims, turning upon his guest abruptly, 'if this be a true bill, thou shalt have her, whether she wills it or no.'

Esther perceives a strangeness in her father's manner on the morning following, but he keeps his own counsel. He is very busy during this week, and much away from home. He has been obliged to get over a batch of Irish labourers with old Mr. Juggins' money, in order to hurry on the work, which will barely be ready for the formal opening of the line at the end of June.

On Saturday night, he comes home much depressed. The Irish and English navvies have been fighting. Of course the Milesians began the row, and without provocation, after the manner of their quarrelsome race. The English are, in consequence, much outraged, and have sent him word that, unless the obnoxious men are dismissed, they will withdraw. Dick Satterthwaite, as usual, is their spokesman, and he has uttered threats which have almost paralysed Gideon.

'Why don't you ask Hercules Adamant to quiet the men?' inquires Esther, with a faint blush.

He gazes at her sternly. 'I'll ask no more favours of that man,' he responds.

'Why?'

'Because he's false.'

'Who says so?'

'No matter. Moind thy own business, lass, and I'll moind moine.' With which Doricism he leaves her to her reflections.

Once again the happy Sunday afternoon comes round. Once again the lovers meet by the side of the brook. She is anxious about her father's affairs, and begs him to use the extraordinary influence he seems to possess, in order to prevent the dreaded dead-lock. He without hesitation assures her that if only her father will accept his advice, and discharge four of the Irish navvies who have been especially aggressive, the Englishmen—or rather Dick Satterthwaite, whose word is law—will consent to work with the bulk of the Irishmen. Whereupon she entreats him to see her father upon the subject before he returns to Oldelm.

'If only,' she says, 'you can do my father such a service, perhaps—perhaps—' she cannot finish the sentence.

He does not answer, but there is a grand look of superb confidence on his face. Evidently he does not contemplate the likelihood of Gideon

Fisher refusing him his daughter's hand; and yet he never proposes to ask his consent. Esther gives him credit for prudential motives. She knows that to ask would be to court a decided refusal, and she supposes that he shares her fears.

They part company at the corner of the lane leading to 'Rose Cottage.' By arrangement he is to follow her after an interval of about ten minutes; then he is to broach his plan of action to Gideon, and should he obtain his sanction, to proceed at once to Oldelm in order to secure Dick Satterthwaite.

Gideon Fisher is awaiting his arrival in the porchway of Rose Cottage. He has watched the lovers, and has already accused Esther of 'keeping company' with a fellow her inferior, of disgracing herself, and deceiving him, and, in short, has almost crushed the poor girl with his violent and cruel words. Now he is prepared for the man whom he regards as his bitterest enemy.

'Thou blackguard! thou scoundrel! thou false rascal!' he cries, as Hercules faces him in all the glory of honour and manhood.

Hercules regards him with a contemptuous stare. One blow from his fore arm might silence that abuse for ever. One blow—but he is not the man to strike her father.

'I came to offer once more to serve you, sir,' says Hercules, coldly. 'I was not prepared for this paltry abuse.'

'Get away with ye. I'll have none of ye. To think that my lass—a lady—an eddicated lady—would wed with the loike of you. Faugh!'

Hercules looks across at Esther, and perceives how cruelly she is pained. A something seems to urge him to speak, for advancing he cries, 'One word of explanation, Mr. Fisher, one word only. I ought to have said it before. I——'

'Not a syllable! Get thee indoors, Esther. I'll not hear thee; be off, thou skulking, black-hearted thief, or I'll call the police to thee for a trespass!'

He turns to go. These fierce words are all but unbearable. Esther does not obey her father, but remains in the porchway, agitated, the tears coursing down her fair cheeks. Once more he stops as if he would speak in spite of Gideon, but a glance at her countenance, which seems to appeal to him to end this painful interview, changes his purpose. In a trice he strides away.

'Thou wilt wed Jabez Juggins,' hisses old Gideon. And she—she does but gaze into vacancy.

About half a mile along the road Hercules pauses, takes out of his pocket a very handsome meerschaum pipe, lights it, and sits down to reflect. Obviously he is undecided whether to go back to Mistdene or on to Oldelm. At last he elects the latter alternative, and, marching

briskly forward, is ere long elbowing his way through the crowd of navvies in the bar of the Bull's Head.

'Satterthwaite,' he says, addressing a man as big and powerful as himself, 'a word with you.'

The giant arises from his cup, and lumbers forth into the open.

'Look you here,' begins Hercules, 'we must get the men to work to-morrow, or Fisher's contract will be lost.'

'—— the contract and Fisher too,' growls Satterthwaite.

'I mean what I say; the men must go on to-morrow.'

'Hey? and are you going to stand Sam again? You seem mighty fond of Fisher; or is't Fisher's lass? Thou fool, she'll not have one of *us*. She's going to wed young Jooggins, the lawyer. I heard so to-day for a fact.'

Hercules starts and bites his lip. Then he laughs a strange sort of affected laugh, and comes back to his point.

'I'll stand something, Dick, but I will have fair play. No more picking quarrels and knocking off work. It's only three weeks to end the job.'

On the Monday morning Satterthwaite announces to Gideon that the more obnoxious Irishmen having left Oldelm, the men would work. Overjoyed, the contractor comes down to the line to find all hands busy; and, conspicuous with his pick, Hercules Adamant.

'Get off, you dog!' cries Gideon, flushing fiercely at the sight of the young man. 'I told ye yesterday I'd have noone of ye.'

Hercules pauses in his work. Then he summons Dick Satterthwaite. 'I'm discharged,' he says.

Dick stares at Gideon as at an idiot. 'You'd best not send him off,' he observes sarcastically.

'Why?'

'Because, if it had not been for him deuce a hand would be at work this morn. If he goes, us goes—every man-jack.'

'Shall I continue my work?' asks Hercules, with marvellous *sang froid*.

'Work and be dommed,' growls old Gideon, turning from him foiled and exasperated.

And yet, if he had only taken note of the quantity of grand labour those iron muscles were doing for him, he might have accorded a better respect to that hand-worker. As it is, he feels for Hercules all the bitter hatred of a small and revengeful nature.

When the sun stands high in the heavens, and the men sit down to their dinner, this young navvy strolls off to a quiet spot and extracts from his breast-pocket a little slip of paper, which he reads again and again. Then hastily swallowing a few mouthfuls, he returns to his mighty toil

looking every whit refreshed, with something which makes the heart of man even more glad than the richest wines from a southern sun.

Whilst he is thus fulfilling the lot of the stronger sex, Esther is submitting to that lot which is said to be the necessity of woman —she is weeping. She feels that between her love and herself there stands an insuperable barrier. She has been forced into a class to which he cannot gain admittance—hence her future must be one of intense disappointment. She can never erase his image from her heart; it will remain graven—but not as a blessing. Could any one give her but a little hope she might be comforted. Alas! however, although she has dared to send him a letter of thanks for his nobility in saving her father from the ruin the strike would have entailed upon him, she dare not look forward.

As she is thus sorrowing, Jabez Juggins demands admittance to Rose Cottage. He has come attired in his best. From top to toe he appears very radiant—for is not his hat white, his hair greased, his shirt-collar striped green, his tie red, his coat blue?—are not his gloves brown, his inexpressibles yellow, his boots drab? His Albert chain is so massive that the captious observer might doubt its genuineness, and yet it is real, and so also is the diamond which glistens on his finger. If fine feathers make fine birds, Mr. Juggins the younger, deserves a niche—no, a glass case—in the nearest museum.

Now, Jabez is not a gentleman for all his father's heavy balance at the local bank. Perhaps this may account for a certain amount of timidity which exhibits itself in a disposition to extract his whiskers, and transfer the essence of bear from his acute-pointed locks to his obtuse-pointed fingers—a process not improving, by the way, the texture of his nails.

Esther receives him coldly—ever so coldly. She has guessed his errand, and has registered a firmish resolve that, come what may, she will effectually quash his pretensions. In short, her manner is something more than difficile—it is defiant.

What a mistress of the situation a girl of tact and cleverness is, as compared with a man, her equal or superior. Jabez Juggins is, of course, immeasurably her inferior. Being so, he sits before her as spiritless as the 'neediest knife-grinder.' He prates, not to say stammers, of the weather, the flowers, local tittle-tattle, but as for proposing—he feels about as fit to declare himself as to stand on his head. All he can manage is to retire, biting his lips at Esther's parting shot: 'I am so sorry,' she says, 'that my father was not here to receive you.'

The awkward part of the whole affair is that Jabez has asked his own papa, who, so far from making objections, has been talking of the match as a *fait accompli;* and further, as we know, has sounded Gideon Fisher. Evidently, however, he opines that it would be impolitic to ask her just

at present. And yet he can hardly bring himself to believe that Esther, in the long run, will refuse so handsomely-dowered a *parti* as himself. Her intimacy with Hercules, the navvy, certainly augurs badly, but he dismisses all notions of rivalry with such a person. He must try and ingratiate himself with her, and then, doubtless, her inclination will tally with the worldly wisdom he gives her credit for possessing.

To tell the truth, when he comes to Gideon, and coolly proposes that he should have the *entrée* of Rose Cottage about supper time, that worthy not a little admires his persistency. It so happens that Esther is a very useful bait, for Gideon finds that the sum advanced by the elder Juggins is just too little, and he will, in the course of the next week, be compelled to ask for more.

And thus it gets round to the ears of Hercules, as he toils on the embankment, that Jabez is always at Mr. Fisher's house, and he almost begins to feel doubts in his own mind as to whether his idol is not of tinsel instead of the finest gold; as to whether, like so many of her sisterhood, she is not too lovely to be true.

Not that he is sceptical over much. There is no such cleanser of the soul as hard physical exertion. He is too great, too much of a man to indulge in the morbid. Besides, he is fully aware of her trial, and, for her sake as well as his own, is content to abide the result. If she is the girl he believes her to be, there need be no real cause for fear; if not, he had better be disillusioned at once. It is thus that he reasons over his solitary pipe at night, for his association with his brother workers ends with the evening. In his quiet lodging he has books to read. They are his friends and companions until sleep asserts her influence over his wearied frame.

Shall it be told how Gideon forces Jabez on his daughter, till the young man feels half ashamed of his false position? The sordid father has broadly stated his wishes to his child, demanding, not indeed an immediate, but an ultimate compliance. Esther has been feeling not a little piqued that Hercules should have sent no reply to her letter. Granted that he has acted from a sense of honour in not attempting to correspond with her after his insolent dismissal by her father—she does not quite relish such exalted principle, and would have preferred that he should follow up his suit. Vexed, however, as she is with her lover, she cannot bring herself to accept the attentions of Jabez. In vain does Gideon babble of wealth and luxury, present and future. Her heart has higher and holier cravings. Hence, at the end of the fortnight, when the line is all but made, and preparations are in hand for its formal opening by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Jabez has to lament that his courage has hitherto failed to reach the proposing point. Often and often he has opened his mouth to utter words which he had framed

beforehand by a careful analysis of several sentimental novels. His tongue has refused to do its office.

Under the circumstances he falls back upon that ancient device of moral cowardice—a proposal in black and white. In the solitude of his office he is able to compose a very respectable piece of amatory English. This, with no small trepidation, he despatches to her through that medium which our Government has arranged for the convenience of lovers and others—the pillar-post.

'What's that?' asks Gideon, across the breakfast-table.

Esther hands him the missive.

'Is't "Yes" or "No," lass?' he asks, eagerly.

'Why do you inquire, father?'

The old man reddens. 'You don't mean to be such an ass as to refuse him?'

'I do, most assuredly. I have given my heart.'

'To that dommed lout of a navvy? Nay, lass, never say so. Thou shalt marry a gentleman, or noone, or moy name's not Gideon Fisher.'

Her face flushes as she hears him curse the man whom she loves.

'Father!' she cries, 'you have sent your benefactor away most unjustly. Is not that enough, without this foul abuse? Have you no gratitude! Who saved you twice from the ruin a strike would have caused you? You know very well. The very day he was driven from your door he had come to serve you!'

She is passionate now, this beautiful girl, and Gideon quails beneath her indignant glance. To tell the truth, he cannot contradict his obligation to Hercules Adamant. Things get round by degrees to a master's ears, and he has received a hint that the strike would have proceeded *à l'outrance* if Dick Satterthwaite had not been squared—whatever that mysterious phrase may mean—by the Cockney hand.

'Thou wilt not send an answer to the young lawyer for a day or two,' he stammers, rather foolishly.

She comprehends his meaning. He wishes first to discharge his debt to the Juggins family, and is unable to do so until after the line has been opened, and he has received his cheque from the directors of the new company.

'You may tell Mr. Juggins that I will consider his offer, and send him a reply shortly,' she says; and Gideon reluctantly is obliged to bear this verbal message to the impatient lover.

And now we must pass on to the grand opening day. The contract has been fulfilled to the letter. The Stanchester and Oldelm Railway is a fact. The lines have been laid, and it only remains for the public to make merry over the work. In the absence of Royalty, the Duke of ——, as chief magistrate of the county, will declare the prosaic truth

to the British in Stanchester that fact is fact—in other words, that the line is open. To aid him to accomplish this rhetorical feat a Bishop has been invited, and abundance of magnates, titled and monied; triumphal arches have been raised; and Mr. Gideon Fisher, the contractor, will be toasted and lauded, and otherwise patted on the back by his betters. There is a grand stand for the rhetoricians, who will flow or halt, according to their individual capacity; with seats for the ladies to the right and left of the chairman—those on the right being reserved for the Duchess and the ladies of the county; those to the left, for the women of Stanchester and Oldelm. In front of this platform it is assumed about twenty thousand people will collect, to listen to the voices of the Duke and of several orators of the Lower House, who will improve the occasion with the design of gratifying their constituents and securing their seats.

A little after noon and the scene begins to be realised. In the front row, among the Stanchester ladies, is seated Esther Fisher. Her father is conversing very affably in the midst of a group consisting of the engineer, the mayor of Stanchester, the radical M.P.—his tory brother is making love to a pretty girl, irrespective of the platform—a local parson who hopes to be a bishop, and therefore toadies the radical M.P., as a possible minister of the future; and a dissenting preacher, who hates the local parson more ferociously than Beelzebub, but just now is addressing him more smoothly than oil. Suddenly there arises a cheer, then a hush of voices, and the Duke, a small and somewhat ridiculous personage, hands the Duchess to her seat, and then proceeds to effect the same kind of office for a number of very elegant ladies, who follow in the august woman's train. Conspicuous among these, both for her beauty and her height, is one who attracts the attention of Esther, being, in fact, her former school friend, Ada Harleston.

It is some twelve months since these two young ladies swore eternal friendship, and now they meet for the first time—the one, guest of a duchess—the other, daughter of a rough-looking contractor, whose uncouth utterance will in a few moments contrast quaintly with the Attic accents of the noble Duke. Esther forgets this circumstance in her joy at beholding once more the face of her friend. She smiles and nods across the platform in genuine pleasure—but she is greeting one who is apparently blind. Soon the Duchess, ever affable and condescending, does somehow chance to perceive Esther's repeated bows to Miss Harleston, whereupon she turns to apprise her guest of the fact. Then Miss Ada extracts a pair of formidable lorgnettes, and, staring fixedly on Esther, shakes her head to the Duchess as if there is some mistake somewhere—as most assuredly there is.

Now, Esther has eyes good enough to see without spectacles, and she is not a little amazed by this pantomime. That her Ada should intend

a cut is a notion which never enters her head. The dear girl's sight, she imagines, is impaired, and, therefore, she keeps her eyes fixed on her all the while that His Grace is shaking hands with every official on the platform.

The lorgnettes, however, having disposed of her, are pointed first to one, then to another quarter of the crowd. What is it which makes dear Ada start so strangely, and turn pale, and place her hand on her heart? She gazes to see. There is the seething crowd of rather noisy mechanics, and there—why, how could she have neglected to see *him* before? There *he* stands, a head and shoulders above the crowd. He is looking alternately at her and at Miss Ada Harleston. See. He smiles at Ada, who only frowns; and now he turns his face towards her's with ever so anxious a look. This is all very unaccountable. But silence. His Grace is about to utter. 'His Grace is—haw—flattared—hum—glad to respond—invitation. He is proud to recognise the claims of hum—labar—and of —haw—capital. He regards—labar—as the most meritorious, useful, eleevating, and—a-haw-hum—productive thing in the universe. Capital. His Grace might liken to the twin sistar of—hum—labar—.'

And so forth for twenty minutes.

After much of similar twaddle from rather more intellectual brains than those which vegetate beneath the strawberry leaves, His Grace begs 'Mistar—mistar'—looking nervously at a list of names—'Mistar Fishar to address the meeting.'

Little Esther's heart shivers as she observes her father rise, and in terrible voice expatiate on the dignity of labour. To hear him talk—he shall not be reported *verbatim*—one would imagine that he is the workman's friend and admirer. Luckily this, to her, painful exhibition does not last long, and she is beginning to breathe more freely, when the voice of Dick Satterthwaite, like a sharp report of a rifle, rings out:—

'Three cheers for Hercules Adamant, the Cockney navvy!'

How her heart leaps with pride, as, in lieu of the cold cheers and satirical laughter with which the magnates had been greeted, a shout bursts from the thousands of the people below. Hercules is obviously surprised, and not a little annoyed, at the honour; but he raises his cap with marvellous grace, and bows his acknowledgments repeatedly.

Dick Satterthwaite, however, and the surrounding navvies are not satisfied with this. There goes forth a cry for 'a speech from our Hercules,' and presently Esther beholds him forced on the platform, whilst the little Duke, in the best of good tempers, begs for silence, in order that 'we may—hum—enjoy—the—haw—sentiments of a working man.'

How differently the perfect specimen of young manhood faces the people, as compared with the verbiage makers who have preceded him.

The duke has fawned upon the people, and so have the M.P.'s; but this man stands fore-square as an autocrat.

'My lads,' he says, 'we have had several lectures to-day on the subject of labour and capital. We have listened to not a few utterances which, to my mind, coming from unsympathetic lips, are sheer hypocrisy'—cheers, and sensation on the platform—'I am here to-day as an unworthy representative of labour; and inasmuch as these worthy men of capital have elected to give us the benefit of their opinions, I think it only fair play that they should, in turn, hear a bit of our mind. Now, your Grace, and you gentlemen of the drone variety, a few plain words. I have often heard it said that it is only a poacher who will make a good gamekeeper. Similarly, I believe that it is only a working man—I mean a man who has attacked the dull earth with the pick and spade, and eaten just as much as his muscles will earn, and no more—I believe it is only such a man who has any right to talk about the dignity of labour. If your Grace and these gentlemen would condescend to devote even a portion of your time to productive manual labour, you would not only be happier and healthier, but you would be better able to appreciate the just claims of the bees in our great hive.'—Loud cheers from the crowd, and a tendency to hiss on the platform. Esther is trembling, but so happy; Miss Ada Harleston has turned deadly pale, and is biting her lips to keep off faintness.—'I am convinced that until each one takes his turn at the hard toil which is by God's law the lot of man, there can be no such thing as harmony between classes, no just measure, and, as a consequence, no better prospect for the world than a social war, which may operate most prejudicially to the best interests of mankind. Does any man present dare to tell me that I, or any of my fellows, am degraded in the social scale because our arms have made you a road which will last as long as time? ——'

He pauses and proudly faces the platform, where already some excitement is visible. There is a cry of 'Turn him out,' then a rush of men towards him, followed by a wild commotion among the navvies below. In vain the Duke gesticulates, both to the crowd and to his friends on the platform. The police find their task getting beyond their strength; whilst the ladies, terrified beyond measure, scream and faint, endeavouring to escape *en masse* by the stairs at the back of the platform.

And Esther—she is pale as she sees Hercules struggling wildly among a dozen men, who are trying to force him down. They require greater numbers to master his strength, for he fells them right and left; at length she beholds him seized by a coward hand. It is Jabez Juggins who has crept behind him, and is now grasping his throat, whilst the Stanchester men in front have seized his strong arms, and pinioned him.

He is down now, and his features are blackening under the grip of

Jabez. Will they kill him for his noble words? They are battering him with fist and foot, helpless as he is. Savage men are these Stanchester factory masters. They hate the ringleader of a strike, and such they judge Hercules to have been. Nor have they that sense of honour which is to be found among the ranks of the landed gentry. They are not the souls to feel shame at hitting a foul blow.

Little Esther can bear it no longer. She has sprung from her seat, and eagerly elbows her way across the platform. In vain the kindly Duke cries, 'Keep back, young lady, or you will be hurt.' She presses forwards till she has reached Jabez Juggins.

In a trice she has flung herself upon the young lawyer. She has twisted his neck-handkerchief round her little fist, till he is compelled to release his hold of Hercules, whilst simultaneously a dozen navvies, headed by Satterthwaite, force their way on to the platform, and, flinging aside the Stanchester tradesmen, complete the rescue of their fallen comrade.

'Coward!' she cries to astonished Jabez, as she pushes him from her, 'coward! you have my answer.'

It is a wild scene. To the rear you may behold a stampede of ladies, who are hustling each other, regardless of the sacred rights of dress. In front surges a vast mob, who are with difficulty kept back by the line of police; whilst on the platform a free fight is going on between Satterthwaite and his giants and the Stanchester tradesmen, who are being reinforced by a division of the county constabulary. In the centre lies prone the great form of Hercules Adamant, panting to recover his lost breath—for in truth he has been within an ace of strangulation. Over him bends tenderly Esther Fisher, looking gloriously beautiful, with her flushing cheeks, and eyes bright as sapphires in the sun. His chest is heaving painfully, and he groans for very agony, yet he holds her little hand as in a vice. He has received the best evidence of her truth to him, in her scathing words to Jabez Juggins, and is athirst for her love, though racked so cruelly by torture.

Suddenly, from among the crowd of dispersing ladies, there passes to them, across the platform, and through the combatants, a tall, aristocratic girl, very pale, trembling in every limb, eager in expression of features. In a trice she, too, is kneeling by Esther, agitated, but with a strange, imperious look on her proud face.

'Pardon me,' she says, attempting to take the hand of Hercules from Esther; 'pardon me, Miss Fisher; this is my brother.'

'Your brother?'

'Yes.'

'He is my lover,' responds Esther, pressing closer to his side.

'*Your* lover?—impossible. He is Sir Hercules Harleston, of Harleston Court.' She is regarding Esther with scorn, as though her love for Hercules were something debasing to maidenhood.

Ere Esther can recover from the astonishment which this unexpected announcement causes, Hercules has raised himself on one arm, and, facing Ada Harleston, whilst he still grasps Esther's hand, he falters, faintly enough, but with a smile of happiest content:

'She is mine.'

Then his head sinks, and, with one groan of terrible pain, he faints away.

* * * * * * *

There need not be a long tag to this story. Yet shall it be recorded, that Sir Hercules has recovered the injuries he received. The story of how the rich and powerful baronet chose to learn the people's needs by doing the people's work has formed material for gossip, and no small ridicule. Nevertheless, he felt prouder than the proudest feudal lord among his retainers, when he led to the altar at Mistdene Church his beautiful bride, followed by one hundred of the strongest men of the nation—his old comrades, the Stanchester navvies. He is in parliament now, a working man's candidate, but no *doctrinaire*. His words, indeed, have that unique significance only accorded to men who can act as well as talk.

TRIESTE.

I SUPPOSE very few of our readers know much about the little Austrian city of Trieste, or, indeed, scarcely ever heard of it, until it was announced in the 'Times' the other day that Mr. Charles Lever, our celebrated novelist, and 'Her Majesty's Consul at Trieste,' had just died there. This gentleman had been the head of the British Consulate at Trieste for many years, and was greatly and deservedly respected. It was from here he wrote so many of his charming novels, under the name of 'Harry Lorrequer,' the last of which, 'King Log,' is only just published. He took the greatest interest in the city and its public welfare, and was always foremost with a helping hand to any and all of its improvements.

Trieste, situated at the head of the Adriatic, and the foot of the Julian Alps, dates back as a city even before its conquest by the Romans, which took place 179 years B.C. It was taken by the Romans from the Thracians, who, migrating from the Black Sea, then infested the Adriatic with their piracies, and held in possession most of its seaports. The Romans called the place *Tergeste*, which has since been modernised into Trieste. The Emperor Augustus Cæsar first sent colonists here, and greatly enlarged its territories; the Emperors Adrian and Trajan further improved it, and made this heart of the Adriatic a centre for a radius of roads converging from the Danubian provinces. Trieste escaped the devastating scourge of Attila, king of the Huns, who completely destroyed the city of Aquileja, a little north of it. Trieste in 1202 came under the all-powerful dominion of the Venetians, who allowed it to be governed by its own bishops, just as they were governed by their dukes, and Aquileja by its patriarchs. The peace of 1381 between the rival republics of Genoa and Venice left Trieste free and independent, and she then yielded herself in perpetual dominion to the then ducal house of Austria, though after this she was again taken and retaken by the envious Venetians, who, while they held the place, neglected it utterly. Finally, in 1617, under Charles VI. of Austria, it had to be almost entirely rebuilt, for while under the Venetian control it had dwindled down to a

population of only 3000 souls, while grass grew in the public streets. But it was under Maria Theresa, the 'woman king' of Austria, that it first began to grow into a prosperous commercial city. The Empress declared it to be a free port for ever, and from that time it became the emporium of all nations. In 1775 Maria Theresa placed here a Governor, who ruled, subject to the control of a Commune. Trieste afterwards fell into the power of Napoleon I., but was restored to Austria once more in 1814, and now forms part of the province of Illyria, in the Austrian kingdom, preserving its exceptional character as a free port, and increasing yearly in houses and population. In 1850 it attained to its own municipality, a Governor, a very large marine service, and a population of more than 80,000 souls. It is now the great *entrepôt* for Austrian commerce, and is well and happily governed under the Emperor Francis Joseph. A more thriving, active, industrious, and prosperous little city it is impossible to find in any kingdom. For many years it has completely supplanted Venice, its old tyrannical owner, and diverted all the commerce of the Adriatic to itself. The value of its imports now is estimated at about six and a half millions, and its exports to about five millions. Trieste is called by the Venetians a *parvenu*, but whether or no, she is determined to hold her own, and is at this moment anxiously debating a new line of railway, to carry her commerce direct into the interior of the country.

There are two rival lines proposed—one *viâ* Laak Kunsdorf and Landsdorf, through Germany, and the other through Dalmatia, *viâ* Gorizia, Predil, and Sarviso—both of them intended to open the whole of Upper Austria and Germany, down to the southern seaport, Trieste. As yet it is not decided which of these two lines is to be adopted, but one or other of them will assuredly soon be commenced, as the people of Trieste are determined that the Venetians, who appear once more to be awakening to life and business, shall not take their trade away from them.

The trade of Trieste is principally with the Levant, Greece, Egypt, England, and Brazil, also much with America, and to all parts of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, the ports of the Baltic, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, and Morocco. The Imperial monopolies are gunpowder, salt, saltpetre, and tobacco. An extensive coasting trade between Trieste and the ports on each side of the Adriatic, along the whole coast of Istria to Pola, and thence among the islands of the Dalmatian coast, down to Albania, Ancona, Brindisi, and other towns on the Italian side, is carried on in small country vessels, dealing chiefly in fruit, firewood, fish, oil, olives, and hides. Trieste imports largely pig iron from Scotland, petroleum from America, machinery from England, and cotton from India. Some of the merchants are very

wealthy, especially the Greek houses, but there are also German, English, and American firms of note, and prosperity, as well as rich Jewish bankers and traders.

The original inhabitants are Italians, and Italian is the language chiefly spoken; though the Government, having brought in so large a German element, German is almost as much spoken as Italian. The inhabitants are a most motley race, derived from all parts of the world. Settled here are to be found Italians, Germans, Greeks, Jews, Albanians, Turks, Croatians, French, Americans, and English. The country people who frequent the markets are Slàvs of Illyrian origin, and have a *patois* and costume of their own, while the fishermen are chiefly Dalmatians. Indeed, Trieste is a veritable Babel of foreign tongues, and one of the best places for learning all the modern languages. The streets of Trieste are remarkable for the variety and strangeness of costume to be seen in them. The Albanian in his white kilt, embroidered jacket and fez; the Turk in turban and baggy trousers; the Greek priest all in black, with a black conical hat; the Austrian peasant woman in short coloured petticoat, clean white headkerchief, and high-heeled shoes; the agriculturist in straw hat, knee breeches, and blue jacket ornamented with huge silver buttons; and the French lady in all the latest fashion of flounced dress, high-heeled boots, and butterfly bonnet, accompanied by the modern dandy, in broad beaver and unexceptionable kid gloves.

Trieste has a fine harbour, though the inner harbour is now small for the requirements of present shipping. It is formed by a molo of solid masonry, running about 2200 feet into the sea. Ships ride close up alongside, and land their passengers and goods on the pier, which is 60ft. wide, and in the summer evenings forms a pleasant promenade for the inhabitants.

The town is divided into the new and old town. The old town, of narrow streets and steep stairs, is built up the slope of a hill, and surmounted by the castle and cathedral. This castle was in ancient times the residence of the *bishops* or governors of Trieste. It commands a splendid view of the whole city, the sea, and surrounding mountains. It is now used as a garrison for troops. The cathedral of 'San Giusto,' dedicated to St. Justus, the patron saint of Trieste, is remarkable for its antiquity, having been built in the fourth century, and on the base of a temple to Jupiter. The interior consists of three naves, divided by columns. The only original portions existing now are, the middle nave, the font, and some mosaics. A great deal of the outer sides have been built up with fragments of earlier buildings, as Roman inscriptions and some carvings may be seen built into the walls.

In the adjoining cemetery the celebrated antiquary, Winckleman,

lies buried, and a monument is raised to his memory. The sculpture was executed by Bosa, and the payments for it collected throughout Europe by Dr. Domenico de Rossetti, in 1830. After this the place was no longer used as a public cemetery, but a garden was planted, and all the antiquities and Roman remains which were discovered at Trieste or around the country were here collected and disposed about the tomb of Winckleman. Thus he lies buried amid those very objects to the study of which he had devoted his life. He was cruelly assassinated (1789) by an Italian, his own servant, whose greed had been excited by a gold medal his master had shown him, which he had just received from the Government at Vienna, as a reward for his learned researches.

The new town, at the foot of the hill, consists of broad, well-paved streets, and handsome white houses. The 'Corso,' the principal thoroughfare, about quarter of a mile long, is lined on each side with handsome shops and cafés. In the middle of the town is a broad canal running up from the sea for some distance; here ships come up and unload their cargoes at the very doors of the merchants' houses. Bridges of light iron-work are thrown across for the convenience of passengers and traffic. One of the best buildings in the modern town is the 'Tergesteum,' the Exchange, erected by the architect Mollari, in 1842. It has a promenade right through, roofed in with glass, while seats are provided, and coffee and ices partaken of. Many of the principal merchants have their offices in this building, as well as the Austrian Lloyd's Steam Navigation Company. Here also are the public reading-rooms, where English and all foreign newspapers are to be had. A casual visitor is allowed free access to these rooms, where the greatest politeness is shown to him, of whatever nation he may be; but those wishing to become members, have to be introduced by one of the committee, and a small subscription is levied.

There are three principal theatres,—the 'Grand Theatre,' the 'Philodramatic,' and the 'Maronier,' besides several minor places where theatrical performances take place. The Grand Theatre is devoted chiefly to operas. The performances are generally in Italian; but both French and German companies frequently lease one or other of the theatres for the season. Here, as in most continental towns, the theatres commence early and close early, and above all, a visit to them does not involve a toilette, a carriage, a supper, and other expenses, as it does with us; one has only to walk over after dinner in ordinary evening costume, pay the value of about 1*s.* 6*d.* for a chair in the parterre, and hear some of the best music that Europe can give. Italian and German people frequent the theatres, not so much to show off their fine feathers to each other, as to criticise the acting, and appreciatingly to enjoy every note of the music.

No wonder it costs so much more to see a good opera in London, when the performers are paid the enormous and extravagant sums they are. Side by side with a column of the newspapers in London making frantic appeals to the benevolent for wretched sufferers, hard-worked men and women and starving children, are to be seen announcements that 'Patti' or 'Nilsson' are paid something like £100 a night! Other singers, of lesser note, are also paid in absurdly extravagant sums. These people, who are chiefly Italians, in whose country music is so universally and comparatively cheaply taught, may well make their way to England if these are the wages they earn there! Such payment is out of all proportion with prices paid even for other talent, more difficult to acquire, and costing greater outlay to attain. In Italy, and other places on the Continent, even the poorest classes can afford to enjoy one of the finest of the fine arts and the greatest luxury of civilisation; in London, the opera is reserved for the *rich*, except, perhaps, once or twice in a lifetime!

The new Greek church in the Viâ St. Spiridione is considered the handsomest piece of architecture in Trieste. It is in the Byzantine style, with five domes. It is faced with white marble, and much carved and ornamented. The interior is also very costly, and the service very imposing.

There are no less than six daily markets in this town, held, summer and winter, in the open air, on the 'piazzas' or squares, which are paved throughout, with generally a large fountain in the centre. These markets are plentifully supplied with the finest fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetables, any of which cost about half the price they do in London.

The climate is salubrious, sunny and clear, though, in July and August, exceedingly hot. It is considered extremely healthy, such a thing as an epidemic having scarcely ever been known. The climate, however, is subject to sudden changes and variations, owing to the 'Bora,' a most violent and capricious east wind, often amounting to a hurricane. It generally lasts three or four days, culminating on the second or third day, and then gradually decreases. Its visits are subject to no rule or direction, except that it is more prevalent in winter than in summer. It is said to be caused by the wind rushing violently through a gap of the mountains (the Julian Alps), and the difference of temperature in the cold basin of the Lake Savo, where it takes its rise, and the tepid waters of the Adriatic, where it expends itself, Trieste being in the direct course of its impetuosity. Formerly, at a period of even thirty years back, it differed both in character and duration. At that time it used to last even seven days, commencing in sudden gusts. Women and children have been known to be blown into the canal by it. To changes in the basin of the Savo must be attributed its present alterations. Notwith-

standing this troublesome wind, however, Trieste is specially healthy, and can be recommended as a desirable sanitarium to the worn-out Indian resident, being only four days' steam from Alexandria; here a little haven of health, cheerfulness, and economy awaits him.

The people here are also remarkable for one good old Indian habit, that of early rising. The shops are all open and 'dressed' at seven o'clock in the morning; offices begin work at eight o'clock; and the markets and streets at that hour are crowded by busy housekeepers, hastening to make their day's purchases. Industry is the first law of life here. The peasantry are a remarkably hard-working and thrifty people; and their specially clean, cheerful, and happy appearance is a good guarantee of their success. The women work as hard as the men. Restaurants, hotels, beer halls, and supper rooms are chiefly managed by women; the husband or father generally graces the door, imagining, no doubt, that he is the chief support of all the business going on within!

Trieste can scarcely boast itself as being remarkable for female beauty; they are such a mixed race that no one type is pre-eminent. The Jews, of whom there are such numbers, are of that dark, heavy-featured, frizzy black-haired type which is not charming. A really pretty Jewess, from the Madonna down, is to our mind the loveliest of women. There is a certain sweetness in her cast of face which none other possesses: those grand aquiline features, when without a shade of harshness; those long, dark, almond-shaped eyes; the delicate oval of the face; the clear, pale skin and dark hair of the beautiful Jewess, form a masque of queenly and perfect beauty, the ideal of the highest womanly genius, softened into purity and devotion. But, ye gods and goddesses, commend us to a plain Jewess for ugliness! The Italians are sallow, and invariably have bad teeth; the Greeks are bilious and fat, and proverbially unhealthy; the Germans are more homely than handsome; and the Austrian, *pur et simple*, has no particular good looks to speak of. The fair, rosy-complexioned English girl is much admired here; and for health, and strength, and freshness, she certainly stands out pre-eminent. They say here, as they do almost everywhere abroad, that Englishwomen are easily distinguished, because 'they are the prettiest women in the world, and the worst dressed.'

All the feast-days of the Roman calendar are religiously kept as public holidays. Real days of change and enjoyment they are, when everyone, high and low, big and little, rich and poor, citizen and peasant, arrayed in their 'festa' dress, go in for thoroughly enjoying themselves. On these days (and there are about thirty of them in the year) the churches are filled till twelve o'clock. After that shops are shut, and all business suspended for pleasure, and Trieste is so happily situated; that there is

no lack of places of interest around to visit, or of railways, steamers, and vehicles to convey excursionists about.

The Triestines are great in suppers. Breakfast consists only of a cup of coffee and a cake or biscuit. Everyone dines at mid-day, and then supper at eight or nine o'clock. The cooking excellent. One of the best things is the beer, on draught, chiefly Vienna beer. Though vast quantities are brewed as well as drunk in Trieste itself, they say the criterion of a man's having had enough beer, is when his ears begin to redden and tingle! Up to this point he may drink with safety, though how many glasses it takes to arrive at this desirable mark it is impossible for us to say, never having been able to consume sufficient to put it to the proof.

The great show place of the town is Miramar Castle, the residence of the late Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, when Archduke of Austria. It is situated about four miles out of the town, and a splendid road along the seaside the whole length of the way having been made to it, it is the favourite afternoon drive of the fashionables of Trieste.

Everyone, of course, remembers the sad story of Maximilian, brother to the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, an Archduke of Austria himself, Admiral of the Austrian fleet, and Governor of Venetian Lombardy. He left all these appointments, his native city of Trieste, a people who adored him, and the loveliest home in the world, to accept Napoleon's wily bait, and be made Emperor of Mexico! Alas! his imperial crown, like many others, proved anything but an easy one; and was soon torn from his head and trampled in the dust, while its royal owner lay shot like a dog! His distracted wife, the Empress Charlotte, daughter of our old Belgian Uncle Leopold, went mad with grief and despair, and has never since recovered. Trieste went into mourning for *three years* for the loss of its beloved Prince! and for twelve whole months the churches were hung in black, places of amusement were closed, and not a note of public music was heard.

The castle of Miramare is in itself a perfect bijou—built of pure white stone, on the jutting promontory of a rock, backed by green hills, and overlooking the charming scenery of the Adriatic. The gardens, which are very extensive, are in summer perfect enchantment, and are thrown open to the public.

Never before did we see statuary look to such advantage as do the bronze Venus and Apollo, and other pieces, standing here on tall bronze pedestals in the midst of a sloping flower garden, and showing off to the fullest advantage their clear and delicate outlines against the blue of these delicious skies. There is one part called the Chinese garden, and cultivated after the Chinese style, innumerable dwarfed and strange plants and trees in China vases; the French garden, the English garden,

the wood, the observatory, the vinery, beautifully trained over tall wooden trellis-work, and forming one of the most beautiful and shady walks, and numbers of surprising little bowers and grottos and caves, fitted up with tables and chairs, and inviting the wanderer to stop and rest awhile.

The interior of the palace is also shown, and they say that the good taste of the Emperor planned it all, and that he personally superintended the planting and building of every square inch of ground, winning even the affections of the gardeners and workmen by consulting their taste on little matters. One of the most interesting rooms is the Emperor's private library, built all of oak, after the model of the interior of his cabin on board his flag-ship. Just over the writing-table are a few framed water-colour sketches of the neighbourhood, done by his wife, and evidently highly treasured. There are many portraits of her, and, if the painters do not flatter, she must at one time have been a lovely woman. It is said, indeed, that Maximilian was so fond of her, and relied so much upon her judgment, that he would never go a journey, or undertake any enterprise without first consulting the Empress; and that even when the officials arrived from France with the documents for his signature of the acceptation of the Mexican throne, he hesitated, and strongly wished to refuse, but that his wife persuaded him. Fatal error! It must have been her ambition *for him* that misled her judgment, and her remorse has ended in madness.

The guest chamber of the castle is remarkable for portraits of all the living kings of Christendom. Napoleon III. and William of Prussia are smiling at each other out of the wall, and look absurdly friendly under present circumstances.

We were also shown the private rooms of the Empress, all shining in beauty and riches, and filled with treasures of art and learning. What could one think of but the unhappy desolation of its owner?

After her bereavement the Empress was brought here by her friends, in the hope that old associations, and the scenery of her former life and home, might help to dispel the clouds upon her brain—but, no; the sight of all these places, without the loved partner of them, tended only to greater distraction, and she was taken back to Belgium, where she now resides in one of the chateaux outside Brussels, a hopeless and melancholy maniac.

During our visit the Trieste Exhibition was played out (1871), a *national* exhibition of Austrian arts and manufacture. The whole affair, however, was much over-puffed in anticipation. The Triestines in their pride imagined the whole world was coming to visit them, and the hotels and boarding-houses raised their prices enormously in consequence, but, in their flattering hopes, they were greatly disappointed. October was a little too late in the year for tourists, and too busy a time for agri-

culturists. We must give the exhibition committee, however, the credit of having erected a very pretty and artistic building in a very short space of time, and of having made all their arrangements with great good taste and precision. Among the most wonderful things exhibited were the clocks and watches. For beauty of workmanship, variety, and *cheapness*, they certainly never had their equal. Large hall time-pieces, in oak and ebony cases, for fifteen, seventeen, and twenty florins each. The specimens of photography, in all its branches, was good. Some views of Venice by moonlight were particularly attractive. Carvings in wood, picture frames, and other articles of this description, were tasteful and cheap. The display of all sorts of fancy soap and perfumes, and the bijouterie and tric-trac stalls were loaded with little wonders of neatness and ingenuity. The nautical and mechanical parts of the exhibition were considered specially good; but, unfortunately, having personally a distaste for anything maritime, and no *turn* whatever for machinery, we can scarcely pretend to much private opinion on these matters. The exhibition of Austrian furniture was interesting, and there were models shown of how a drawing-room, dining-room, and bed-room should be furnished. We wished greatly that some of our English friends could have seen these, and taken a hint therefrom. The enormously ponderous and Brobdignagian style of furniture adopted in England, even in the smallest and most unpretending little houses, often amazes us much. Had some of our snug little English rooms less furniture, and that of a lighter and smaller description; more lace, more glass, and more taste, they would be more ecomically fitted up, and also look to much greater advantage. Many English houses that we can recall at this moment often gave us the idea they had been furnished for *Giants*.

A stranger walking through the streets of Trieste is sure to be struck with the number of deformed, lame, and halt persons to be met with; these are accounted for by the fact that the air of Trieste, as well as the sea-bathing, is considered so beneficial to sick people, that, in the summer-time especially, they flock there from all the surrounding country. It is a curious but lamentable fact that Italy, with the most beautiful climate in the world, is more filled with disease than any other European country; but the unwholesome habits of the people conduce to make it so. They live in their houses so closely shut up during the winter, with a stove of wood fire burning, that no ventilation can possibly take place. The poorer classes never wash themselves if they can help it. Scrofula abounds, and so accustomed are the people to this frightful disease, that they take little or no notice of it. In most of these matters the Austrians are far more cleanly and particular, and they, as a rule, enjoy robust health in consequence. In fact, the people of Trieste are not very fond of their Italian visitors, but they cannot help themselves.

Near Trieste resides a celebrated lady doctor, 'Regina dal Cin' by name, a native of these parts, who has performed wonders in the healing art, especially in the restoring to use shortened or crooked limbs. The country people flock to her from all quarters, and her house, they say, is quite beseiged, both by rich and poor. Numbers of families from Germany, Hungary, and Upper Austria come down during the bathing season to consult her, and, it is said, pay handsomely for her services. The Signora dal Cin is about forty-five years of age, unmarried, and remarkably plain in appearance, yet almost worshipped by the poor people. They say she has never studied in any school of medicine, and uses but few drugs or nostrums, but that it is a certain knack of the hand she has in smoothing out the contracted muscles, and jerking or suddenly pulling into shape shortened or crooked limbs. There was a certain poor cobbler, whose fingers had for years been drawn down into the palm of his hand, so that he could by no means move them, and was almost entirely precluded from carrying on his trade. This man went to Dal Cin, who first carefully examined the hand, and then with one sudden jerk at the wrist in a moment set it perfectly free and straight, and in a very short time he was able to use it easily. The cobbler, in the plenitude of his gratitude, covered her hands with kisses, and offered her 10*d.*, all he had, which the lady took in payment, and returned the man a sovereign. We heard many other instances of these almost miraculous cures, the truth of which were vehemently vouched for. Whenever Dal Cin makes her appearance in Trieste she is received with a perfect ovation.

The Italians have a notion that flies propagate disease, as they settle and feed upon all sorts of putrid and filthy substances, and then carry them about on to our food and even our persons. There may be some truth in this, for in hot countries, where flies abound, sores and diseases of all sorts abound also. Would that our medical men could invent some annihilation for these plagues, with their equally troublesome fraternity, the musquitos.

Trieste is the head-quarters of the Austrian Lloyd's steam fleet, and they have a very large arsenal here, and establishment for the construction and repairs of their ships. Their steamers are beautifully fitted up, and thoroughly well managed and provisioned. Besides a fleet on the Danube, they have a line to Alexandria, and through the canal to Bombay; also, one to Smyrna and Constantinople, one to Malta, one to Barcelona, one to Venice, one to the Dalmatian coast, and one to Istria and Croatia.

Trieste boasts a museum, a fine large building, presented by Maximilian to the town, and containing an interesting collection, but, as yet, not very rich in treasures.

The floating sea baths deserve to be particularly mentioned, they are so elegant and so well arranged, and the quality of the sea-water here is excellent; it contains a large proportion of marine salt, combined with sea-weeds, carbonate of lime, and soda; above all, there are no rivers in the vicinity to intermix their waters.

Some of the suburban villages around are charming little places. San Bortolo, on the sea-coast, about two miles out of Trieste, is a fishing village, and full of restaurants and beer gardens. Here the people drive out in great numbers to supper on summer evenings, which is laid out on tables under the trees, the fresh sardine being the favourite dish. These little fish are a delicious delicacy, fried in oil, and served with salad.

Altogether, we cannot wish our friends a pleasanter holiday than a visit to the Austrian Brighton during the autumn months, trusting that they may find as much benefit and pleasure from a short residence there as we did during the summer of 1871.

G. LATHAM, F.R.S.

DINING:

A CONVERSATION PIECE.

(*Scene:* A CLUB SMOKING ROOM.)

'I spy entertainment——
. . . .
The humour of it, quotha!'
Merry Wives of Windsor.

REGINALD. My dear fellow, how dull you look; what is the matter?—is it heart or stomach? I half suspect that you are suffering from depraved dining; if so, confess, and avoid.

ALURED. Too true, too true: I have been dining badly.

REGINALD. Then the verdict must be—Serve him right.

ALURED. I am depressed, I own. I have suffered sadly, but not through my own fault. You are correct in your guess, but your verdict is unjust. I am a victim—I cannot reproach myself.

REGINALD. Where have you been dining badly?—not at the club, surely? By the way, our new man at the 'Mausoleum' does very well.

ALURED. No; it was not at the club that I have dined badly. In fact, I have not been there much of late. I have been injured 'in society.' I was driven from the 'Minerva' in consequence of the bad dinners there. We have an imbecile committee, and an imbecile committee always means a bad cook. Our committee is most imbecile. The late Mr. Bland could not more ably burlesque a monarch than our vile body makes committee rule ridiculous. But *non ragionam di lor;*—let them pass. I am suffering under bad society, and bad dinners—for the two go together. As the husband is, the wife is: as a man's dinners are, so is the man.

REGINALD. Well, I find you not guilty, and caution you never to do so again. Why, my dear fellow, you ought never to dine badly. You have no excuse. Take another cigar; they are good, and will tend to soothe and brace your mind. Your organisation is so fine that you posi-

tively cannot stand bad dining. It shows upon you as distinctly as a white shirt collar on a negro. You must be just to yourself, my Alured. You must really, if merely for your friends' sake, take care to dine only in a manner which will not deprave your organs, cloud your spirits, or dim your imagination. For *my* sake, Alured—if only for my sake—pray, pray be conscientious in your dining.

ALURED. Thank you, dear boy, thank you: yes, you are right. But your eagle-eyed insight and tender concern for your unhappy friend have transported you beyond the ignorant present, beyond this humble individual, and have led you to touch upon a tremendous subject—on one which, I own, affects me deeply. I allude, my dear Reginald, to the great philosophy of dining.

REGINALD. Ah, a tremendous subject; a transcendental philosophy—a philosophy which, I fear, transcends merely human faculties. Still, let us humbly pick up shells on the shore of that mighty ocean of science. But I see the afflatus seize you; I mark how the great theme distends you. Speak, my blessèd Glendoveer; 'tis thine to speak, 'tis mine to hear. Sometimes, Alured, your thoughts, like a balloon in a cloud, are high, but obscure; that is, hidden from our vision. On such a theme, however—but let me be hushed. Proceed.

ALURED. Dinner! I pause, overcome with emotion, choked by the myriad surging of infinite ideas. The cabalistic word evokes the thundering *Erdgeist*. Dinner!—ideal string which threads together the social pearls of all ages and of all climes. Let us begin at the beginning. Let us consider first the repast, complected with a fine, full, fruity flavour, of Adam and of Eve. Let us, I say——

REGINALD. 'Don't be flowery, Jacob.' By the way, the vegetable diet of Paradise suggests the true dramatic banquet, which is strictly limited to worsted apples, assisted by gilt pasteboard goblets. The cunning of the scene, however, kills the calm idea of real feasting. Banquo is as obnoxious to Macbeth's banquet as he is personally destructive to Macbeth's peace and joy. But—pardon me—go on ahead.

ALURED. Don't interrupt in that way. Let me resume. When you go up in a balloon, it does not seem to you that you rise, but that the earth sinks; and so it is with me. As I soar upon my hippogriff, it scarcely seems to me that I mount, but it does seem that the earth recedes beneath me. Dinner! Dr. Johnson once thought of writing a cookery book on philosophical principles. Fool! We don't want builders, we want architects. We must first lift up the ideas of men to the level of the great idea—the details will come of themselves. To feed—to dine—no more? Yes, because by a dinner you avoid, or you incur, the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to. Men, Reginald, must be lifted

up to the height of that great argument. When Dinner, heavenly maid, was young——

REGINALD. That maid, I fear, forms an exception. She is less attractive in her youth than in her age. Skip the time from Adam to Victoria—life is too short for an exhaustive survey of an infinite subject. Run for a plate. Be more practical, and fly low, like a swallow, or like satire. Don't soar out of sight like an eagle—don't rise like a lark, till one can't see you for the blinding blue. *Chi va piano va sano chi*——

ALURED. Reginald, you have many merits, and I give to your general character a general though discriminating support; but, with regard to the sublime exaggerations of poetry—exaggerations which hold truth in solution—you are, I must say, little better than a pig in a flower garden. You are——

REGINALD. Well, if you come to that, some of your notions are about as useful as a bathing-machine in winter.

ALURED. True! in winter; but summer will come back with the swallow o'er the wave, and then won't you be roaring for the next turn at a machine! But, Reginald, we cannot afford to quarrel. The world would lose by it. Let us resolve our four optics into a single eye—not necessarily a Cyclopean one—devoted to the theme of art dining, and of consequent human happiness.

REGINALD. Content; the eyes have it. To proceed—Literature is as inseparably connected with dining as the vulture is with the entrails of Prometheus. I haven't been to the Museum to look up the subject, but take just a few instances that occur unbidden. There is 'a deal of good eating,' says Thackeray, 'in Scott's novels.' So there is—armour in gravy. Thackeray himself, the giant genius of Club-land, the peripatetic philosopher of Pall Mall, cared more for the *cordon bleu* than for any other blue riband. And how light the touch of his beautiful, his blessëd *badinage!* It is airy as the finest soufflé; it is delicate as the kiss which Diana imprinted on Endymion's sleeping lips——

ALURED. Hullo! Scrooge is getting flowery now!

REGINALD. It is the theme, the theme. But my flowers are roses, and not hollyhocks.

ALURED. Yes; artificial roses—stuffed flowers.

REGINALD. Yes; stuffed as a lamb may be stuffed with pistachio nuts. See 'Arabian Nights,' and when found make a note of. Johnson, again, seems to simmer in a rich veal stew, with a *soupçon* of onion in it. It is true that his personal tastes and habits in feeding were low and vicious, but then, you see, culture in that kind came to him very late in life. In his early days of noble struggle, diving for a dinner, writing *impransus*, sleeping on a bulk with Savage, he could not develope his nobler dining

impulses; but the *mens divinior* shines through the husk of habit. A great man, sir—a great man! Perhaps Lamb's dissertation on Roast Pig is the very finest and most humorous thing in literature in connection with cookery.

ALURED. To feed, without dining, is merely to stoke the bunkers of life with the coal of sustenance; greatly to dine is great art; but really æsthetic dining is rare as Rarey—rare as a roc's egg—rare as rare Ben Jonson—rare as——

REGINALD. Say at once rare as the rarest of all things—the sense of humour in woman.

ALURED. No, thank heaven!—not quite so rare as that rarity. But the mere allusion to woman opens up a mighty question. *What is the necessary connection of woman with dinner?* Are they both such good things that, like tobacco and woman, they ought to be kept separate? Can female society and a good dinner be fully enjoyed if taken together? I speak humbly, and under correction, but I incline to think that lovely woman should be connected with dining in the sense in which music should be wedded to immortal verse; that is, to a first-rate dinner you should only have first-rate women. Increase your difficulty to the utmost by combining the very best of the discordant entities; but out of discord evolve harmony. What say you?

REGINALD. How sad to think that we can call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites! Have women, sir, any real sense of fine feeding? I doubt it. I speak, too, with a certain bitterness about women at dinners; for I have suffered much from unlovely woman—pretty women are generally pleasant women—at dinner. Take a case: I was dining the other day at old Hawbuck's, at Prince's Gardens (firm Hawbuck and Hogshead), millionaire, gives goodish, though rather nuggetty, dinners. Well; I was told off to conduct to the festive board one of those creatures, in whose likeness, as Congreve says, angels were made. I hate this particular one so much that I won't describe her personal peculiarities, which were repulsive, sir,—repulsive,—lest I should unconsciously be unfair. We sat at meat together. I tried that woman, sir, during dinner with every subject I could think of. I dragged indefatigably fancy flies of every hue and shape to and fro before her nose; but all in vain, all in vain—she wouldn't rise to anything. I talked to her of music, of the drama, of poetry, of the fashions, of the Royal marriage, of conic sections, of the rights of women, of female doctors, and the Contagious Diseases' Act—in short, I touched upon every topic of the hour. I melted into pathos, I brightened into wit, I slid delicately into compliment, I told anecdotes, I touched upon scandal, I—tried everything; but nothing would do! She wouldn't say anything but a mere 'yes,' or 'no.' Between the courses she pensively

munched bread, looking like a monkey with the toothache. She wouldn't answer—absolutely wouldn't or couldn't talk at all. It was awful, Alured. My head ached with the long effect of trying to make conversation with or for her. Ah!

ALURED. I know the sort—who doesn't? What did you do?

REGINALD. Do? Why, after effort greater than that needed to launch the Great Eastern, I let her fall flat. I gave her a brilliant flash of moody silence during the rest of dinner. I supplied her with the stimulants which she needed; but no golden speech, sir; no more wit and wisdom thrown before the animal to which we owe the ham. But she made me ill; my palate seemed withered up like a parrot's tongue. I didn't enjoy my dinner, and I took rather too much champagne.

ALURED. Poor fellow! I met lately with a somewhat similar case when dining out. It was at the house of a wealthy Hebrew—by the way, the host was what the French call a *Jew d'esprit*;—but then, you know, all women are not like that. How charming to sit by a fair young silken daintiness, lively, radiant—ravishing! The bright lights glitter, and the glasses gleam; the spotless cloth is blanched like snow by moonlight; plate and flowers give splendour and colour; ruby glass suggests the warmth of winter, pale sea green goblets suggest the summer, and the cool halls of Nereus, and of his nymphs. The spectacle is chastely gorgeous. Then how delicious it is to turn from a *suprême* to whisper your delicate compliments into a little pearly ear; how exquisite to see the arched eyebrows lift over archer eyes, as she turns and rewards you for a witticism with a smile and a glance!—by heavens, Reginald, I say its charming! and I aver——

REGINALD. Methinks the lady doth protest too much. Truly, shepherd, thou art in a parlous state. Ah! I fear, I fear. I fear that when you go out to dinner you follow there a fairer lure and chase a dearer prey. Beware, beware, young man! Ask yourself solemnly (if I may trouble you), in the silence of your closet, whether you can remain true to gastronomic art if you divide that very fiery particle, your mind, between cookery and woman?

ALURED. Oh, I always trust gaily to art. Talking of that, let me recount to you a triumph of my art. I have a friend whom, following the writers of the Augustan age, I will call Eugenio. Possessed of many of the finest qualities that can adorn a human being, Eugenio is yet an outer barbarian in his feeding. His tastes are incredibly depraved and savage. What can have brought upon him such an affliction, heaven only knows!—whether there be inherited, congenital mental disease; whether his state be the result of deficient culture and a morbid will, which fights against the light, one knows not, and one cannot know—these things are mysterious. But, sir, the wretched result is that the

abject creature loves only that cordage of exhausted flesh out of which soup has been forcibly expressed. He loves it dry, too, sir!—loves it quite dry, without any gravy, believe me! His favourite dish would be a ship's old swab, squeezed quite dry, and served up on a cold plate. Well, I once found myself in Paris with Eugenio. We dined at the Café Anglais, at the Voisin, at Philippe's, at the Maison Dorée, at the Moulin Rouge. He fed daily upon the nastiness, as nearly as he could procure it, which his peculiar idiosyncracy could assimilate. The spectacle of a fellow creature so sunk and fallen filled me with dismay, with disgust, with pity. As I contemplated this awful warning, the tears coursed each other down my innocent nose. I burned with philanthropy. I determined to try to rescue, to elevate Eugenio. To that end I asked him to dine with me. 'With you?' he replied, brutally, 'why you don't know what's good to eat; you'll get some nasty kickshaws.' I smiled loftily from the heights of my cynical philanthropy, and persisted. The savage was, in the main, good-natured, and, with some grumbling, he accepted the invitation. For my particular purpose I selected the Maison Dorée. Ah! the trouble I took in the composition of that *menu!* The weal or woe of a human being hung trembling in the balance. I had to make some concessions to the taste of the barbarian, in order to induce him to eat at all, but with that deduction the composition was noble. I led the dinner up, up, through a tenderly graduated symphony of crescent delicacy and alternative delight. The day came, and I kept the animal very hungry. I trusted profoundly in my art, but the experiment was a delicate one, and I had ordered a small private room. The savage ate ravenously, tearing his way rampageously through all my ethereal conceptions. The end arrived. I watched him curiously. Suddenly he was possessed by a paroxysm of the wildest wrath. Fierce animal passion seized and held him. On that dark, lurid brow the thunder-cloud of passion lowered blackly and gloomed in demoniac horror. The working features, bloated and distended, were corrugated with the terrible fury of the lower pit. The eyes blinked with infra-human malevolence. His voice trembled hoarsely as he screeched, 'Why you've given me no dinner at all. I haven't had enough to eat!' He grasped a knife, and glared at me like a demon. I saw my danger, but still I trusted in my art. Smiling in outward calm, I fixed him with my glittering eye, and waited the result. During a few anxious seconds my life was not worth an instant's purchase; but then I felt that I was saved. He fell back in his chair; the knife dropped from his nerveless grasp; the thunder-scars left his brooding brow; a faint, fat smile stole slowly over, and suffused his ample and manly lineaments, late the seat of every evil passion. With a voice as soft as the cooing of a bridegroom dove, he murmured, 'Yes, I've dined very well. I really couldn't eat

anything more, and yet I feel so strangely light!' With a wild cry I rose and tottered towards him. I fell upon his neck and wept bitterly. He was saved—we were saved—I had done him a priceless service, and art was triumphant! Forgive me, Reginald, if, even now, I am a little overcome at the precious recollection.

REGINALD. Forgive you!—aye, and reverence you; what a moral is contained in your simple story!

ALURED. Yes; while Memory holds her seat, I shall still glory in that triumph of my art.

REGINALD. There are one or two curious considerations connected with a critical comparison of English and continental cookery. A nation's habits and customs are always dictated by the necessities which spring from climate and circumstance: thus, maccaroni and the siesta are taught to Naples by climate, and the pig is forbidden to Orientals because, probably, the animal would be unwholesome in their burning clime. Now we, in these British isles, have the best meat and the best fish in the world. Hence our system of plain, direct cookery, of simple roasting and boiling. Our cookery is simple, because our materials are excellent. Continental cookery is more complicated, because their raw material is inferior.

ALURED. True; and a truth too little recognised; but how sterile and barren our cookery becomes when we get to the end of the two primary processes! When once we have roasted or boiled, we fall flat upon the horror of cold meat. Then the continental cook surpasses us immeasurably. Eclecticism is the philosophic theory of cookery.

REGINALD. Let us thankfully remember that to these happy, happy isles alone has Providence granted its great gift of grouse.

ALURED. Nor should the special benefit of currant and raspberry tart ever be forgot. Let me stir another great question;—what do you say about pictures in a dining room?

REGINALD. Ah! I have often thought of that. I object to pictures with a subject. I think they distract the mind. Pictures that are merely beautiful patterns are unobjectionable; but I confess that I lean to portraits.

ALURED. Surely you cannot mean the 'portrait of a gentleman' style of thing that one sees in our modern exhibitions?

REGINALD. Surely not; I mean good portraits of handsome ancestors, —say from—

ALURED. But it is not every host that has ancestors. Many a man, especially the wealthy *parvenu* man of modern society, has no ancestors. He may be a host in himself, but is without antecedent connection with the storied past.

REGINALD. True; but I assume, for the purposes of my argument,

that he has. I like a series of portraits of fair women and brave men, ranging, let us say, from Elizabeth to George III., and including fine specimens of Van Dyck and Sir Joshua. I love to look up from my dinner on such portraits, and to think of the originals—that they, too, dined! I love to picture to myself a dinner party of Van Dyck's cavaliers and ladies; to imagine their stately courtesy and graceful punctilio; to cover the board with their dishes, their glasses; to surround it with their men and women; and to fancy their manners, looks, ways, and conversation.

ALURED. You are an idealogist;—but the idea is good. I also like to fancy the pleached pleasaunce of an Elizabethan garden, and sweet Anne Page sent to bid me come in to dinner. Look, Reginald—see her waiting coyly, a quaintly charming figure, standing on her shadow on the broad gravel walk, in the calm golden sunshine.

REGINALD. By Jove!—it is a picture. They must have raised fine women—women worth dining with—in the days in which Shakspeare drew women. In our day, when the women at a dinner are not quite up to the mark as regards quality, tobacco should always be allowed after dinner.

ALURED. Everything connected with fine dining should be in fine keeping. To that rule no exception can be allowed. Take, for instance, that wonderful and delightful Raleigh picture of Millais. There the very sea itself belongs to the time. It is a sea proper to those earlier days of maritime adventure in which ships were rare. It is an Elizabethan,—not a Victorian sea. It is a sea that may be whitened by sails, but never blackened by smoke. It is the sea of the sailor, but not of the steamship.

REGINALD. *Now* when you dine in the second strata of our middle class, you have to prepare your mind to forego the very idea of a dinner. How horribly prevalent, in the tender spring time, is the epidemic of salmon and of lamb! You meet them everywhere. Good things as they are, they have, when we become very intimate with them, the fatal sameness of Octavia, instead of the infinite variety of Cleopatra.

ALURED. Take another *genus* of dinner-giver. He has been abroad—he has, confound him! He won't give honest things which he might give good; no—he *will* give a Continental dinner, and produces a miserable parody upon a second-rate Belgian *table d'hôte*, with a soup-like fluid flannel, and wretched *entrées* of confused and indeterminate nastiness. Avoid the dinners of that man, my Reginald. He is an impostor.

REGINALD. Your great success with Eugenio inspires me with a desire to do good. Shall not we, to whom so much light has been granted, endeavour, as crusaders of the spit, to benefit our fellow-creatures? Shall we not labour to teach mankind to dine?

ALURED. We will!

REGINALD. We will!

ALURED. Cadet of civilisation!

REGINALD. Arch-priest of humanity!

ALURED. This conversation has but lightly skimmed the surface of the great subject. How fragmentary is all human effort! It is a great subject, a most grave and wide subject. We have but broken ground upon it. Still, ground must be broken up before seed can be sown. With great *savans* the previsions of imagination precede the discoveries of science.

REGINALD. The great first object must be to circulate fresh currents of ideas; to prepare the public mind, through playfulness, to receive in earnestness great new truths. The human mind, like a pigeon, often wheels airily round a subject before it flies straight home to the point. So have we done. How can we best begin our missionary campaign?

ALURED. Suppose, my dear Reginald, suppose that some recording angel, in good stenographic training, should have taken down the ebullient artlessness of this unpremeditated chat? How would that circumstance assist our plan? Give it up? I think I see the first great step!

REGINALD. What is the recorder to do with his notes—supposing him to have taken any?

ALURED. Do with them? Why, of course, communicate them to the world through literature!

H. SCHÜTZ-WILSON.

Pasquale De' Virgilii.

By Dr. Rosetti.

Of the romantic school of poetry, with its rejection of the classical traditions—the so-called 'correctness' of the last century, there is in Italy but one representative—Pasquale De' Virgilii, combining in himself some of the features most characteristic of Byron, Shelley, and even Swinburne. His intelligent admirers are but few; his effective imitators fewer still. His earliest studies in poetry were mainly in Byron, whose plays and some of whose narrative poems he has translated for his countrymen, in language generally equal, sometimes superior in colour and force to the original. One specimen from his reproduction of 'Manfred' may suffice :—

'Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.'

'Da' secoli e da' monti circondato,
Il Monte-bianco, re dell' alpi, giace;
Da un diadema di neve incoronato,
Sopra un trono di rupi ei resta in pace;
Di nubi ha il manto, di foresti il cinto,
E in man per fulmin la valanza avvinto;
Ma pria che questa al suol caggia tuonando,
È mestieri si arresti al mio comando.'

On the model of his English master, he published poems and 'commedie' (our comedies would give a false impression of the latter), and was hailed as the head of the romantic school in Naples. Criticism on his works have at various times appeared from the pens of Mercey in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes;' of Marc Monnier in the 'Revue Suisse;' of Cantù in the 'Storia degl' Italiani;' of del Zio and others in divers

publications. His reputation was already a wide one, when, by his travels in the East, and by his embroilment in political affairs, he became one of the marked men of the day.

French and Italian criticism has placed De' Virgilii at the head of the romantic school of modern Italy; but the epithet 'romantic,' already become vague from the many art interests in which it has been used, requires definition in this case. We all remember Goethe's *mot;* given a thoroughly good composition of whatever school and it is sure to be classical! There is much that is 'romantic' in Homer, who, if action restricted to time and place according to the rules of Aristotle, be required, is not nearly so 'classical' as Virgil or Tasso. Dante plunges into the depths of mediæval humanity, to evolve for his contemporaries the three states which must be traversed if they would come 'a riveder le stelle;' that is, lead on this side the grave a life of intelligence and love. But Dante is not a poet of the 'classical' school, any more than Ariosto or Shakspeare or (notwithstanding his scholarship) Milton, who mingles earth with heaven and both with hell. Goethe, Byron, and Shelley obeyed the laws of their own genius, whose grinding impulse lay through the soul and heart of their fellow-men, as those were swayed by the passions or forced by the reason to that doubt and eclecticism which interpenetrates our own epoch. But neither Goethe, nor Byron, nor Shelley can be called, in the language of French and Italian criticism, the revivers, still less the creators of 'romanticism.' Victor Hugo, again, with all his genius and his mastery of form, is the conscious adherent of no school, but simply the interpreter of a philosophy alternately misanthropic and humanitarian, while his effects are nearly always falsetto. In Italy, his counterpart, though juster in aim, if less finished in language and style, is Pasquale De' Virgilii, whose genius has sympathy for every class-condition, outruns the confines of nationalities, and expatiates our universal society in a *tourmente d' esprit* so vehement as sometimes to lack coherence of expression.

Take his 'Commedia del Secolo.' The chief *dramatis persona*, Arnoldo, sprang from that Latin race whose decadence so many deplore, and whose end some even foresee, but which, Antœus-like, acquires new strength with each downfall; emerges from the mire of nineteenth-century dissipation; travels to the East, which he reconciles to the Christianity and civilisation of the West; and prepares and developes those events of 1848 which, according to De' Virgilii, ought to be the avatar of a palingenesis social and universal. Such is the argument of his drama, a composition colossal in design, original in most of its features, and as different as well may be from the dramas of Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Shelley, and Hugo. The scene is Europe and Asia; the actors are entire nations; their moving spirits are the authors of the palingenesis as

conceived by De' Virgilii. No one before him had ventured on such a conception—the dramatic representation of the nineteenth century. Victor Hugo says of it: 'Il y a dans l'œuvre de Pasquale De' Virgilii la comédie du siecle une grande et profonde pensée; le souffle du vieux Dante a traversée son esprit.'

In other dramas, De' Virgilii does not put upon the stage a nationality, but the people of a city, with the usages, the virtues, and the vices of the epoch in which they live. On this plan he has produced three great works: the 'Masaniello,' the 'Vespri Siciliani,' and 'Cola di Rienzi.' Marc Monnier thoroughly entered into the author's idea when he passed judgment on these compositions: 'In questa trilogia egli ha rappresentato le tre specie di rivoluzioni che agitano l'umanità. La prima è la rivoluzione popolare, quella degli affamati; la seconda è la rivoluzione aristocratica, quella degli ambiziosi; l'ultima è la rivoluzione letteraria, quella degli utopisti.' ('Revue Suisse,' Avril, 1861.)

De' Virgilii, as we have said, claims the honour of having introduced Byron to the Italians—all the dramas and many of the poems. He also conducted for some years a scholarly review entitled 'Il Progresso,' to which he contributed of his own a number of poems and tales. Of his travels in the East, he has given a charming account in a poetical composition called 'L'Oriente.'

As a publicist, De' Virgilii was always liberal. He conducted the 'Costituzione,' a journal which ran a brief course in 1848, and in 1860 the 'Nuova Italia,' to advocate the national unity. With the precipitation of events that year in Naples, he left journalism to aid constitutional government, and was a staunch supporter of the unity of Italy, in opposition to the projects of the ex-Emperor Napoleon for an Italian federation. He had been appointed 'intendente' in the Abruzzi; and while there he animated the liberals and curbed the spirit of reaction. On Garibaldi's entry into Naples, De' Virgilii was nominated Governor or Commissary, with high powers—an authority of which he had much need; for scarcely had Francis II. immured himself in Gaeta, and Garibaldi encamped at Capua, when reactionists, republicans, and Bourbonists strove to plunge the Abruzzi into anarchy. The dictatorial government of Naples was at a loss what to do; but De' Virgilii, menaced by the reaction from within and by Lamoricière on the frontier, conceived a happy initiative, which proved the salvation of his own country and of Italy. Victor Emmanuel was in the Marches, but, kept in check by diplomacy, did not know whether he ought to pass the confines of the Abruzzi. At Naples, the republicans around Garibaldi were opposed to the entry of the king. All government was at a standstill. De' Virgilii put himself at the head of the combined municipalities of the Abruzzi, crossed the frontier, marched into Ancona, and, in the name of the Neapolitan people, invited the

king to enter the southern provinces. Thereupon Victor Emmanuel broke through his restraint, acceded to the memorial of the Abruzzese municipalities, and entered the ancient kingdom of the Two Sicilies. De' Virgilii accompanied him in his triumphal progress; and so it was that the machinations of the reactionists ceased, and Italy become one realm.

Great in literature, De' Virgilii is still greater in political life: his master-stroke of inviting the king in the name of the Neapolitans possesses something of the heroic poem in itself. Victor Emmanuel showed his gratitude by conferring on him equestrian honours, appointing him Governor of Benevento, then nominating him counsel of state, and finally giving him the post he now fills—that of director of public property at Trani.

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'GUSTAVUS III. OF SWEDEN;

OR, THE STORY OF A KING.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

OCTOBER, 1872.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD OF SWEDEN;

OR,

THE STORY OF A KING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTINA ADVANCES IN LIFE.

MR. ECKERMANN rose and dressed for breakfast, but one could see that something had snapped the cord of life, which attaches us all to our planet here below. As long as we feel we *can* grasp the necessities of our being, we are possessed of power; once that grasp loosened, and we are conscious that something has slipped from us, never to be regained. Looser and looser becomes our hold of life, until it drops from our hands and we sink back to mother earth, from whence we came.

Christina waited upon her father and kept near him, she wanted to show him how grieved she was to have unconsciously been the cause of so great a disaster; but even her presence left him cold and mournful—he sat despondingly near the blazing fire and looked into the dancing flames, as if life and warmth had for him disappeared from this world.

In the course of the afternoon Christina wandered to the same place where she had bathed the day before; she sat down on the pebbly shore and watched the surging waves—but it was not the same Christina. The day before she had enjoyed her play with nature, like a free child, fettered by nothing, giving herself to the waves as if she had risen from them, another Aphrodite; now she felt ashamed, that

man's look seemed upon her, his words tingled in her ears, she knew she must be modest, while the day before her natural coyness had not known the meaning of the word.

Returning home, she threw herself down on the sheepskin rug by her father's side, and sobbed out her hidden sorrow; poor Christina, they were almost her first tears. Since childhood, she had lived a life so free and unrestrained that her heart had been steeled against small troubles and had not known greater; now, on a sudden, the Captain's visit of the day before had thrown a firebrand into her soul.

'Why weepest thou, child?' asked her father.

'Because I am unhappy.'

'Yes, yes; it is a heavy loss, a very heavy loss, and I have been ruminating all day what can be done about it; but I am tied down here; I have no strength, no health, no friends. Who can go to Stockholm for me after my lost treasure? And what would be the use of it? It is gone, burnt—it has been taken to the Queen-mother, and she will have destroyed it.'

Christina sprang up. 'Why should it be taken to the Queen-mother, why should she destroy it?'

'Because she hates me, and because it is she who sent me into exile.'

'Father, what had you done to deserve it?'

'I had restricted the royal power; and the Queen-mother is a proud woman, she never forgave me.'

'Can you not appeal to her son, the young king?'

'What, Christina; appeal for mercy to one whom I helped to train, who looked for years upon me as his guiding staff? For whom I wrote a book that thousands have admired; for whom I renounced a bright diplomatic career? Beg of my own pupil—no, never.' The old man's tone was firm and distinct.

Christina had stood back and listened with an eagerness that overbore all other feeling; she clutched hold of her father's arm: 'Father, what were you then?' Why did you keep this from me? Should you have left me in ignorance of all this? Who am I, then?'

'My child. Come here, Christina; I have been betrayed to say more than I ever meant to say before my death. Sit down, sweet one, and read me a passage of Swedenborg's 'De Amore Dei,' and let us forget our conversation.'

'But I cannot forget, father; it is not right to tantalize me thus, it is breeding mischief in my soul, and will lead me to wrong.'

'Lead thee to wrong, Christina? If I thought so, I would slay thee here before me.' Father and daughter stood opposite each other, panting.

'Tell me my name,' said Christina, haughtily.

'Eckermann.'

'It is false! Father, father, where there are secrets there are loop-holes for the devil to enter. Be candid with me.'

'I cannot! Leave me, child—I must be alone.' The old man fell, exhausted, back into his chair: Christina went to him.

'Never mind, father, let it be; wherever the wrong is I know I shall have to bear the burden, for the sins of the parents will be avenged on the children! I know it.' Gently she kissed her father's forehead, and left the room.

The blasts of wind across the little island of Tjörn were getting wilder and stronger as October advanced, and old Mr. Eckermann seemed to fail more and more in health. Wrapped in his sheepskin, he yet shivered before the fire, and could no longer be prevailed upon to go out.

Ulrica, busy about her household duties, often wiped her eyes with her linen apron. Something weighed on her mind that was evidently overpowering her faculties. She was often closeted with her master, while Christina roamed about heedless of the cold autumn air, the blasts of storm that came dashing against the shore, and the pelting spray that was thrown into her face. There, by the crags and the sea, Christina would sit and dream a life of her own, nursing the longing for the world of which she knew nothing, and which appeared so bright in the distance, peopling it with her own heroes and heroines, and casting her figures in an impossible mould, little fitting the life-size of ordinary, everyday concerns. Often, as she wandered home, she fancied a man passed her whom she had never seen before. The people in the village were everyone known to her; now and then a stranger came across to buy or sell, to collect the king's taxes, or for some such purpose, but this man seemed different in appearance from those few strangers. One day he accosted her: she looked him full in the face. Those features could not belie the mean soul within; bland and comely, they bore the impress of a lying, deceiving spirit, that was unconscious of the degradation it suffered by lending itself to any dirty work that had to be done.

'I have a letter for you, Mademoiselle Eckermann,' the stranger said, as he stood in Christina's path.

'How do you know my name?' Christina responded promptly.

'Because it would be impossible not to recognise you at once from Captain Liljehorn's description.'

'What does he want with me?'

'Only to send you this letter;' and the man held up before Christina a carefully sealed packet.

'I do not think I ought to receive anything from Captain Liljehorn; he behaved very badly to us.'

'You may alter your opinion, Mademoiselle, when you read this; there may be pure motives to our actions that are not seen on the surface.'

'Specious, specious! I will not take the letter.'

'The Captain bade me say the letter contained an explanation of the secret he confided to you.' The stranger bent his full gaze upon Christina.

This was too much for her curiosity; the serpent had coiled itself round Christina's otherwise straightforward spirit, and enticed this woman as she had enticed so many others since Eve's time. Christina knew quite well that she did wrong; she knew quite well that she was acting against her father's wishes, and her own welfare; she knew quite well that she ought not to have held secret communication with the Captain, who had stolen like a thief from her father's house; and knowing all this the serpent still prevailed—and Christina took the letter. A gleam of triumph shot over the man's face.

'May I have an answer here to-morrow?'

Christina looked round. 'Not here, down by the craggs near the sea.'

'How am I to get there? It is dangerous.'

'Nonsense, I go there every day.'

The man comprehended her moral and material fearlessness with astonishment; here was a spirit to mould to hidden purposes.

'I shall be there;' he said, as he discreetly withdrew.

There was not a corner in the house, where Christina could have read her letter in perfect safety; so she wandered back to the shore and opened her missive there. It seemed to burn in her hands; it almost exhaled an evil odour she thought, as she broke the seal—like poison, it appeared to distil its venom into her mind. She read:

'Charming Cousin,—I left your father's house in secret and hastily; I took with me the packet of letters you had pointed out to me thanks, they gave me all the information I wanted. It was foolish of your father to withhold them, for their contents will ultimately benefit you greatly, and had Mr. Eckermann died while they remained in his possession, they might have fallen into the wrong hands. Your mother's history is likely to be cleared up, and her daughter be raised to her true position. Cousin Christina, when the winter blasts will be driven across Tjörn, I know that nothing can be done to prolong your father's life; he must then go to rest, and what will become of you? Will you listen to me? Friends will receive you in Stockholm, trust me; I admire you greatly, and would do much to serve you. There is your sphere, such a woman as you is made to govern in the world. Will you promise to follow my advice and come to me and my sister

here when that sad time shall come? I shall keep a friend on the look out till then; you are guarded from danger already. I am proud to possess such a cousin, and shall make your interests mine. Trust to me; when Mr. Eckermann is no longer able to protect you, my protection will be at your service, for you will need it. Give my messenger the promise that you will obey and follow him when the time arrives and relieve the anxiety of your faithful cousin,

LILJEHORN.'

Had Satan himself inspired the Captain with the tone of letter that should be employed to get Christina into his toils? It seemed so sincere, so plain and truthful, that Christina was deceived and began to doubt her father rather than the Captain. What were not the thoughts that a vivid uncontrolled imagination wove in her brain? Long, long she sat there—should she promise? Could she even think of the time when her father would be no more? Ah, Christina began to think of it, she, who some weeks ago, shuddered at the very idea of ever being fatherless.

Next day, Christina kept her appointment; the stranger was already at the place. Hastily she approached him: 'Tell Captain Liljehorn,' she said, 'that I shall do what he wishes me; I cannot write.' She turned and fled up the ledges, down the declivity across the bare plain, home to the cottage, entered it, and threw herself into her father's arms, crying: 'Oh, father, father, what shall I do, if you ever leave me?'

He looked at her: 'Dost thou expect it then?'

'No, no—oh, what is the matter with the world, it is not as it was, all seems full of trouble.'

'Christina, Christina, thou art losing thy plain cheerful ways and giving way to fancies; come and sit by me awhile,' answered Mr. Eckermann as he gently drew her to his knee.

Father and daughter held each other in a long embrace. When Christina regained her composure and looked at her father, she found a certain shade over his countenance that betokened no good; Christina was inexperienced, but something told her that she must call assistance. She hastened to Ulrica; Ulrica came and cried out:

'Quick, quick, that medicine flask, quick.' Christina reached with trembling hands the little flask. Ulrica administered a few drops of the contents to Mr. Eckermann; he rallied and gasped a short breath. Suddenly he stretched out his hands convulsively and whispered, 'Give it me, give it me—he took it, my last resource—ingratitude—king—country—where is she—Christina—come here—your mother—I—feel your hair.' The old man touched Christina's head, his glazed

eyes could scarcely discern her form; once more he rallied, once more he attempted to speak, and only partially articulating, 'Christina —good—girl—my child—mother;' he fell back into his chair in an unconscious state.

Christina was scared; was this the punishment for her wrong desires, her secret promise? She knelt down and held that dear hand in her own, asking a thousand times forgiveness in her heart; never had she yet wanted to ask forgiveness; but sin very soon requires its antidote—pardon for self-indulgence.

'What is the matter with thee, child?' brusquely questioned Ulrica. 'Thou art dazed; hast lost thy speech? Hast no love for thy father? Dost not care if he lives or dies?'

Christina only nestled closer to that hand, and answered not.

'Come, come, rouse thyself; he is not dead, but his voice thou'lt hear no more.'

Ulrica ran and called a neighbour; they undressed the old man and laid him in his bed. There was no doctor in Tjörn, but Ulrica was an experienced nurse and knew what had to be done; Mr. Eckermann would not again recover from this fit, his last days were at hand. The father recognised his child no more; he drifted off in comatose repose into that other life which is ever a mystery to us here below, taking with him his desires and aspirations, his life's troubles, anxieties, and joys—burying them in his grave, and leaving to others their round in turn!

A week later a dead form lay in that same bed, and by it stood Christina Eckermann, a tall, handsome girl, entering upon *her* life, and bringing into it such a mortal organisation as might well have needed the strong prop of a father's hand or the gentle guidance of a mother's counsel.

The villagers buried old Mr. Eckermann in the village churchyard; the travelling minister came across and held a short earnest service over the grave of one who had evidently seen much of the world, and had departed from it in so sad and sudden a way—an emblem that the friendships of the great are seldom of long duration.

Ulrica returned home from the burial, and began to ransack papers, cupboards, and drawers. It was to no purpose, Mr. Eckermann had left no will, and seemed designedly to have destroyed all papers that might have led to the unravelling of Christina's parentage. The Swedish woman was in a huff, some great motive actuated her.

'I stopped with him for years, for the mother's sake and the child's, and now he has cheated me. I have no proofs; that wretch took the packet in which they were, and I am set adrift with the girl to do as

best I can. But I'll be too much for them all. *I will* know where it was done; *I will* know, if I can get proofs, and when I have got them I'll rouse Stockholm with them. One little book had, unperceived by Ulrica, fallen to the ground from the book-shelves, and lay there unnoticed.

Christina had, meanwhile, roamed abroad and met the man who had handed her the letter, face to face. 'We know all about your loss,' he said; 'we have expected it, and watched you. Will you fulfil your promise?'

'Pray tell me, how did you come here?'

'My dear Mademoiselle, I have never left the island since I saw you. I have sent off my messenger. Are there no other cottages than yours?'

'And I have been guarded like this all the time? But I know every cottage.'

'Are there no people who can keep a secret for money?'

'It is horrible to know one is bound hand and foot like this! I shall not go!'

'And your promise?'

'Is nothing. I gave it on the spur of the moment. My father's memory keeps me from fulfilling it.'

'Your father's memory? What has he done for you? Does he not leave you here in the world unprotected?'

'He has trained me to protect myself.'

'That is all nonsense. The truth is that you are of high parentage, of which you know nothing; that you are supremely beautiful, which you may know or not; and that you are lost on the island of Tjörn. Come with me; the boat is ready. I will take you to Stockholm, to relatives that will receive you kindly, and give you your proper position.'

That was the word; a word for which many have sold their moral birthright. Christina sold hers on the same terms, since she agreed to meet the man next day, and leave the island with him.

In the gloaming she reached home, and found Ulrica sitting at the table before a heap of papers, her head resting on them, in troubled sleep. Christina's conscience smote her. She saw the little book on the floor, picked it up, and opened it; on the fly-leaf were written the words: 'To Count Tessin, from his Princess.' A shiver ran through Christina's veins—a Count and a Princess—that was it. She had it: the book was a treasure. In small letters below were the words; 'The giver gives to the author what the author gave.' The title of the book was: 'Letters of an old man to a Prince.' More Christina could not read; her eyes swam—her brain reeled—the new world was opening—counts, princes, princesses—Stockholm; the king, his

brothers, the queen—mother—all rushed over her perceptive faculties, and Christina resolved she would go with that man!

Ulrica stirred: Christina hid the book.

'Poor child, poor child,' said Ulrica, unaware of Christina's presence. 'Whatever shall I do with her?'

'Nothing, Ulrica; I can provide for myself,' Christina answered, with a firm voice.

'You do not mean to leave me?'

'Yes, you must come after me.'

'Christina, child, art thou mad?'

'No; you'll know all about it to-morrow:' and Ulrica could get no more from her.

Next day Ulrica began searching again, the tears flowing down her wrinkled cheeks all the time. 'Think of the years of misery; I cannot bear it. I *will* know, and then we'll leave this cursed place.' She had forgotten all about Christina's threat, and heeded not the girl's silent ways. While the faithful woman was rummaging the papers another scene occurred at the further shore, where a small bay made it easy for boats to land and start.

A fisherman's boat was moored alongside, and manned by a Swedish boatman. A gentleman stood there holding Christina's hand in his; she, dressed in the long, plain, woollen cloak of the Swedish countrywomen, and having on a small sailor's hat, was just stepping in, when a thought struck her; she turned her face, and once more looked longingly back upon the island and the cottages, and upon her life that was gone! Then and there Christina Eckermann vowed to be faithful to her father's memory, and the poor girl thought that this was all that was necessary for her future guidance. Under her cloak was the little book—a gift from a Princess to Baron Tessin, and on Ulrica's table, in the cottage, lay a short missive: 'I'm gone to Stockholm; come after me to Captain Liljehorn's house.'

Christina Eckermann was going to tread the life she had prepared for herself!

CHAPTER V.

A ROYAL COUNCIL.

In the Royal Palace at Stockholm a young man of about twenty-six years walked uneasily up and down a handsome room. On the walls hung drawings of the encounters of Narva and Pultawa, sketches of Charles XII.'s daring exploits; the table was covered with plans of

battles fought by many other kings, with French books, dispatches, and dramatic plays; opposite the battle-pieces hung the portrait of a very beautiful woman, not of the queen, but evidently of a French lady. The young man had, however, no eyes for it—he seemed greatly disturbed; as he looked from the window, one could remark a not very tall and rather spare figure, an intellectual, but not strictly beautiful face, one side almost different to the other, a high forehead, brilliant eyes, and an artistic impress on the features, that might scarcely point to the king of a northern kingdom—the young man was Gustavus Vasa III. of Sweden.

'I wonder why Scheffer is so late? Surely there is no hitch; all must soon be prepared,' he said, as he turned towards the table and took up a letter in French. 'Vergennes is to be here, and I want Scheffer first. How can I trust the others? Trust—trust whom? No one but thyself; no, no, if Sweden is to be anything, if I am to be a king, there is only one way—another constitution. Who is king now? I, or the aristocracy? Does Catherine regard us with longing eyes? Would she have more of us? No! not another particle Sweden shall not be lessened under my reign. There is something in being the sovereign of this glorious northern Peninsula, upon which just now some others are casting longing glances; there is something in being the descendant of the House of Vasa—a house that became royal by worth and valour; there is something in possessing sufficient talent and will to raise the status of a nation; there is something in being endowed by the Creator with virtuous ideas, having no desire to be a libertine because our position places it at our disposal to be so—and yet there is something sad in having no prospect of much happiness before you, in being married and no husband, in having no expectation of progeny, in being fettered by an unloving wife, a haughty mother, and a nation that has succumbed to factions for well nigh a century! Bah! why repine, Gustavus, hast thou not thyself, thy love of the arts and sciences, thy wish to improve the drama, and give Sweden a dramatic literature? Hast thou not the determination to break this aristocratic bondage, to make thy subjects each a Svensk-Mann, and not the follower of a Ridders-Mann; and wilt thou not break through those fetters, even now, even to-day, even to-morrow! Ha! how about the news? There is a messenger from Christianstadt!' Gustavus had looked through the window, and had seen a private messenger arrive in hot haste; impatiently he awaited him. A page entered.

'Sire, a despatch from Christianstadt!'

'Hush Rosenstein, why speak so loud; what do I know of Christianstadt?'

The page gave the despatch and without awaiting orders withdrew at a sign. The king threw open the window:

'Ugh, it is hot; how is Charles doing his work at Schonen, how is Hellechius doing his in the fortress. May the Patron of the Vasas speed our way. Surely the world must be met by worldly ways? What would be the use of coming straight before the Rigsdag and telling the Stände that they must do this and that; what would be the use of honestly showing the aristocracy that the country cannot advance and hold its own, unless it is freed from factions and *one* firm hand equalizes rights and liberties? No one would listen, no one would hear, and thy poor head, Gustavus, would soon disappear from the place it occupies; no, courage Vasa, courage, thy intention is good, thy plans are well laid—break open the letter and read thy fate.' Hastily the king broke open the heavy seal.

'Secret and private.'

'To brother Gustavus from his brother Charles, Duke of Suedermania.'

'All is going on well; no thoughts of thy royal interference here; Hellechius holds out; I am besieging the place—Stände have no idea of our plot—strike brother, strike to-day or to-morrow; strike at once. This messenger is safe, and no other, till you can say, *it is done;* each hour's delay is danger.'

'Thy ever faithful brother "Charles." Hum—thy ever faithful brother Charles. Will it ever be so—will he ever be such? Nonsense, Gustavus, thou art not a prognosticator and star-gazer like Wallenstein. come, be firm—so true as my name is Vasa, to-morrow we'll strike. Rosenstein?' The page appeared; 'Count Scheffer not come?'

'Here he is, sire;' and the count appeared in the doorway.

'Pardon, your majesty, that I am so near, but times are pressing.'

The king beckoned Scheffer to come nearer: 'Read this, Scheffer;' and he handed him the despatch. Scheffer read.

'Scheffer, to-morrow; shall we?' The king called the page: 'Rosenstein?'

'Yes, sire;' answered the young Swedish noble.

'Send up the messenger from Christianstadt.'

A booted and spurred young officer appeared with a white woollen tie round his left arm.

'Oh, it is young Sprengporten; well, young man,' said Gustavus, 'your father is doing good service in Finland; now, how did you leave the siege and the insurrection?'

'Both going on favourably, your majesty. Hellechius holds out and Duke Charles holds out; but, sire,' and the young officer came nearer, 'I was sent to say, hot iron cools soon, and it is best to strike

quick. I am not again to leave your majesty till I carry back the answer in which way the iron has been shapen.'

'Rest and refresh yourself; you shall go back to-morrow night and take the answer,' firmly answered the king. The officer left the room.

'Well, Scheffer, why so late?'

'Here, your Majesty, is a list of the names on our side. Duke Frederick is doing well in Osthgothland; in Stockholm all is prepared, and now we wait for our sovereign. The reception and concert are to-night; let me, sire, entreat your majesty to waver no longer.'

'Scheffer, am I doing right? You know why it is done.'

'Sire, have we not looked on long enough? Will your Majesty still leave your poor kingdom a prey to private rivalry? What right has any faction to assume the reins of government? Where ought a people to look for reason, order, and equal laws? from the hands of a powerful and unjust aristocracy, or from the hands of a just sovereign?'

'Scheffer, I have studied England's laws; I have seen what is doing in France; I think I *can* be just to my people, and so "en avant."'

'Right, sire! And now quick!—our plan of action?'

'No blood to be shed, Scheffer.'

'None, if we can help it.'

'Mons. de Vergennes waits for an audience,' said young Rosenstein, as he appeared at the door.

'Let him enter.'

The courteous French ambassador entered, and the conversation became French.

'Well, Mons. de Vergennes, shall we have the pleasure of your company at the concert?'

'I obey your Majesty's commands.'

'In all things, Vergennes?'

'In all things.'

The King approached the ambassador more confidentially. 'Vergennes, will you answer for the foreign ministers?'

'Yes, sire.'

'You know my proclivities, Vergennes. Catherine must not put her foot on our neck. We would rather the right hand of France than the yoke of Russia. Let our uncle Frederick grumble, we cannot help it.'

'Sire, France advises quick and thorough action. I have sounded the foreign ministers. If your Majesty is strong, they will not object.'

'Scheffer, come here. Let us seal our compact. I think I cannot do otherwise; my heart is Swedish, my tongue is Swedish, my pen writes Swedish—neither in a foreign nor the Latin tongue; and may the God of Sweden be propitious!' Gustavus gave a hand to each

gentleman. 'Count de Vergennes, be ready when I need you. Scheffer, attend me after the concert to-night, in my cabinet. Gentlemen, for the present, let me have rest and reflection.'

The two withdrew, and Gustavus threw himself into an armchair.

'Now, no one can disturb me,' he said to himself. 'It is a curious thing this making of history, this modelling of the fate of nations. Have I the right purpose? and if I fall, if blood has to be shed, are all dispositions made? My mother, my brothers, my young cold wife, my noble sister may suffer; but above *them* even stands my determination to be a sovereign, not a creature of the nobles, nay not even of the best, the most intellectual. Gustavus, it must be done.' From a drawer he took a portrait of his great ancestor, Gustavus Vasa. Solemnly he laid his hand on it. 'On thy likeness I swear not to disgrace our name, but act with foresight and moderation.' Then he wrote assiduously for a couple of hours, till the page called his attention to the time of day, and the king, somewhat oppressed by the heat of the August day, withdrew to his dressing-room to prepare for the evening ceremony of the day that was to shape the constitution of Sweden in another mould.

The castle was one blaze of light; this magnificent structure of Tessin's genius, a monument of architectural taste in one of the finest capitals of Europe—a capital that rises like a natural, not an artificial Venice above the waters of the Baltic and the Mälarsee, whose many houses hang upon the declivities, and whose gardens and woods close round the suburbs like a magic circle—whose blue, watery border carries the shipping of the trader and of the navy, and whose public places are filled with the monuments of men great in history and great in personal dignity and worth. The royal castle was astir, for the Court of Gustavus III. of Sweden, was one of the most graceful of the time. Intellectual and handsome men abounded in it, and the beauty of the court ladies had become proverbial. A throng had gathered this evening in the great court saloon. The Queen-mother, proud Louisa Ulrica, attended the reception, with her graceful daughter Albertina, who remained unmarried to please her mother; the young Queen Sophia Magdalena, brought up in the stiff Danish Court of the time, shy, timid, and reserved, but extremely pleasing in her appearance, accompanied by Countess Fersen, occupied another portion of the saloon, as the Queen-mother rarely deigned to speak to her; the lively Princess of Lubeck, Duchess of Suedermania, prattled gaily on with Baron Lilienkranz; the three daughters of Countess Fersen, called the three Graces, had each admirers near them; and innumerable tall, graceful figures filled the spacious hall. The king

entered; all eyes were on him. He paid his respects to his mother, addressed a few words to his spouse, who, from very shyness, scarcely knew how to answer, and somewhat impatiently turned to one of the Graces, the animated Countess Lewenhelm, to draw her attention to the music.

There was an expectant attitude in all present. In the side-rooms play was going on; the king made the round, said a few words here, and some more there, and seemed proud of the array of young officers that respectfully followed him. Scheffer had a few moments to himself, and then went over to the young Duchess of Suedermania: 'The king wants to know if your Grace has heard anything from Duke Charles?'

'Her Grace has not; how can I? The man is caught in revolutionary ways, revolutionary toils; what am I to know? I don't think he can have fallen in love outside Christianstadt, since he has fallen in love inside Stockholm.'

'With his lovely consort, to be sure.'

'Oh dear no, he has seen at some window in a retired street, some grand beauty, I suppose of unknown parentage; he confided it all to me; it is nothing of any great importance.'

'Your Grace is very indulgent.' The duchess became pensive; 'I don't think so,' she answered; 'you know count, I am always the Duchess, he really could not be kept in order without me, and then he respects me and my ladies, and perhaps loves me in his fashion. Come, tell me now, will he soon be back from this mock campaign? Do tell, dear count, *you* know all things, do tell me; just look how pale the queen is, and how she watches the king and the Countess Lewenhelm. Is she jealous? Poor thing, I shall go and cheer her up. By, by; give my love to my spouse if you send him a message to burn Christianstadt to the ground.'

'Hush, hush, your Grace; not so loud.'

The duchess prettily put her finger on her lips, the count went away over to the king.

His Majesty was very affable; smiled, talked, applauded, and no one would have noticed that in his breast was fixed the determination to alter the constitution of Sweden the next day. Finally he went over to the duchess.

'When you write, sister, to Charles, tell him, if I fall to-morrow, it will not be by the hand of a true Swede.'

'What, sire?'

'Hush, sister, think of my words.'

The concert was over, the company dispersed, and till the break of day, Count Scheffer and the king were in consultation on the coming events.

CHAPTER VI.

A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.

WHAT was, under other forms and principles, inaugurated in France twenty years later with rivers of blood was accomplished in August, 1772, in Sweden without shedding a drop of blood. In one place the firm but prudent will of a sovereign changed the political face of a nation in a day; in the other, the wild passions of a loose and turbulent population created for a time an appearance of political liberty, merely to relapse again under the ban of another despotism. Liberty is of all countries, climes, nationalities, creeds and shades; to one, it appears in one guise; to a second, in another—would that it might always appear in that highest, purest, most beautiful guise, the liberty from the thraldom of passion and selfishness.

The sun rose over Stockholm on the 19th of August, 1772; it was a hot, cloudless morning, not a breath disturbed the air; over the whole town, the mountains to the south, the ships and port in the east and west, the gardens and woods in the north lay the same heavy stillness, portending a coming storm, either of nature or humanity.

The feelings of the Rigsdag towards the king were not very pleasant; the nobility, that means the old, stubborn party, were becoming aware that underhand work was going on and that the king would no longer be managed by them. Christianstadt governed by Hellechius, had denied obedience to the Executive of the Rigsdag; apparently Duke Charles had advanced against it to reduce it to obedience; both manœuvres were arranged by the king's party and only formed a portion of the whole plan. General Sprengporten stationed in Finland held himself ready to support there any movement in Stockholm; Duke Frederick, the youngest brother of the king, did the same in Ostgothland. In Stockholm some hundreds of the young officers were on the king's side and wore the emblematical white scarf on their left arm; a great want of corn had exasperated the people against the Executive, the *hats* or ultra-nobles could no longer command the sympathies of the populace and the majority in the Rigsdag, the *caps* cried out that the country was misgoverned and that the realm was kept in worse subjection than by the most despotic sovereign. Gustavus had seen other countries; for some time. He had been in Paris. He had visited his uncle Frederick of Prussia at Sans-Souci, he had studied, read, compared, and had finally come to the conviction that Sweden could only be saved from the factious nobles and

rapacious neighbours by a strong individual hand, and that hand he meant to be!

The hour for the meeting of the Executive, or King's Councillors, came. Gustavus entered as unconcerned as usual. The council-chamber and the business of the day commenced, but suspicions on each side could not be allayed; misunderstandings began, allusions were made, and finally high words passed between some members and the king; then it was that Gustavus thought it time to throw off the mask. The king left the council-chamber in haste, passed on to the guard-room of the officers, there explained his position, gathered them around him, and proceeded with them to the castle. There—in Swedish, which none of the later foreign sovereigns of Sweden could speak—he asked them, in the most eloquent terms, to support him and save their country; and all but three held up their swords, and swore obedience to their king!

The revolution was begun, there was not a moment to lose. Gustavus sprang on horseback, and proceeded, surrounded by his officers and friends, to the corn-market; here crowds were assembling. The members of the king's council were beginning to harangue the people, and advising them to avenge them by blood; but Gustavus was wiser and quicker. The members were taken prisoners and sent off; troops were called out, cannon sent to important places, piquets to the barriers; and then Gustavus passed on to the Boosenplatz, among the sailors, where 3,000 people were assembled. There, on horseback, sword in hand, at the head of his soldiers, he addressed the populace in a fiery Swedish harangue. He brought home to them the memory of the founder of the family, Gustavus Vasa; the fame of the great Gustavus Adolphus, who had made Sweden's name one to be revered by all posterity; the renown of the brave and valiant Charles XII.; and then, winding-up, he referred to the disregard paid to the people's welfare under the present *régime;* and, holding aloft his sword called God to witness that he meant but to govern as the 'first citizen of a free people,' if they would support him. Caps were thrown up, hurrahs rent the air, the people became excited, and embraced each other, calling Gustavus their own Swedish king; and, at the head of an immense multitude, this young sovereign, but twenty-six years of age, proceeded from place to place to assure himself that the whole capital was his. Returning home, he saw some officers directing their looks to a balcony on a private house. The king glanced up; there, with Captain Liljehorn on one side, and an elderly Swedish woman on the other, stood a young girl in a handsome but plain dress, so supremely beautiful, that even the king was dazzled; as he passed, she waved the white tie, and curtsied gracefully. The king lowered

his sword, and gallantly bowed his head for the first time to Christina Eckermann!

Gustavus passed on and re-entered his castle, surrounded by innumerable friends. The next day the town-council, the colleges, and the militia took the oath in Stockholm; the foreign ministers attended, and the Diet was convened. The members were told that they must be present, or take the consequences; and on the 31st of August, Gustavus stood before the Assembly, with all the insignia of royal pomp, and declared to the States-General of the country, that he deemed it better to re-introduce a moderate monarchy, such as had existed before 1680, under Gustavus Adolphus, guarding thereby the interests of the four States—the nobility, clergy, burgher, and peasant classes—than allow three of them to be oppressed by the aristocratic despotism that had well nigh ruined the country for a hundred years.

Loud acclamations followed his speech. It is true the military occupied the castle-square—cannon had been planted at all available points; but precaution had been thought by Gustavus the best safety-valve against excess, and these harsh measures were forgotten, when those present listened to the impassioned eloquence of a monarch, who was, whatever faults he might have, a true Swede, burning with a desire to elevate his people materially and morally. The new Constitution was read, on which all took the oath of allegiance. The oath was taken; Gustavus drew from his pocket a prayer-book, held it up, and began, before the whole assembly, to raise his voice in a 'Te Deum,' that was joined inside and outside by thousands, and resounded far into the town.

There and then the medal of the 'Fadern's land' was ordered to be struck. This great auspicious day, would it so prove in future to him who had originated it?

'In the womb of time lie the secrets of the future.'

CHAPTER VII.

TWO QUEENS.

THE queen-mother sat with anxious glances at her window to know the result of the day's proceedings, and when her son entered her room for a few minutes, she rose, went up to him, and embraced him, saying proudly:

'Oh, my son, how happy am I, that we should at last be avenged; that at last our poor show of royalty has become what it should be, a stable power. I have just begun a letter to my sister Wilhelmina, that she should congratulate me. Frederick, I know, will respect his nephew.'

'Mother, dear, I have this day undertaken a great responsibility; may God grant me strength to fulfil it.'

'What one wills strongly one can fulfil. How I wish your consort was worthier of you, my son.'

'How do we know she is not worthy? Have I ever tried her? Has she ever had the motherly counsel and husbandly support so much needed in her position? Mother, I wish you would deal gently with her.'

'My son, she is really so insignificant that the best thing we can do is to leave her quietly aside. It will be the greatest blot in your life,' said Louisa Ulrica, with asperity.

'I am afraid we have both not dealt rightly with her—but do you hear the multitude? Now I must forget her for awhile. Mother, they are calling for me, I must appear. Adieu! Tell my uncle Frederick that Gustavus is not the purposeless dreamer he thought him. Again, adieu!'

'I am proud to know you have Hohenzollern blood in you. Heaven bless you, my son!'

Tall and stately the dowager-queen stood opposite her son, in the flush of motherly pride at his success.

A slight, graceful woman was leaning over her writing-desk at the same time, and a tear-blotted letter lay before her. Again she read it, again she struck out sentences; finally, she fairly laid her head on it, and cried herself to sleep. A stiff, middle-aged waiting-woman stole on tiptoe behind her, gently drew the letter from the desk, and read it.

'There, more complaints, more unhappiness. How I hate this frivolous Court. Did we come here for this? to be pushed aside as of no account, we Danes, by that Prussian termagant? However, as long as I have power over her the king shall never know that the little goose loves him. Let me read. Of course, another lament to sister Carolina at Copenhagen:—

'My dearest Caroline,—With what are commonly called deep afflictions I cannot, perhaps, be said to be acquainted; but, believe me, dearest Caroline, to find that I could not please him, for whom I had quitted my own adored circle; that I was eyed with a degree of harsh

dislike by one higher in rank and influence, and consequently with satirical scrutiny by the generality of the Court; believe me, it cost me a severe struggle and great misery of mind. But those demons, Anger and Resentment, were never for a moment allowed to rest in it. When alone, I have ever thought of my king as the object of my reverence, admiration, and approbation, and dwelt with complete satisfaction upon his numerous virtues and excellences; his filial piety and fraternal affection. Surely, say I to myself, there must be some misconception, or one so exemplary in the discharge of his other duties would not be regardless of a solemn engagement voluntarily entered into in the sight of Heaven.

'The terminations of such reflections are very commonly tears; but tears are not always painful; they are a mixed sensation, and are often indeed occasioned by joy. When the little hurricane in my heart has subsided, all these sentiments are softened, I scarcely know how, into the most pure, elevated, and fixed affection, increased, I am inclined to think, by the struggle in my heart, which had terminated in his favour. Where we are strongly prepossessed in favour of an object, to suffer on its account, I am convinced, increases and elevates our love. Have you not heard that a mother generally proves most tenderly attached to that child for whom she has suffered most in the bearing and nursing?

'Whilst rocked in the sickening cradle of indulgence and gratification, we are apt to grow, like spoilt children, selfish, peevish, discontented; we scarcely know what will make us really happy. But let the heart be probed by sharp trials, 'tis then the energy of the mind is called forth—'tis then we feel that we have a divine soul, capable of anything which its great source thinks fit to call forth.

'Then are we sensible there is another Canaan, where all mists shall be removed, all tears wiped from our eyes, and sorrow shall not enter. Oh! then, if not before, may my adored Gustavus be sensible of my ardent and undivided affection; and may this affection unite our souls in those bright regions of eternal bliss.

'With this earnest prayer, concludes your

'SOPHIA MAGDALENE.'*

'Here is an epistle,' said the angular dame, 'to her sister, her old confidante; the stars be thanked, there is no other to know of this; and that she cannot write a letter without blotching, so must have them copied by me to the king. Ah, her sweet expressions remain not in that copy; he shall never know that his wife loves him.

* This letter is original.

'Hark! what is that? Let me put down the letter. Madame, madame, your Majesty, do you hear the shouts of the multitude? Wake up, they are coming in front of the castle, let us go and look out.'

Sophia, the young queen, started up, heard the shouts of the people, ran to the window, and just saw her husband at the head of his staff enter the castle-yard—she opened her arms, she cried with joy: 'Oh, he is saved, he is at the head of his people!' But Gustavus did not look up, he did not lower his sword, he had no glance for his young wife as he had given to Christina Eckermann!

(To be continued).

Alternative Voting.

Everyone who has given any thought to the subject of representation in England has inevitably arrived at the conclusion that the modes in vogue for obtaining it are as anomalous and imperfect as they well can be. Tried by every test of consistency the British House of Commons is a mere pretence of representation, and the various municipal and local bodies which are presumed to be representative are very little better than their great counterpart. But it is argued—and the argument is not without plausibility—that what the representative character of the House of Commons lacks in consistency is made up by expediency. It is contended that the anomalies which are pointed out as imperfections are the great secrets of representative strength, because they provide for that variety which is so desirable in governing bodies. It is presumed that because one member is returned by 100 votes or less, and another by 10,000 votes or more; and because two members are returned from a borough containing only a few hundred acres, whilst a county with an area of thousands of square miles returns only one member, then, that the very acme of variety is reached. Hence, it is also contended, with righteous indignation, that to call such 'wise provisions' anomalies is to exhibit an intense ignorance of the principles of real representative government.

If this were all the representative reformer had to contend against, his task would be easy. It is quite true that variety in supreme representative bodies is not only desirable, but essential to their efficiency and stability; but the variety of machinery alluded to has nothing about it calculated to ensure the variety of membership alleged; and, practically, it does not provide it. Those who contend that it does, proclaim that they are willing to range themselves amongst the amiable and timid band of unsophisticated political fugitives, whose plaintive cry is 'peace at any price'—a cry which has justly acquired the stigma of being a cowardly and paltry refuge for those who are deficient in moral as well as physical courage.

Granted, however, that this variety is essential, the representative reformer has two distinct and separate difficulties to overcome. The one is to secure the variety in practice which is now so plausibly alleged in theory; the other is to anticipate what may be called a modern discovery. Supposing the said discovery to be fully anticipated it ought to meet the other difficulty also, so that the last may be appropriately taken as including both.

According to all the old world notions of representation, an election was a rough-and-ready appeal to a body of persons, the decision of a majority of whom was accepted as decisive without further parley. If 101 voted one way, and 99 the other, then, of course, the former had it. Of course! Go into any popular assemblage, great or small, and hazard the expression of a doubt about the justice of such a decision, and you will be howled down, or sent to Coventry, unless a more humane treatment arises from a doubt of your sanity. Any suggestion that the 99 should have consideration will be received by the common sense prevalent in the regions of popular capacity, as 'very like a whale,' or 'hopelessly childish.' Aye, you might as well seriously ask which is the heavier, a pound of gold or a pound of feathers? Which is the *heaviest?* is the more popular way of putting it; and, in circles where comparative and superlative are apt to be promiscuously jumbled, some amusement may be derived from pressing the question. It is considered correct for a child to answer 'gold.' Popular capacity laughs, and common sense plumes itself upon a contemptuous refusal to consider whether the weights are equal or not, because it is presumed that 'anybody can see that they are.' Even persons who are entitled to be called 'educated,' as well as a majority of those who have done their 'tables,' are apt to be oblivious or forgetful of the difference between avoirdupois and troy weight, whereby the feathers turn out, after all, to be much the heavier, in the proportion of about 17 to 14.

Popular convictions concerning that much abused nursery question curiously correspond with those upon representation. That which is too often accepted as a self-evident proposition turns out to be entirely wrong. The feathers are the heavier; and there is no justice in giving the sole representation to only one-half of a constituency, and denying it to the other half. This is the discovery. Like most other discoveries, it is self-evident enough after it is found out, but it seems never to have been perceived until about 1830, when it was propounded in connection with the discussions upon the Reform Bills of those days. Since that time it has found expression in various countries, and has been put forward in all sorts of forms, and the imperfections of mere majority representation, since they are discovered and

fully disclosed, render it necessary that electoral reform should systematically provide for the representation of minorities, said to be secured in a clumsy and hap-hazard sort of way under the present system of English elections. Any proposal which has for its object merely to pare down and adjust representation upon the present basis can no longer appeal for support upon its merits. The disfranchisement of all little boroughs, and the transfer of the seats to larger areas or more populous districts cannot be looked forward to as an improvement. A study of the various electoral problems which have been propounded during the last forty years must lead to the conclusion that the fondly cherished panacea of equal electoral districts must be transferred to the category of amiable and puerile exploded ideas. Nothing of that kind will do. Anything which tends to level and monotonize constituencies can only be an aggravation of existing evils, and an extinguishment of the accidental good which has grown up by chance in the constitution of Parliament as it is. If any one of primitive electoral views wants to know why, there are abundant reasons with which to sustain the numerous objections against the modes hitherto in vogue, and against the narrow simplicity of the proposed remedies which have too often found favour in years past.

Of these objections five may be urged as conspicuous and paramount. According to those who desire electoral reforms to proceed upon primitive lines, the model constituency is one of certain fixed proportions returning one member. For purposes of illustration, and to save a plethora of figures, it is convenient to assume that such a constituency contains 200 electors. It may also be granted that political opinions are sharply divided into two classes, every voter being compelled to vote for one or the other or not at all.

The first objection is that in all appeals to the popular vote, as at present made, the successful voters are inordinately represented. If 101 vote for one candidate, and 99 for the other, the former being exclusively victorious, are represented in a proportion greatly in excess of their due; for, if the member is appropriated in virtue of the 200 electors, and 101 are, in fact, allowed to return him, the successful voters are permitted to exercise nearly double the political power to which they are theoretically entitled; they monopolise in their own persons the power of the whole 200.

The second objection, and the one which may be most frequently referred to in practice, is when there are many candidates to divide the votes, or when a considerable proportion of the electors abstain from voting. In the latter case 76 may vote one way, and 74 the other—50 abstaining. The 74 are consequently permitted to exercise the same power as if the whole 200 had voted unanimously. Thus a

minority of only three-eighths are falsely presumed to be a majority, in defiance of the facts. An examination of the electoral rolls proves that a very large proportion of members of the House of Commons are returned, not by majorities, as is fondly presumed, but by minorities. The most remarkable so-called 'victory' of 1868 was obtained in this way. Mr. Gladstone was presumed to be rejected by South West Lancashire, and his political opponents 'got in'—Mr. Cross polled 7,729 votes, and Mr. Turner 7,676. Those honourable members, by virtue of a united vote representing only 7,676 electors, are usurping in Parliament the power conferred upon the 19,639 electors of the entire constituency, or nearly three times the power to which they should be really entitled, in consideration of the votes they actually received. This case is one of hundreds of a similar character, for it is quite an exception for a member to be returned by a clear majority of the constituency to whom he appeals. Hence the theory of government by majorities completely breaks down in practice, and the result is, that in almost every constituency the minority is dominant in defiance of popular presumption to the contrary. Hackney, for instance, contains 40,000 electors. At the election in 1868, the candidate at the head of the poll got only 14,785 votes, or about one-third of the entire constituency, in virtue of which return, he exercises as much power as if he had received the whole 40,000 votes. An extension of this item of consideration will prove that the House of Commons wields a power derived from electors, who, in the aggregate, are a small minority of the electors of the whole country.

The third objection is that if 101 vote one way, and 99 the other, the 99 are not represented at all. No matter how compactly and faithfully they may have voted, unless they happen to outvote their opponents they are consigned to a position in which they might as well be politically dead and buried until the next election. This state of things, which prevails to a great extent in the case of every contested seat, is the more glaring where the defeated minority, being nearly half, perhaps, of a popular constituency, outnumbers ten-fold or a hundred-fold the majority of other constituencies which obtain an excessively inordinate share of power. It will suffice to instance the 69 electors of Portarlington, who have a member all to themselves, and the 15,000 who voted at Liverpool for a candidate, who was nevertheless excluded from the representation of that borough. There are numberless milder contrasts that may be quoted, without end, in proof of the fallacious nature of the theory that the present House of Commons is truly representative of the whole country.

The fourth objection is, that unsuccessful voters are, in addition to the injustice of not being represented at all, obliged to submit to the

mortification of seeing the power ostensibly derived from them transferred to the credit of their political opponents. The majority being 101, and the minority 99, and the former being alone victorious, the power of the 99 is forthwith transferred and counted in the House to an effect precisely the reverse of the recorded intention. The most recent case in practice is that of Preston. The total number of voters is 10,204, only 4,542 of whom voted for the successful candidate. Of the rest, 1,848 did not vote at all, and the successful candidate gets credit for them at any rate. The remaining 3,824 voted for the unsuccessful candidate, and though they outnumber by far the average number of voters in virtue of whose votes members sit in Parliament, their votes are not merely blotted out, but are practically put to the credit of their opponent, for he is entitled to exercise the same power as if they had voted for him instead of against him. Nothing can be more demoralizing than such a state of things. Those 1,848 electors who were not sufficiently enamoured of either candidate are made to count in favour of the lucky man despite their abstention, and the 3,824 are put pell-mell into the same scale, regardless of the fact that they voted unanimously to the contrary effect. It is sheer nonsense to presume that the successful candidate represents Preston, when only a trifle more than three-sevenths of the electors voted for him. Such a presumption only brings representation into degradation and contempt.

The fifth objection transcends all the others in importance and force. It is that, as constituencies and elections are now contrived, the result rests neither with the majority, nor the minority, nor with any other known element of calculation, but with the foul residuum, into whose hands the result of nearly every election actually falls. In the recent case of Preston, just quoted, the recorded majority of the successful candidate over his opponent was 718 out of 4,542; clearly, therefore, the decision rested not with the whole 4,542, as is roughly supposed, but with only 360; for had they been induced to vote contrariwise, the result would have been reversed. It will be observed, therefore, that a fraction over three per cent. of the constituency held the real power of all the electors in their own hands: the decision was at their option as fully as if they had been the only persons entitled to vote. An investigation of electoral returns shows that, as a general rule, the scale is turned by fewer than three per cent. of the electors, and a preponderance of less than a dozen persons is often sufficient. The consequence is that the representation of the whole country is consigned to a mere handful of clever rascals and ignorant fools who, by means of bribery, intimidation, false promises, unhesitating lies, and all the other various forms of electoral hocussing, are made to play the

parts of extinguishers of the representative power of their fellow citizens. Where there is any doubt about the proportion of parties, accidents of association and education will generally divide constituents pretty equally; and all that a candidate has to do to ensure success is to operate upon three or five per cent. of the electors more than his opponent, and his party will usually make up the rest of his account. It is an appreciation of this phase of electioneering which has elevated canvassing into so much importance, because the experienced agent knows that he has only to cajole from three to five of every hundred of the voters to secure success. It is this which makes a publican such a valuable electioneering ally; not that he possesses influence upon the electors at large, who neither know nor care anything about him, but because he usually knows and has conversational influence over half-a-dozen or so of voters, by a few aggregations of whom it is well known the final decision is possessed.

Fair consideration of the aforesaid five objections, without reference to minor ones, will convince every reader that the present system is a delusive pretence of representation. The House of Commons is not a representative body at all, but a chapter of accidents—accidents of history and accidents of to-day. It may be an honest House enough —it may be an efficient House—it may be more efficient than any other, past, present, or to come; but that is no answer to the allegation that it is not a representative House, as it certainly is not. It is not representative of majorities, for there are scarcely a score of members who have polled a majority of their constituents. It is not representative of minorities, for they are carefully excluded from a particle of participation. It is not even representative of the chicanery and corruption of electioneering, for that is only so much groping in the dark, the aggregate result of which no one can tell.

No doubt it suits the professional electioneering craft to make merry about these little matters, for which they are prepared forthwith to make excuse. They and the peace-at-any-price party unite in pious adjurations to spare the constitutional tree and to touch not a single bough. They are never tired of expatiating upon the necessary imperfections of all human institutions, and that it is vain and idle to attempt the cure of inevitable evils. The generality of people, whilst admitting the force of the objections enumerated above, are mostly disposed to admit them as arguments against frequent appeals to the country—against short Parliaments and all that sort of thing; for, as a rule, there is no notion that there is any alternative between elections pretty much as they are, and no elections at all; and therefore, if all these evils are associated with elections, the only remedy is to have as few of them as possible.

But those who are fully aroused to the importance of the discovery that the old modes are delusive are averse to any so-called reforms which are not calculated to meet the objections referred to. The nature of their objection to patching up electoral law is happily expressed in a remarkable passage in the address of the Attorney-General at the recent Social Science Congress, when he said, 'It is one thing to acquiesce in an anomaly which we have received from our ancestors; it is quite another to enact it afresh, and to stamp with our approbation what is unworthy of it.' Out of this sentiment has arisen what is called 'Proportional Representation.' Something of the kind has been independently thought of and written about in several countries, but that may be passed by for a moment, for Proportional Representation is a name given to ideas cherished in England, arising out of what is known in certain narrow circles as 'Mr. Hare's Scheme.' Exception may be taken to the expression '*narrow* circles,' because the scheme has been disclosed ever since 1857; but it is none the less true that, so far as the great bulk of the people are concerned, they have never heard of it; and so far as those who have heard of it are concerned, most of them know little of it and care less. The reason is, that it has never been put forth in a popular form, and has excited little or no interest and no enthusiasm whatever, except amongst a few leisurely gentlemen and ladies who have been dealing with it too much as an electoral toy, with which to amuse an occasional half hour, or to fill up an afternoon now and then with a friendly meeting, where they have had all the talking to themselves. Very likely these gentlemen and ladies may demur to this. Conscious that they have given the scheme some attention, and that they have written sundry books and pamphlets with a view to its elucidation, they perhaps imagine that other people have become equally interested, and have duly read and accepted the opinions published. But if any of those advocates of the scheme will make inquiry in the work-a-day world, they will soon be convinced how little impression they have made. Those who have taken special interest in politics for some years, and have expressly studied representative plans, of course know something about it. Working men who read, and who engage in the furtherance of advanced opinions, have freely talked about it; but, considering the years it has passed through, and the amount of printing that has been done for it, it is surprising what little hold it has taken upon the minds of practical politicians, how little it is known amongst the masses, and how very few there are who profess to understand it. And the most remarkable peculiarity of the scheme is, that nearly everyone who has written about it has suggested modifications; indeed, if all the modifications

which have been proposed by its various patrons were to be adopted, the whole scheme would be nearly modified to death. Another peculiarity is, that all those who have taken upon themselves to advocate or elucidate the scheme have said, with singular unanimity, that it is simple and not complicated. Such reiteration is, in fact, the best possible proof that it is not simple, and that it is complicated. No one thinks it worth while to say much in proof that a circle is round, or that a square has four equal sides and angles, they being self-evident facts. If the scheme were simple, and not complicated, it would appeal as such to every understanding; whereas, every advocate, from the author downwards, has felt it necessary to apologise for its exceedingly tortuous and inconclusive provisions. When one reads the repeated protestations of simplicity, one is reminded of the tickets so often displayed in shop windows: '2*s.* 5½*d.*, *very cheap*:' '39*s.* 6*d.*, *really elegant*'; and so on. If the cheapness and elegance were so clearly apparent, observers might be trusted to find that out spontaneously, and so it is with that protestation concerning the simplicity of Mr. Hare's Scheme, which simplicity no one ever discovers in the first instance for himself. Mr. Mill admits that it appeared complicated to him at first, and the same may be presumed of men of less mental power. As to those who have read and re-read, and so advanced a laborious step at a time to the end, it may be safely presumed that many of them have reflected, that whether it is worth while to go through so much to learn so little is a matter of opinion.

Passing by all the other novelties which Mr. Hare's scheme abounds with, the one for present consideration is his contrivance for Alternative Voting. All his friends, however much they may have modified him for their own individual satisfaction, have concurred in some form or other in this leading feature, which it will be convenient to refer to in detail later on. Accordingly, in 1867, Mr. Mill rose in his place in Parliament, and, leaving out all Mr. Hare's other electoral inventions, proposed the adoption of Alternative Voting, which he then called 'Personal Representation.' Of course the proposal was rejected, but further discussions within the aforesaid narrow circles have again led to an alteration of name, so that the last designation of that portion of Mr. Hare's scheme is 'Proportional Representation,' and under that name it was again heard of in Parliament last session.

Of course the expression 'Proportional Representation' might be applied to a proposal for equal electoral districts, or any other adjustment of that primitive nature, but it has really now become so far identified with Alternative Voting as to be regarded as the same thing; for the associates and co-promoters of Mr. Hare's scheme seem to have made up their minds that Alternative Voting is the best remedy for

the present imperfect modes of conducting elections. Amongst writers on the subject, Mrs. Henry Fawcett has taken a genial and candid part, leaning decidedly in its favour, but evidently hesitating to adopt it thoroughly. The most enthusiastic advocate, however, of Mr. Hare's scheme, as well as of Alternative Voting, is Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P. for Plymouth, who introduced a Bill last Spring for promoting Proportional Representation, and he succeeded in carrying it forward to an interesting but not very practical debate, which was only a preliminary to the quietus of the Bill.

Some may think that with that Bill the subject may drop. On the contrary, there is a growing party in favour of Alternative Voting as the only means of obtaining the Proportional Representation desired. At such a time, when the party are gathering their forces for another determined advance, it cannot fail to be worth while to consider this new device, not from the point of view of those who have committed themselves to its advocacy, but from a free platform.

In order to carry out Alternative Voting to its utmost limits, Mr. Hare advocates arrangements which would virtually convert the whole country into one constituency. As this is one of Mr. Hare's numerous 'difficulties,' it has of course been modified, and Mr. Morrison's modification was embodied in his Bill, which proposed a perfectly arbitrary set of new constituencies of which none should return less than 3 members; Liverpool having 11, Birmingham 7, and so on in proportion to population. The objection to the map of constituencies was that it was entirely arbitrary and governed by no invariable principle save the fancy of the author; but that is not the subject to be remarked upon. The part most contended for was Alternative Voting, and Mr. Morrison thus described it in his speech:—'The voter himself would arrange on his voting paper the names of several candidates in the order of his preference, the voting paper showing on its face that the vote would only be reckoned for one candidate.' The voter would vote A, B, C, &c., &c. If A did not need his vote B would get it; if B did not need it C would get it. That, of course, is simplicity itself. But there are two rather ponderous difficulties even at this point. As each voter must determine for himself the order of his own preference, the names must be written by him, and though each voter wrote only three names, the time occupied must be almost interminable; that is, supposing every voter could write with facility; but as so many cannot write at all, and probably two-thirds of every borough constituency are little accustomed to the free use of their pens, it must indeed be a long day that would suffice to get through the pollings.

But let those considerations be considered waived; let every objection of that kind be thrown in as can be well afforded; let it be

presumed that every voter can write freely and so get the polling over easily—the work is only just begun. What seems so simple when considered with reference to only one voting paper is really and truly a hopeless maze when thousands have to be taken into account. One hundred will do for illustration as well as a million. No candidate is to have credited to him more than what is called a quota. Supposing 100 electors to be entitled to 10 members, 10 would be the quota. If A gets say 20 primary votes, 10 are to be retained for him and 10 are to be passed on to B or any other candidate appearing second on each paper respectively. But the question is which 10 are to be retained, and which passed on. Half may be in favour of B and the other half of C. Supposing the papers to be taken at option, the returning officer may return which of the two latter he pleases. Supposing the transfer to be in the order of voting, then the numbering of the papers and not the choice of the electors would decide it. Mr. Hare proposes to take the order of voting as a rule, but the Ballot has rendered that impossible. Finally, by shuffling the papers, and going over them twice, two different returns may usually be obtained. Mr. Morrison seems to have become convinced that this difficulty can be got over, and has tried new rules of his own, as embodied in his Bill, whereby those who vote for the fewest candidates are to be counted first, so that he who takes the trouble to vote for the most candidates would probably be rewarded for his perseverance by his vote becoming worthless. But the presumptions all through, from Mr. Hare to Mr. Morrison, appear to be that the elector, happy in the exercise of voting how he pleases, will not be likely to care (and he certainly can never *know*, if he votes for two or more) how his vote is appropriated or whether it is appropriated at all.

How slight, however, must be the uncertainty of the voter compared to the bewilderment of the unhappy returning officer—that is if he has a conscience. In the absence of a conscience nothing can be easier, because, as the return could rarely be made to come out the same twice there could be no scrutiny, no check, no investigation, and no responsibility. In that case there could be no doubt about the 'working' of the scheme, though there is a doubt whether excited voters in stirring times would submit to be worked; and if they did, whether they would be justified in their submission.

To the thoroughly seasoned advocate of Alternative Voting, all these objections go for nothing. They are so enamoured of their hobby that demonstration will not convince them—it is as thunder to the deaf or lightning to the blind. Make a set of voting papers, and try them over—you will never favour Alternative Voting again; but do not suppose that you can by such means convince the

philosopher who has got thoroughly into the working of this alternative groove.

Mr. Morrison, in his speech upon his Bill, as a matter of course, in common with all his co-advocates, said that the plan was not complicated, and that the rules were simple. No one doubts it: they are so simple as to be entirely inadequate to unravel the complication of the circumstances to the satisfaction of any unbiassed critic. He also said that the system had been tried in America, in Denmark, and at Bolton during the Co-operative Congress this year. The experiments referred to in America were on a very limited scale, and reports in their favour are from distinct partizans. It will suffice, therefore, to glance at Bolton and Denmark.

Having said that the plan had worked well in Denmark, Mr. Morrison continued to say that 'he had himself suggested it to the delegates at the Co-operative Congress at Bolton last spring—the voting went off without the slightest hitch. Those who maintained that the system was complicated in operation must meet these facts.' By all means.

It is quite true that, out of compliment to Mr. Morrison, a mere handful of co-operators did agree at a meeting to conduct an election according to the orthodox plan of Alternative Voting. It is quite correct that there was not 'the *slightest* hitch,' but it was one *great* hitch throughout. The complications were so numerous that there was not time to explain. The persons charged with the return abandoned the idea of a quota, because they found it would not work; so the essential principle of the thing was thrown overboard, and the election resolved itself by accident into an old-fashioned election by means of voting papers. Consequently the Bolton experiment, instead of being an argument in favour of Alternative Voting, is an argument against it.

And now let the facts for Denmark be met. The electoral law in force there is the invention of Mr. Andræ, and it resembles Mr. Hare's Alternative Voting so nearly as to be substantially the same thing; for erroneous ideas, like epidemics, are apt to break out in several places simultaneously. Mr. Andræ's electoral law was adopted in Denmark in 1855, and, as it was brought under the notice of our Government, the then Secretary of Legation for Denmark (Mr. Lytton) was instructed to report upon the subject. The report is an admirable one, and it informs us, in the first place, that the law in Denmark applies in practice to the election of only 45 members by a population, including women and children, of only 2,604,024. The insignificance of those figures should be accepted as a sufficient answer; but let that pass. Mr. Morrison says—'Mr. Andræ and Mr. Lytton, *a perfectly disinterested witness*, bear evidence as to its simplicity in actual working.'

Mr. Andræ, the author, can scarcely be esteemed 'a perfectly disinterested witness;' and as for Mr. Lytton, his report, though candid to the extent of inconvenience, is coloured by very palpable apologies for numerous imperfections, evidently arising out of a personal friendship with Mr. Andræ. Notwithstanding, he gives us particulars which show that during every election provision is made for *drawing lots* no less than *four times* at so many respective stages. That alone should be a sufficient objection to any well-regulated mind.

As to complications and simplicity, Mr. Lytton says:—'The subject under consideration is so suggestive, and demands for its thorough comprehension an examination so various and minute, that I cannot possibly hope to do more on the present occasion than indicate ground for fuller and further inquiry.' Thus the plan which is said to be not above the comprehension of the average voter, proved too much for our experienced diplomatist.

Concerning the efficacy of the law, Mr. Lytton says:—'Elaborate objections have been made to the law by persons whose natural acuteness entitles their opinion to be gravely considered. I must avow that the impression I have derived from the general result of my inquiries, is that *that the law is not popular* in this country. Mr. Andræ himself has publicly admitted, with some natural bitterness, that his law is *generally ridiculed* as an absurd law. I believe that this is a fact. I have heard it described as a *ludicrous law*. I have also heard it described as an *unintelligible law;* and I have heard it described as an *impracticable law*. It has been gravely asserted in an *able and influential organ* of the public press, that the law does not *in practice* attain the ends to which it is directed in theory, and that it affords no virtual guarantee for the representation of majorities and minorities in just and adequate proportion.'

Could there be a more crushing condemnation of anything than those pungent sentences? It is simply astounding that Mr. Morrison should appeal in Parliament to such evidence as being in favour of the system in question. It is true that Mr. Lytton attempted to reply to the objections so forcibly urged, but an examination of his report will convince anyone that he completely failed to substantiate favourable facts, or to answer adverse opinions.

The only possible explanation of the submission of the Danes to anything of the kind is that they are few and widely scattered, and they have never enjoyed the pretence of popular representation. The peculiar constitution of Denmark has enabled the ruling classes to impose upon the people a law which they were unable to resist; and that is the best that can be said of the whole business.

Admitting all the defects alleged of existing electoral procedure in

England, it is certain that alternative voting is not the remedy to apply. By the testimony of all independent critics it is inextricably complicated in theory, and the experience of Denmark and Bolton exhibit it as a failure in practice; and one of the least objections to it in Denmark is that the electoral law provides for successive intervals of eight days, six days, and fifteen days, making about a month for the completion of an election. Such a delay would be intolerable in England, but it is doubtful whether Mr. Hare's scheme, in its integrity, would admit of the completion of an election in twelve months.

Whether any new process is forthcoming, rejecting old lines, and avoiding the complications of Alternative Voting, remains to be seen.

A Blackberry Bush in Autumn.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood.

Some years ago an Australian settler was on a journey, and, as he travelled, he saw what he took for the moment to be a blackberry bush. Of course it was not a blackberry bush, but the very semblance of the familiar bramble, with its well-remembered berries, so stirred his recollections of childhood, that he could not rest until he was on his way back to the old country. I can fully sympathise with his feelings, for I confess to a very strong affection for the blackberry, which I always visit whenever there is an opportunity, though I care not for its fruit.

Within a few yards of my house there is one blackberry bush for which I have the strongest admiration, and there are few days when I do not visit it. It stands by itself in a pasture field, of which it forms one of the most conspicuous features.

There are plenty of trees in the field. Nearest to the blackberry is a clump of horse-chestnuts, one of which is rapidly dying, having evidently been attacked by the great white grub of the stagbeetle, an insect which absolutely swarms in this part of the country, and which, as it passes several years in the larval state, and feeds all the while upon the tree, makes no small damage in the neighbourhood.

It is easy to detect the trees that are afflicted with this destroyer. They first show signs of decay in the upper branches, and the tree gradually dies down to the root. If it be cut down, and the stump opened, the cause of the disease will at once be evident in the shape of large, soft, grey, white, shining grubs, with very large and lumpy tails, a pair of horny, powerful jaws, between which any one who gets his finger will repent it, and so obese, that like Basil Hall's fat pig 'Jenny,' the creatures cannot stand on their little legs, but are obliged to lie perpetually on their sides.

At some distance is a row of silver birches, their shining stems glis-

tening against the background of brackens which stretch beyond them; a tall, weeping birch waves its feathery plumage in the breeze, and around is a fringe of elms, oaks, and poplars, with one or two fine cedars spreading their 'dark layers of shade' in the middle distance.

It might seem that a simple blackberry bush would look quite insignificant in the midst of such surroundings; but, in reality, they only serve to set forth its beauty, there being no similarity, and therefore no rivalry between the forest trees and the blackberry bush.

But it is not an ordinary blackberry, but the very king of blackberries. It forms a round clump, some ten feet in height, and fifty in circumference, looking in the distance more like a haystack than a blackberry bush. It owes its form entirely to nature, and not to art, the long, flexible stems having sprung up, and when they became too heavy to bear their own weight, having drooped over until they touched the ground. This has gone on year by year, each season adding to the size of the clump, and therefore to the length of the new stems. One stem of this year's growth is at least twenty feet in length, and at its base about as thick as a man's thumb. It has sprung from the middle of the clump, forced its way to the light, and then continued to grow so rapidly when it could put forth its leaves, that it has overhung the whole of the clump, and its end lies trailing over the ground. Just in the same way, and for the same reason, the ferns in the New Forest run up to considerable heights, often exceeding eleven feet from the ground to their tips.

If the long, trailing branches be drawn aside, the whole clump is seen to be constituted in a most curious manner. A mere shell of foliage and living shoots envelopes it, while the centre is composed of a thick, tangled mass of dead, dry, and shrivelled branches, through which a few powerful shoots, such as that which has just been mentioned, have forced their way. Such a spot as this is just the place which rabbits love. All round the clump their resting places are at once discernible by a practised eye, the grass being pressed downwards in a sort of partial spiral, caused by the way in which the animals turn round and round before they lie down—a relic of wild life which has survived even in our domestic dogs. Many birds, by the way, make the foundation of their nests after a similar fashion, arranging a quantity of grass in the required place, sitting on it, and spinning round and round until they have worked a suitable hollow in it. Some thirty of these resting places are plainly seen, and while I was looking at the clump the other day, out popped a rabbit, without noticing me, as I was standing perfectly still. Suddenly the little animal detected a strange presence, and scuttled back again with much more haste than it had come out.

As to position, this splendid blackberry bush is most favourably situated, being sheltered by trees on nearly every side, and only exposed towards the south. So much for the bush itself; now let us note its aspect in two periods of the autumn, namely, the beginning and towards the end.

It is a fine, warm, but not sultry day at the beginning of autumn, with a rather smart breeze, which is very pleasant in one respect, but rather disagreeable in another, inasmuch as it keeps at home so many insects, which would otherwise be abroad.

As far as flowers and leaves go, the bush is in its prime. Its whole surface is covered with flowers in various stages of progress. Some of them have nearly run their course; their petals are bent backwards, so as to show their numerous yellow stamens, and the nascent berry beneath them—rough, small, and giving little promise of its future excellence. On the same branches are very pale green, sharply pointed buds, that are yet unopened, while others have just broken the green calyx, so as to show the pinky petals as they lie folded within. Except the way in which the ample gauzy wings of the earwig are folded under its tiny wing-case, I know no natural packing so wonderful as that of a flower while yet in its bud state. Even with the small petals of the blackberry, the arrangement of the folds is worthy of attention; but in large-petaled flowers, which are often enclosed in comparatively small buds, the complicated and yet simple disposition of the folded petal is almost beyond the power of description—entirely beyond it without the aid of explanatory diagrams.

The leaves are all of the brightest green, with two exceptions. On many of them are the tortuous tracks of the tiny leaf-miner caterpillar, creatures so small that they pass the whole of their lives between the upper and under surfaces of the leaves, feeding on the soft substance, called parenchyma, that lies between them. Often they light on the toothed edge of the leaf, and whenever they do so they seem unable to quit the edge, though we think they would find more nutriment by following the example of many of their fellows, and eating their way boldly into the middle of the leaf. But, like the mariners of old, who were always obliged to keep near the shore, they were afraid to trust themselves in the open leaf, and followed every little projection with conscientious regularity.

Any one who wants to know how gorgeous a British insect can be, let him tie a piece of gauze over some of these mined leaves, and watch them until a tiny moth appears in the gauze, the perfect form of the little caterpillar that made the zigzag track. It will be so small that it hardly looks like a moth at all, its outspread wings together not being as large as the letter O. Take the little creature to the micro-

scope, concentrate a beam of light on it, and then, if you can, find words to describe its glories. It is useless to do so by comparing it with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, gold, or so forth, because the moth infinitely surpasses the gems, and if we say that some imperial suite of jewels approaches the splendour of the leaf-mining moth, we should almost appear to be disparaging the insect. There are plenty of these wondrous little moths, every species having its own special beauties.

Some of the leaves are seen to be rolled up in little cylinders, while others are merely doubled, their edges being brought together and fastened. If we pick one of the rolled leaves, out tumbles a little caterpillar, and drops to the ground, letting itself down by means of a silken thread, upon which it means to return to its dwelling when the danger is over. Pick one of the folded leaves, and the inhabitant gives no sign of alarm. Open it carefully, and there is the caterpillar inside, bright green, stretched out quite straight, and pressed so tightly against the inside, that at first sight it is not easy to discriminate between the insect and the leaf.

I noticed, on the same bush, two other curious instances of protective resemblance. One was that of a large tipula, one of those insects we collectively know as Daddy Long-legs. Whenever these flies settled on the bush, they invariably chose the flower-stalk as their resting-place, so that their legs, wings, and bodies became mixed up with the diverging lines of the flower-stalks; and if the eye were once taken from them they could hardly be detected.

The second instance was a much more singular one. Great numbers of the common garden-spiders had hung their wheel-shaped webs among the branches of the bush. One was a very beautiful spider, with a bright green body, so conspicuous, indeed, that I wondered how it could ever escape observation. So I gave the net a jerk, so as to alarm the spider. As soon as she felt the jerk she left the web, ran along a plant to the spot where two leaves sprang from the stem, plunged into the angle formed by their junction, and tucked away her legs under her. In this attitude her green body looked so exactly like a small leaf-bud, that it was hardly possible to persuade myself that the creature was not a suitable bud. And the similitude was increased by a little red spot at the end of the tail, which exactly represented the red top of an unopened bud.

On the particular day which I have mentioned there was too much wind to please the insects, very few of whom, therefore, made their appearance on the blackberry bush. The hive-bees were tolerably busy among the flowers; as, indeed, they always are whenever they have a chance. Humble bees also came with their heavy hum, and

accordingly, when a hive-bee and a humble-bee wanted to take to the same flower there was a difference of opinion, which, however, never came even to the semblance of a fight. Several species of solitary bees also came, more apparently for the pollen than for honey.

Many ichneumon flies were fussing about among the foliage, but I have not yet been able to discover the object of their search. I suspect however some of them at least may have come after the leaf-rolling and leaf-folding caterpillars. We know that there are some ichneumon flies which can even get at larvæ that are buried in the trunks of trees, boring through the solid wood with the long hair-like ovipositor, and contriving, by some wonderful instinct, to hit upon the very spot in which the larva lies hidden, and to pass an egg into its body along the ovipositor. So I thought that these ichneumons, especially those which had tolerably long ovipositors, might be on a similar errand, endeavouring to pierce the caterpillars within their leafy houses. I could not however detect one ichneumon so engaged, though I watched very carefully.

Several species of hoverer-fly were about the bush, settling occasionally on the flowers. These beautiful and strong winged insects care little for wind, and may be seen enjoying their brilliant life on the wing when even the bees scarcely like to venture out of their hives. Some of them bear a curious resemblance to wasps, and others to bees, so closely imitating the insect, not only in shape and colour, but in action, that no one who is not a practical entomologist will venture to take one in his hand.

Of beetles there were but very few. Some of the tiny pear-shaped weevils were crawling slowly over the leaves, clinging to them very firmly, considering that they were sharply agitated by the wind. Some of the long-bodied, soft-skinned beetles, known as soldiers and sailors, according to their red or blue colour, were paying their respects to the blossoms. They are usually to be found on umbelliferous flowers, but there are few plants on which they may not be seen. They are rather quick on foot, and have a fashion of quivering their long antennæ in a manner exactly resembling that of the ichneumon flies.

There is a peculiar trait of character among these beetles. Being so soft-bodied, they seem little fit for combat, and yet there are no insects more apt to fight, or more ferocious in their battles. They are as fierce and quarrelsome as game-cocks, and, like them, will fight to the very death. But the game-cock when he has vanquished his opponent merely proclaims his victory aloud and leaves his antagonist, whether he be dead or disabled. But the soldier and sailor beetles are not satisfied with the death of their adversaries, but must need consummate their victory by eating their conquered foes. *Væ victis* is their motto,

and thoroughly is it carried out. If the doctrine of development be true, the Figians must have been soldier beetles at some early stage of their progress towards humanity, and retained their custom of devouring their slain foes, though they have sadly deteriorated in point of courage.

TOWARDS THE END OF AUTUMN.—The Blackberry bush assumes a new aspect.

It is different in itself, its surroundings are different, and its visitants are different. The clump of distant trees on its western side gives many a sign that the foliage has passed its prime and has taken the first step towards decay. The leaves have darkened, and many of them show the brown tint of fading life round their edges, while the whole tree is studded with the green balls of the prickly fruit, some of which have burst and shed their richly coloured contents, while others hang unbroken on the boughs. The birch trees show bright yellow spots here and there among their foliage, the elms are dropping their leaves and are visibly more bare than they were a fortnight ago, while the background of bracken has lost its beautiful green, and is little more than a mass of yellow and brown, flecked sparely with green where a few of the younger plants still preserve their colour. Only the oaks remain apparently unchanged, but then they are always late, both in getting their foliage and losing it. Indeed, so tenacious are the leaves of their hold, that they cling to their branches throughout the winter, and only fall when the new leaves of the ensuing spring forces them from their place.

But the greatest change of all has fallen on our blackberry bush. All its bright freshness has gone, and there is little to remind us of its vanished beauties. The leaves are dull, harsh, and brittle, and most of them are flecked with many a spot and patch of black, yellow, or brown, while in many cases all three colours are to be found on the same leaf, a few straggling and uncertain dashes of the original green being left between them.

In fact, the leaves have now almost fulfilled their mission both to the plant and its visitants. The winter's repose is at hand, the plant will no more extend its growth; the rootlets which supply it with nourishment have served their office, and the leaves, which are its lungs, need no longer supply it with air. There is a wonderful and very close analogy between a hibernating animal and a tree in winter time. Indeed the latter is truly a living creature, though on a lower plane than the lowest of the animals, and, as a partaker of life, it accepts the two conditions of life—nutriment and respiration. Let the creature, whether

plant or animal, be able to exist for a time without the former of these conditions—or, rather, to exist for a time on a store of nutriment already laid up—and the latter condition may be almost in abeyance.

Take, for example, any of our hibernating animals, from the mammal to the insect, and see how slight and almost imperceptible is the respiration during the time that nourishment ceases. We need not take into consideration those insects which, in a perfect state, take no nourishment whatever, and yet act and respire vigorously. Everyone of them lives but a very short life. They are burning away the stores of fuel already laid up, and a few days at most are the utmost limit of their existence. They have just sufficient vital power to seek their mates and deposit their eggs, and straightway die. But the plant has a comparatively long life before it, and so has the hibernating animal; and therefore during the winter time there is vitality enough to enable the creature to revive itself when the season of spring comes round in its annual course. Specially is this the case with the tree. Battered, withered, pierced, torn, and half-eaten, the leaves of one year could never act as efficient respiratory organs for the increased needs of the tree in the ensuing season. So the old leaves fall in the autumn of the fading year, only to be replaced by fresh and vigorous foliage in the coming spring, their multitudinous air passages unchoked and undamaged, and their myriad mouths wide open to receive the breath of life.

Look, for example, at those leaves of our blackberry-bush, and see how utterly unfit they are for their proper work. There is scarcely one of them that is not in some way injured by causes external to itself. The slime track over some gnawed and scalloped leaves tell that snail or slug, or both, has passed that way. On other leaves the now transparent tracks of the leaf-miner caterpillar show that the respiratory value of that particular leaf is a thing of the past. Next comes one of the rolled or double leaves, abandoned long ago by its original maker, but never tenantless. Open one of these deserted habitations, and out scuttles a spider, or perhaps three or four earwigs, and now and then a woodlouse. If you wish to take a lesson in the art of packing, catch one of the earwigs, kill it by dashing it into boiling water, take it out at once, and unfold one of its wings. When every fold is laid open try to unfold the wing, and put it back in its place. With two hands, a microscope, and unlimited instruments, you will scarcely achieve in two hours the task which the insect completes in two seconds, with nothing but its tail pincers by way of tools.

So much for the leaves at the end of autumn. As for the flowers, they are nearly all gone. A few—a very few—still remain, to which assiduous attention is being paid by sundry bees and hoverer flies, and

all these are on the sheltered side of the bush. Over the whole of the clump the berries have taken the place of the flowers. There is a curious lack of berries through the lower parts of the bush, scarcely a respectable berry being visible within four feet of the ground. This phenomena is soon explained, for I meet a couple of fair golden-haired children, taking turns at driving a wheelbarrow half full of blackberries, every one of which has been picked from this special bush, and to every one of which they are heartily welcome.

All the northern side of the bush is flecked with large tufts of thistle down. The thistles themselves are a long way off, growing on some neglected ground, and the sharp north wind has stripped them of their down, and whirled it along until it has been intercepted by the prickly branches of the blackberry bush. That the whole land is not overrun with thistles we are indebted to the finches, the principal of which in use and beauty is the goldfinch, flocks of which may be seen flitting along the hedges or over the ground, picking up the thistle down as it is whirled lightly along by the wind.

There is still too much wind for insects. In this part of the country at least, which is perched on the top of a hill, the present season has not been favourable for insects. When the weather has been fine and the sun hot, there has been a smart breeze blowing, and when the wind has fallen, the sky has been cloudy, often raining, and the thermometer has fallen. However, the very fact of the windy weather has brought out some insect faculties in a way that could not have been observed during a calm.

For example, the splendid peacock and red admiral butterflies whirl by us, making a circle or two round the bush as if tempted by its flowers or fruit—most likely the latter, and are then carried off by the breeze as if any number of blackberries were not worth the trouble of fighting the wind.

A deep ominous hum and a yellow streak in the air. Another hum and another yellow streak. These are hornets, the last survivors of their community. They have a nest somewhere in the grounds and are going straight to it. In a week or two more not a hornet will be found in the nest, though some females will survive in the winter, hung up somewhere, in bat fashiou, by the claws of their hind legs, eating nothing, and scarcely breathing at all until the succeeding spring-tide releases them to a brief period of activity. Never a male hornet lives through the winter. He is not wanted and therefore does not exist in a world which tolerates no idlers.

Still the ichneumon flies are prowling about, and chief among them is that large, pale yellow species, with its long antennæ and sickle-shaped body, which is called, scientifically, *Ophion luteum*. Looking

to the usual habits of ichneumon, it is rather a night flier than a denizen of day, and has a habit of getting into rooms after the lamps are lighted, flying into the flame, scorching itself, and falling on the table, where it spins about until some one mercifully puts it out of pain. It is rather a formidable insect to handle, and it behaves exactly as if it had a sting, and if touched, brings the end of its body against the fingers just as a wasp or bee would do.

Presently there is a quick ruffling sound, and some large insect swoops past. It is a dragon-fly, which is out on a marauding excursion, taking the blackberry bush as its base of operations. It is curious to see how the movement of a dragon-fly in search of prey resembles that of a flycatcher. The bird takes a stand on some elevated spot, and then makes short flights into the air, catching an insect, and returning to its post. So does the dragon-fly. It picks out some suitable resting-place, and makes that the spot whence it issues in search of prey. It settles, waits for a moment, and then, as if a hidden spring were touched, down go all its wings with a jerk, and the creature remains motionless except its head, which is twisted from side to side in a way that is almost comical, while its great round eyes glow in the sunshine like a pair of opals. Suddenly, and without any previous preparation, off it darts into the air, makes a bold swoop or two, and then returns to the spot whence it started. I noticed two peculiarities in its habits. In the first place, like the daddy-long-legs, which has already been mentioned, the dragon-fly always contrived to make itself look exactly like the object on which it was settled. Its favourite post was a dried twig, from which projected a few withered leaf-stalks and parts of leaves. On this twig the insect took its station, sitting longitudinally, so that its slender body coincided with the outline of the twig, and its motionless wings looked wonderfully like the withered leaves. Not even its legs betrayed it, as they were not spread out, the tip of each foot taking a separate hold, as is generally the case with insects, but were all gathered closely together, like that of a goat when the animal is standing upon a narrow ledge.

In the next place, it invariably darted into the air whenever there came a sharper gust of wind than usual. At first I thought that the insect had simply been blown from its hold, but then reflected that a dragon fly is a powerful and tight-clinging insect, and not likely to allow itself to be blown from its foothold. Moreover, its station was on the sheltered side of the bush, where the effect of the gusty breeze was very trifling. After watching it for a time I found out the motive of its actions—a motive which points rather to reason than to instinct on the part of the dragon-fly.

As a rule, the insects which were on the wing were at such times

unable to resist the sudden gusts of wind, and were whirled away without much power of directing their course. The firm, large, and powerful wings of the dragon-fly, however, were nearly independent of the wind, so that the insect of feeble flight was completely in its power—I was going to say, at its mercy, only that it has none. In fact, the dragon-fly has at such times an advantage over most other flying insects, much like that which is enjoyed by a steamer over a sailing vessel when both are making their way against contrary winds.

In this way insect after insect was captured, various species of frog-hoppers, by the way, appearing to form the staple of the dragon-fly's food. Their two white, milky, slight wings had no chance against the four swift wings of the dragon-fly, which swooped at them as they were blown along helplessly by the wind, caught them with unerring certainty, settled on its resting-place, gobbled them up with a couple of bites, just as a mastiff disposes of a mutton chop, and then looked hungrily round for more prey.

Let everyone who values the balance of Nature protect and encourage the dragon-flies as much as possible. They do no harm in any way, and they do an infinity of good by feeding upon insects, many of which are destructive either to the field, the garden, or the orchard.

ALIAS.

By Compton Reade.

Mrs. Grundy is in Belgravia and Mayfair nothing short of omnipotent. In Tyburnia, however, her sway, if absolute *circa* Connaught Place, and, indeed, as far as Oxford and Cambridge Terrace, weakens palpably at or about the G. W. R. terminus, and collapses into a perfect chaos of revolution in Westbourne Grove. In that quarter of the town of which 'The Grove' is the centre young ladies are not unaccustomed to dispense with the formality of an introduction, and to consider themselves flattered by the attentions of any chance male, whose coat is ever so base an imitation of Poole, whose gloves are tight fitting, and whose moustache is mysterious, not to say stagey.

Not that we are attacking the fair fame of young maidenhood vegetant within the charmed circle of Westbournia. In the abstract there is no impropriety in Mr. A. and Miss B. entering into conversation with a view to present flirtation or ultimate marriage. When Miss Eve, in all her classic beauty, first encountered Mr. Adam as he awoke from his sleep, although there was *à priori* every reason why she should have retired, she nevertheless met her future lord with that confidence which is most admirable in the virgin mind. Other ladies of the primitive age appear to have been equally superior to conventional etiquette. Indeed Ruth excelled at least as much in modest assurance as in filial piety, and Ruth, we know, is to be reverenced as an exemplar by all right-minded young people.

Hence, we will not, if you please, regard Miss Lorna Macartney as an abomination, because on being addressed by a personage of attractive exterior she fails to repel his obtrusive and unauthorised advances. Of course she ought to have pursued her path in downcast silence till her footsteps reached the sheltering arm of some powerful 'Bobby.' But, as a matter of plain fact, Miss Lorna holds no such scruples of conscience. Of the twenty or thirty men of her acquaintance, five at

least have attained that honour by the free exercise of their tongues; and inasmuch as she has contrived to keep not only the aforesaid five, but every one of the others, in due discipline, she opines, not without some show of logic, that Miss Lorna Macartney can take very good care of herself without invoking the aid of Mrs. Grundy or her satellites. And yet she is a decidedly pretty girl, of the Irish type. Her eyes are very effective, her lips full, her figure light and graceful. If beauty be dangerous to its possessor, then assuredly this young lady occupies a position of some little peril, more especially when her interlocutor happens to rise to her ideas of manly perfection.

'I think I saw you at the Botanical Fête,' observes her stranger cavalier, in ever so soft a voice.

They are strolling from 'The Grove' towards Kildare Terrace. It is a bright sunshiny June morning, one of those rare days when even London looks beautiful, and the very Metropolitan sparrows twitter, and the smoke-dried flowers open their petals for joy, and the German bands play within half a quarter of a tone of tune.

'Ye moight have, shure,' she replies in a strong Milesian accent; 'but ye didn't, for me fawther sint back the tickits to Lorrud Kilwhiskee—that's his cousin, shure.'

'Whatever made him do that?' inquires he.

'Faix,' she whispers, 'd'ye see he'd have had to buy mesilf and me sisther a pair of new dresses, and maybe it wasn't convanient.'

'All papas are stingy,' he rejoins.

'No,' she answers him; 'me fawther isn't exactly mane; but he's not rich—at laste not as he ought to be.'

'Property badly invested,' he suggests coolly.

'That's thrue; for isn't it invisted in di'monds which bring in no intherest at all at all.'

'But they're very valuable. Besides, I think diamonds would become his daughter.'

'Ye're flatthering me!'—earnestly. She is beginning to reckon this stranger very handsome, as indeed he is, though a better reader of physiognomy would have been repelled by the *diablerie* in the man's eyes.

'Not at all. If you'll tell me when and where you next wear them I'll—' He pauses, for it occurs to him that his only chance of catching sight of her would be to linger about the doorstep of her dwelling, wherever that may be. Perhaps her father is a jeweller by trade.

'Then ye'll not have the chance,' she avers; 'for it happens that the jools and the plate and furniture is all stored away at the Canal Wharf. Me fawther, when we moved up to London had 'em sent up from Staffordshire be boat.'

He opens his eyes in surprise. Diamonds at a canal wharf! What can it mean?

'If they was'nt fam'ly jools and plate me fawther would sell them, shure,' she continues. 'Didn't I hear 'um say so? But—I am revayling family sacrits.'

The handsome stranger makes up his mind that this is one of the most peculiar young people he has ever had the honour of escorting through London. Not having, however, any further remark to make on these interesting family topics he relapses into smiling silence.'

'And hwat,' asks she after a pause, 'may your name be? Since ye've made bould to inthrojuce yourself, I'd like to know who y'are?'

The handsome stranger gazes for a moment upwards. Then he replies with his usual stereotyped smile:

'My name is Mitchell De Valmy—I—'

'De hwat?' she interrupts.

'Mitchell De Valmy. I was—haw—formerly in the army. My family is French: in fact, I might assume a title if I were disposed; but in this country I prefer to be plain Mister. People are incredulous about French nobility.'

She looks at once surprised and interested. 'May be ye're a Baron?' she insinuates, with enquiring eyes.

'Haw—no—a Marquis. The Marquis De Valmy.'

'And would your wife be the Marchioness?' This with charming artlessness. She is but ill-read in the social bible.

'Quite so.' He is gazing upon her rather sternly perhaps now for a Lovelace.

'That'd be moighty agrayable for her, shure. She'd take the shoine out of Lady Kilwhiskee, whose only a plain Countess.'

M. De Valmy laughs heartily. 'Is her Ladyship related to you?' he enquires in an indifferent tone.

'She's me fawther's second cousin once removed. I belave that's the roight arithmetic of the relationship,' she replies. 'But stop, be this and be that Mr. De Valmy, I persave me fawther himsilf com'n down the strate, and he's got the timper of—of a toiger. H'what will I do? Be jabers, but I'll inthrojuce ye as Mr. Price, the dthrawing-master at Miss M'Quae's school, where I used to lurren till they could'nt afford to pay the bill.' She is candid, this nymph of the Emerald Isle.

De Valmy gives a strange start at her proposal; but 'ere he has time to reply, they are face to face with a tall, grisly Irishman, who greets him with amazing cordiality, having been introduced by his daughter as Captain Macartney.

'Bedad, sir, proud of your acquaintance. I was always fond of art,

and respected artists. Me Cousin Kilwhiskee, Lorrud Kilwhiskee—d'ye know him? He was in the awmee, in the same rig'mint as meesilf. Me Cousin Kilwhiskee was a divil of an artist in his younger days, and minny's the toime I've gone sketching with him in Oireland. Animals was his line. He could dthraw a pig or a horse aqually well, that is, of coorse, before that the dthrink made the poor boy's hand to shake. The only thing he paints now is his nose, and bedad——'

'We mustn't keep Mr. Price. His toime is money, shure,' interrupts Miss Lorna, anxious to terminate the interview, lest the pseudo Price should commit himself in some way. Whereupon the gallant Captain lurches off, bowing profusely, and evincing not the slightest displeasure at his daughter promenading the streets with a good-looking stranger. Perhaps he thinks that she might do worse than form an alliance with a drawing-master.

'Now,' exclaims our young lady, 'Misther Marquis, I'm obliged intoirely by your comp'ny; but I won't run any more risks of a row this morning. I moight mate me aunt, or me mother, and they'd be mortial jillous, ye see. So good-bye t'ye, Misther Marquis.' She gives him her hand, with a bright laugh in her eye, and a smile twitching the corner of her lip. He is quite courteous enough to hold it till he gets a reply to his eager request, that he may have the pleasure of meeting her again soon somewhere.

'I'm afraid I'll not be able,' she avers, drawing her little hand away from his grasp. 'Ye persave that I'm in gineral accomp'nied by me sisther or one of the family.

'Not *always*,' he urges, cool as a cucumber.

'Let me think. To-day is Monday, shure, and, be the same token, to-morrow's Tuesday. Well then, Misther Marquis, I'll take lave to tell ye, that on a Tuesday afternoon I'm *niver* be any chance in the Kensington Gardens; at laste, I would say, niver about three o'clock in the afthernoon.'

She has escaped now, and is flitting away in the direction of Notting Hill, and he—he turns on his heel leisurely, and lighting a cigar, strolls back towards 'The Grove' in search of some fresh adventure. He has, after the manner of his kind, perambulated twice from the Royal Oak to Archer Street, and from Archer Street to the Royal Oak, when, at the corner of the Hereford Road, he espies a very pretty face in close confab with an elderly lady. Soon they part, the unattractive one descending into the shades of 'The Grove,' the young girl tripping off gaily up the dull Hereford Road.

To follow her is but to obey the instincts of his naughty nature. His more lengthy limbs soon overtake her; whereupon, raising his

hat, he produces an envelope from his tail pocket, and calmly enquires if she has dropped it?

'Shure, I've not,' is the answer, in a brogue as rich as that of Miss Lorna Macartney. 'But I'm obliged to ye all the same,' and she directs a very fine pair of blue eyes upwards in the direction of his moustache, which, as has been asserted before, is *the* feature of his handsome face.

'Will you allow me to walk home with you?' he suggests, suiting the action to the word, and placing himself by her side on the pavement.

'Faix thin its blush'n, I am,' she answers, but she does not appear quite as offended as would have become a right-minded young person of her tender years, and budding beauty.

Hereford Road being quiet enough, as they fall into conversation, these two are content to use it as a promenade. In a country town the inhabitants of a sober terrace would be scandalized to the acme of gossip at such a proceeding. In London happily every one minds her own business.

The ordinary prattle of a professional love-maker to a lively girl is perhaps hardly worth recording. She tells him that he may know her as 'Ellen,' but is discreetly reticent as to her surname. She hints, however, that her 'fawther was once in the awmee, also that he has connections in the peerage, and is moighty particular, especially in regord to his daughthers,' from which he may gather that she has at least one sister, if not half a dozen.

'And now,' she says, 'since I've tould ye so much about mesilf, perhaps I'd like to know hwat and who y'are, Misther Sthranger?'

He smiles. 'My name is—hum—Cavendish, at your service—Captain Cavendish. I, too, as you may be aware from my name, have relations in—hum—the House of Lords.'

''Deed shure? Me fawther's very partial to the good ould blood; in fact, Captain, we're the ouldest fam'ly in the ouldest county in Oireland and that's thrue, and we've di'monds and all sorts of rare jools belonging to the fam'ly, though we are just now poor or ye wouldn't persave me in this shabby dthress that I wore last sayson.'

'You would look lovely in anything,' he retorts; whereupon she calls him 'a gay dissayver,' and announces her intention of returning to 'urrly dinner.'

'I hope I may have the pleasure,' he begins.

'There now, that's the way wid you men. Give ye an inch and ye'll ask for an ell. Ye want to mate me somewheres I'll vouch for't. Be asy now and lave me to go home by mesilf, lest we should run

against me aunt, who'se got a divil of a tongue in her mouth, let me tell ye.'

She tries to escape in a pretty coy fashion, but he still walks by her side pertinaciously.

'Be off wid ye, Captain, or I'll be angry. Ye want to make an appointment? Well thin. I'll be in Kensington Gardens at three o'clock to morrow.'

'Not to-morrow. I'm engaged then. Shall we say Wednesday?'

She nods an affirmative, and then with one bound relieves herself from her entanglement, speeding her path in the direction of All Saints' Church.

We need not follow further Captain Cavendish, *alias* The Marquis de Valmy, *alias* Mr. Price, drawing master. We will return to Miss Lorna Macartney who has by this time arrived at her quiet home in Lennox Gardens, Notting Hill, and is accomplishing a toilette, preparatory for a leg of mutton and turnips. To her enter with a very flushed face, as of one who has walked against time and for dinner, no less a personage than Miss Ellen who is, be it confessed, the younger sister of Miss Lorna Macartney, and perhaps the wickeder of the pretty pair.

Both young ladies in unison gushingly. 'My dear, I've met such a duck of a man!'

A start of genuine surprise, not unmingled with generous feeling. When one is very happy, one likes others to be raised to the same platform. Champagne itself is not so nice alone as in company.

Both. Do tell.

LORNA. Moine is a marquis—a rale marquis!

ELLEN. And Moine's a captain, a broth of a boy!

LORNA. He'll not be better-looking than Moine.

ELLEN. But I tell ye he is. There couldn't be a handsomer man.

LORNA, *offended.* Faugh; a rayly handsome man of the worruld wouldn't care for a school-girl.

ELLEN, *angrily.* I'll not be a school-girl much longer, for papa, shure, says that I am ould for lissons, and I'll have to lave Miss M'Quae's at the quother.

LORNA, *relenting.* Tell me h'wat the Captain said, dear, and h'wat he looked like? Did he say he loved ye?

ELLEN, *mendaciously.* Yes, shure, he swore eternal consistency. And as for faytures, and heigth, and aristocracy, I belave the Prints of Wales himsilf is nothing to 'um, feathers and all.

LORNA, *coldly.* He'll not bate Moine for looks. Moine is beautiful intoirely.

ELLEN. And did he propose?

LORNA, *with tact.* Hush; d'ye hear mamma on the stairs. I'll tell ye all about 'um affther dinner.

The romantic nonsense which the two girls contrive to utter during the course of the afternoon, and subsequently, when their fond parents imagine them to be wrapt in the arms of Morpheus, can be left to the domain of imagination. Neither of the Misses Macartney are *blasée* Londoners. Their father was for a short time militia-adjutant in Staffordshire, and having resigned that appointment owing to a difference with his colonel on the subject of a debt of honour which the ill-starred Captain could not meet, he has moved to London, where he is subsisting partly on the slender endowment which Mrs. Macartney brought to the altar, and which, luckily for all of them, is not pawnable or saleable, and partly on the beneficence of various friends and cousins to whom he indites periodical appeals, which bring in a steadyish income of something like a couple of hundred pounds per annum. He is a philosopher in mendicity, this Irishman of ours. One rule of his proves his originality, if not his sagacity. It is to avoid procrastination. 'Niver,' he says, 'put off asking your friends for aid till ye actually stand in nade of 't. Requist, shure, a thrifling loan, or timporary assistance, when ye've got your pockets full, and, belave me, ye'll never know want.' However, in spite of this admirable forethought, the Captain somehow never has funds adequate to his necessities, which, if not large, are varied. Hence he has been speculating for some time past on one of his daughters marrying 'a gintleman with a kane sinse of honour,' or, in other words, any male sufficiently pecunious to supply their father with odd fivers and even tenners, *ad libitum.* He knows well enough that both girls are beautiful and fresh; could he only afford it they should be accomplished and habituated to the manners of society, but his purse does not admit of the expense of a good education for them, without a reduction of his wine bill, so he has been content to give Lorna six months of Miss M'Quae's instruction, and then, having induced his sister to pay the schoolmistress's bill, he has *afforded* Ellen the same temporary advantage. Both young ladies have been day-boarders, and during their passage to and fro from school have imbibed that spirit of adoration which is especially observable in a certain class of Bayswater girls holding the position of borderers on the skirts of society proper.

A very difficult time Miss M'Quae has had with Miss Lorna, and she finds Miss Ellen even more disposed to kick over the moral and disciplinary traces of her valuable establishment in Inverness Terrace, W. A staid Scotchwoman, she has an innate horror of the wild Irish, and a brace of wilder ones than the daughters of Captain

Macartney no petticoated pedagogue ever essayed to tame. Miss Ellen and Miss M'Quae are, indeed, on terms of mutual defiance. Of the two the younger has the advantage, for she is as plucky as determined. Hence, in order to keep the peace, the worthy schoolmistress adopts a temporising policy. If Miss Ellen elects to take her departure from the M'Quae Lyceum an hour or so before lessons are concluded, or if she prefers to absent herself altogether, no unpleasant remark is made. If she likes to acquire knowledge, she has every opportunity afforded; if, on the contrary, she finds its acquisition a bore, no pressure is put upon her inclination.

Of this Lorna is fully aware. Hating Miss M'Quae as most girls of her sort do hate a teacher who tries to improve their mind or manners, she has hitherto rather gloried in her younger sister's rebellion. Somehow or other, however, on Tuesday she rather alters her tone, and, on Ellen asserting that she means to take a half-holiday, she reads her a lecture on the reprehensible impropriety of such a neglect of golden opportunities, vowing that she will feel it her duty to tell their mamma should such a flagrant violation of school-rules take place.

Of course, this excess of morality is but a stratagem to keep her sister out of the way. It may be mean, but it assuredly succeeds, for at three o'clock, whilst Ellen is pounding away at a trichord in the worst of tempers, under the supervision of Herr Winkelhaus, the eminent artiste, Lorna is smiling sweetly upon the leaves beneath the grand Kensington Garden's elms, as she listens to the honeyed accents of the handsome being who, to her, is no less than Michel, Marquis de Valmy, a peer of France.

'Lorna,' he whispers, to the half trembling girl on his arm, 'we love each other. You cannot deny it. Say, could you do, could you dare something for my sake?'

'Maybe,' she answers, timidly for one who is usually so self-possessed, not to say courageous.

'You spoke of—of diamonds, and—hum—of other jewels.'

'Yes,' she answers in a tone of surprise, 'there are the family jools, shure. But h'wat of them?'

'Could you put your hand upon them anywhere?'

'I don't know 'pon me loife. Why?'

'Because, Lorna, I love you. Because I wish to fly with you to my native France, and it would be necessary for us to be provided with funds for a long journey to the sunny south, and those funds, alas, I have not at my command—at least not now.'

'But,' she replies, 'h'wat's the use of running away? Faix, ye've only to tell me fawther that ye're a marquis, and darlint, he'd kiss the very ground ye stand on.'

Very annoyed, indeed, does the said Marquis appear at this matter-of-fact speech. 'You don't love me, Lorna,' he begins—'or——'

'I love ye far too much to make a fool of ye,' answers the blushing girl; 'and the best thing you can do is to call on me fawther, and declare yourself like a man, shure.'

'Lorna,' rejoins he, melodramatically, 'there are reasons—reasons which are sealed within my breast, why we should seek our happiness on a distant shore. Again, I ask, can you dare, can you——?'

'Maybe ye've got a woife already.'

'Lorna, you must not sport with my feelings. Can you imagine——?'

'Not I, faith. But there, Marquis dear, niver look so grave, and I'll tell ye a sacret.'

'I'm all smiles,' he answers; and so he is, with a mutability of cuticle worthy the chameleon.

''Deed, then, I may tell ye that I've heard a dale about the fam'ly dimonds, but sorra a one of them have I ever set eyes on. If it wasn't that me fawther talks about 'em to every sthranger that inters the house, I'd disbelave their existince althogither, I would.'

The most noble the Marquis de Valmy again exhibits the character of the chameleon. This time his skin is of a swarthy dark hue, and he bites his lip, and grinds his teeth, as a horse with an uncomfortable bit in his mouth.

'You're niver vexed, shure?' With true feminine perception she realises that something is wrong.

'Not in the least, Miss Lorna Macartney. Only as I have a very particular engagement—I—' taking out an exquisite watch, 'I fear that I must wish you good afternoon. On some future occasion I—'

She turns from him angrily. What can this mean? Does he doubt her veracity? Has he been playing with her? The blood is mounting to her forehead at the bare thought of such treatment. She hastens to give tit for tat.

'On some future occasion, sir, you won't have the benefit of the company of Miss Lorna Macartney in Kensington Gardens.'

But instead of replying, he, with the same imperturbable, impassive smile, raising his hat, turns abruptly on his heel, leaving the fair girl angered, and stung to the quick. *Sic transit* the romance of a summer's day.

Luckily for her, her affectionate sister is so irate at her high-handed demand, that she should devote the beautiful afternoon to the servitude of Miss M'Quae's establishment, that confidences, which might be disagreeable, are at a discount. To be compelled to make a plenary confession that her much vaunted marquis unaccountably has bowed himself off, would be indeed gall and wormwood to the soul of Miss

Lorna—which is Hibernian enough in respect of pride. Much would Ellen wish to learn how the interview with the lover went off; but her sister is cool, defiant, and inimical. If Ellen had been blessed with much power of ratiocination, she would have concluded that the affair was a *fiasco*. But Ellen, on the contrary, judges from a certain solemn dignity in Lorna's deportment, not that her feelings have been outraged, but rather that being *en route* for the coronet of a Marchioness, she thinks it incumbent to forestall the style of manners suitable to her future rank.

And thus it happens that Wednesday dawns chilly enough to both girls. Ellen is on the tiptoe of expectation, for her Captain is to accord her the sunshine of his presence in the course of the afternoon. Were it not for this bright hope she would be rather crushed than not by Lorna's snappish replies, and *silencieuse* demeanour. As it is, she trips off gaily enough to her school, where, in a fit of absence, she addresses Miss MQuae as 'Captain,' and calls Caligula in her Roman history lesson 'Cavendish,' to the great amazement of all the girls, and the scandal of the subordinate mistresses, who are sorely perplexed at such abnormal language.

Three o'clock sees her at her trysting place, where, punctual to a moment, and adorned with the gaudiest of button-holes, appears Captain Cavendish. If the unpleasant affair of yesterday affected his digestion—which by the way was not the case—he would seem to-day to be as brilliant in respect of countenance as in respect of plumage. If his clothes are of excellent cut, his mind would appear to be equally aristocratic in its happy repose. Be he Marquis, be he simple Captain, the man looks very lovely in the eyes of all womanhood —including Ellen Macartney.

'I didn't half think ye'd come,' she says, in a soft, sweet tone. She is very young, very artless—a trifle pert.

'Could you doubt me?' Much business with his eyes, of which the pupils dilate expressively.

'Not I. At laste only a bittock. Men are desaytful, ye know, besides being desperately wicked.'

Whereupon Captain Cavendish, in order to prove the truth of her words, proceeds with promptitude and success to stamp his image on the fickle heart of Miss Ellen. What with ogleing, furtive hand-pressing, and a niagara of honied words, he lifts her virgin heart to the strangest elysium. He talks to her of love at first sight, assuring her that none is so pure, so ardent, and so true. He babbles so fiercely that her heart begins to thump, and the bright colour in her cheek to grow hectic, and she detests the other idlers in the royal grounds, whose peering, inquisitive eyes prevent her from throwing herself into

his arms, and thereby revealing to him how her heart reciprocates the love which his lips utter so glibly.

Then from passion he turns to romance, and with no small art, builds a very graceful *chateau en Espagne*. He draws a picture of love in a cottage, in which the present company figure as the principal and only tenants, domestics in such cases being justly regarded as eaves-dropping and superfluous.

'What,' he whispers, 'can be more exquisite than the perfect union of two hearts, who to each other are all in all, to the outward world dead? I can imagine no better Paradise. I would ask for no riches, no splendour, no rank, only your sweet society, my Ellen. *You sigh* ——"

''Deed not,' she interrupts. She did though, and it will be wiser to suppress the real cause, which could only be ascertained from Miss M'Quae's cook, who omitted the egg from the suet pudding.

'Yes,' he continues, 'you sigh, you long for these luxuries which would seem your birthright, the silks, and sables, and jewels; by the way'—this quite as a happy thought, which descends gracefully from the sublime to the matter-of-fact—'did you not tell me, Ellen, that your family were possessed of very valuable diamonds?'

'Yes, shure, there's the family jools.'

'Ellen, how I should love to see you resplendent with those glorious gems!'

'I'd like to see mesilf too,' retorts the merry girl; but me fawther keeps 'em locked up, becase ye see they're very precious.'

'And what is your number in Lennox Gardens?'

'H'why d'ye ask? Well then its 15, shure.'

'And these diamonds—they are very, very valuable?'

'I'll tell ye. I heard me fawther say upon his oath—and he's not a man to swear in a gin'ral way—that the loikes of these di'monds wasn't to be discovered outside the Koh-i-noor.'

'How very interesting! and pray how did your father obtain them? Were they heirlooms?'

'They was so, at laste I belave it.'

'I suppose your father keeps them very carefully locked up?'

''Deed y'ere very curious. H'why ye 'aint even asked me my name, only me address.'

'You bade me think of you only as Ellen, remember. You, perhaps, are not aware of such a publication as the Post Office Directory? My dear child, when you tell me where you live, you tell me your name.'

She laughs a little pleasant laugh. Her Captain is a trifle too sharp; for the Macartneys, it so happens, are only lodgers, and as far as the Directory goes it would only deceive the curious inquirer.

He is sucking the top of his cane now rather pensively, if not gloomily. They stroll for some moments in silence, and she is about to rally him on his sudden fit of gravity, when he remarks with startling abruptness of manner:

'Ellen, I—hum—must go abroad for some time on most important business. I may not return for some three months or so. Will you now and then write me a pretty little letter? Will you sometimes think of me?'

She presses the hand he offers to show her acquiescence. It is her turn to look grave now. To say that she is *en têteé* about this man is but imperfectly to describe her feelings.

'Must ye go?' She falters, or rather whimpers.

'I have no alternative. Dear Ellen, forgive me when I say that I *must* have the true gratification of a few parting moments with you. Here we are alone, yet not alone with all these people circling round us. I shall leave by the early train on Friday. I shall be up to my ears in business all to-morrow, and indeed till late to-morrow night. Could you spare me a few moments then?'

'I'd be deloighted shure—but where—?'

'Listen. I've a plan of my own. I'll be at Lennox Gardens by one o'clock on Friday morning. You must get me somehow a latch key, and I will let myself in ever so quietly. The household by then will be, I hope, sound asleep, and—'

'Delicious, entoirely!' she interrupts, 'and be the same token I've luckily the latch-kay in me pocket. Take it, and I'll promise ye I'll be in the doining-room to resave ye as the clock sthroikes one.'

Captain Cavendish smiles his most fascinating smile as he slips the little key into his waistcoat pocket, and then *malgrè* the perambulators and their fair drivers, the lovers, and a not remote policeman, administers such a kiss to Miss Ellen as somehow leaves an impress on her lips for hours to come.

'*Au revoir*—and, I say, Ellen, mind that the door is not bolted.'

'Thrust a gyurl's wit,' she answers. And then they part.

Returning home she finds Lorna much more disposed to amiability. Perhaps the elder sister is not a little curious to ascertain how Ellen fared with the Captain. Perhaps she begins to feel the want of a confidante, into whose ears she might pour her great sorrow. Perhaps her motives were, as is commonly the case, mixed, not to say, jumbled. Be that as it may, she proposes to kiss and be friends, and Ellen is by far too near the seventh heaven to refuse. Not only so but she tells Lorna the whole history of her interview with 'the Captain,' and thereupon easily obtains her sanction for the proposed moonlight interview. In-

deed, Lorna, with all the romance of girlhood, enters heart and soul into the affair.

There remains nothing but to count the hours, a process of arithmetic which, to the impatient, is more or less tedious. At length, however, supper is well over on Thursday. Mamma has retired to roost, over fatigued. Papa has smoked his final cigar, and gulped down his last go of 'pottheen,' the gas is turned off, and all is hushed save the gentle murmurs of the two girls' voices in their bedroom at the top of the house.

It is now not more than 10·30; a rather dull, dark, rainy sort of night, but perhaps Dame Luna may throw off her sable veil later on, and illumine the path of the gallant Captain. Between this and one o'clock there is a dreary interval to be passed. Neither young lady is disposed for work, both are a trifle excited; Ellen for obvious reasons, Lorna because she has a secret design of creeping down stairs to play the part of eaves-dropper, and, if possible, to get a peep at this beautiful being, who has absorbed her sister's tender affections.

For want of something better to do, they sit down to *écarté*. That lasts a short hour. Then they play 'beggar my neighbour' till the clocks boom the midnight hour, then they begin to feel rather shivery, as people do just before an adventure.

'H'what's that?'

Both utter the same exclamation in the same breath.

Crash! bang! Surely there are voices down stairs! What can it mean? Perhaps he has come before his time, and encountered opposition from the landlord, who sleeps among the beetles on the basement floor. Perhaps——

Another bang, another crash! Ellen is in a wild state of excitement and tremor. Seizing a candle, she flutters down stairs like a mad thing, and in a trice is in the dining-room, from whence has issued a sound as of conflict.

There, pinned against the wall by her father and the landlord, stands her captain, pale as ashes—speechless. At his feet lie sundry spoons and forks, and the spout of a silver coffee-pot is emerging from his side pocket.

'Kape out of the way, gyurl,' cries Captain Macartney. 'It's a burglary; and the fellow, if I'm not mistaken, is Miss M'Quae's dthrawing master. Call Biddy, I tell ye, and send for the police. Ye'd best be quiet, man, or be this and be that I'll sthrangle ye!' This last to the culprit.

'Dear, dear papa,' cries Ellen, plase take away your hand. You are undther a grand mistake, shure. This gentleman isn't a burglar, but Captain Cavendish, and Oi'm engaged to be marred to 'um.'

She has rushed forward and tried to relax her father's arm—an action which the prisoner tries hard to take advantage of; and, indeed, he so far succeeds as to shake off the grip of Captain Macartney, and, with one bound, to reach the door.

Ere ever he can escape, he encounters the opposing form of Miss Lorna, who, half terrified and wholly curious, has crept downstairs to learn the cause of the uproar. His first impulse is to knock her down; but ere ever he can accomplish that unmanly feat she has flung her lovely arms incontinently round his neck, with a cry of surprise.

Ere ever he can disengage himself from her he is firmly recaptured by the landlord, who easily flings him prone on the carpet, and then takes up a secure position with his knee on his breast.

'For pity's sake don't hurt him,' cries Lorna, 'he's the Marquis de Valmy!'

'Begorra,' ejaculates Captain Macartney; 'but the rascal's got a number of names. The other day, shure, he was Price the dthrawing-master; may be, Lorna, he's your lover into the barg'in.'

'May be he is,' sobs Lorna.

'H'wat dy'e mane?' shrieks Ellen to her sister. 'Shure, he's Captain Cavendish!'

'Shure, he's nothing of the koind,' is the reply, scarcely framed, ere the street-door opens, and there enter two vindicators of the majesty of the law.

'Bedad, policeman,' cries Captain Macartney, whose wrath at these revelations is bringing him to the very verge of apoplexy, 'Oi'm roight glad ye've come. Here is you're bird. He's a pretty nice one. Allow me to inthrojuce the Marquis de Valmy, *alias* Captain Cavendish, *alias* Price the d'thrawing-master. Moight throuble ye jist to examine his pockets. He's boned a soight of moy property, and thried, the spalpeen, to purrloin the hearts of me two little gyurls.'

The officers advance. One is in plain clothes, the other in the conventional helmet. The detective forthwith takes a candle and deliberately holds it to the handsome features of the prisoner. Then he turns round with a smile of no small satisfaction on his features, and extracting a photograph from his pocket-book, requests the present company to give their opinion as to whether it resembles the man before them or not.

The verdict is unanimously in the affirmative.

'Then,' remarks the detective, 'I've found a rascal I've been looking after for three long weeks, or more. Joseph Jenkins, I apprehend you on a charge of forgery.'

OMNES. Joseph Jenkins! forgery!

DETECTIVE. 'Yes, ladies and gentlemen, that is the real name of this person, and that is the crime for which he has to answer. Now Bill,' turning to X 157, who is standing by with a broad grin, 'as it's getting late we'll run him in without further palaver. Slip on the irons for safety's sake.'

PRISONER (*handcuffed, as he makes his shameful exit*)—'Oh Ellen, Ellen, if you'd only seen to that rattling bolt, I should not have been placed in this false position.'

CAPTAIN MACARTNEY. 'I'd like to break his confounded head, I would. Hie, Biddy, girl, come and look to your young mistresses, they've both of 'em swounded intoirely!'

Solvuntur tabulæ risu.

FRANCIS DEAK:

A MEMOIR.

BY J. W. TIPPING.

'Mars est le tyran, le Droit est le souverain du Monde.'

IT is almost without precedent in history that a man of obscure lineage and of aptitudes purely civil, appearing in the midst of a martial and aristocratic people, should slowly win a decisive influence among them by sheer probity and force of character, become in time their recognised director and oracle, impose silence and respect on his personal enemies, and finally, without ever for a moment departing from his steadfast programme of legal and pacific action, should conduct his countrymen through a disastrous crisis of convulsions, irritation, and civil war, to the full and assured possession of their liberty, their public and private rights, and their national institutions. Had therefore the subject of this memoir been placed by his birth in one of the countries of Western Europe, he would probably have been one of the best known of contemporary figures, and it is only because his lot was cast among the high-spirited and interesting, but less remarked races of the Middle Danube, that the following details of his life and work may, perhaps, not be familiar to all.

Francis Deak was the second son of a country gentleman of moderate fortune and estate, settled in a place called Sotjer, in the county (comitat) of Zala. Having been born in 1806, the years of his youth and early manhood were passed in the period when Metternich's system of compression was at its fullest, and when the old spirit of Magyar resistance, suspended for a time during the war with Napoleon, was again beginning to declare itself.

The Austrian Government fully aware of this feeling, thought to avert its explosion by the simple expedient of declining to convoke the Diet, the last session of which had been held in 1812. As however it

was not easy to procure from the country its army-contingent and its share of the taxation without some show of popular consent, recourse was had to the separate Comitat-Congregations, or County Assemblies, which might, it was expected, be directed by Government influence.

These bodies, of which all the nobles, together with the members of the liberal professions were members by right, formed the base of the representative Government in Hungary, as they were invested with the right of appointing the county functionaries and office-bearers of every kind, and also of electing the two deputies sent by each of the fifty-two comitats to the central Diet.

Here began the public life of Francis Deak: he belonged to the congregation of his comitat, both as an advocate and in virtue of the position of his family, and having entered warmly into the debates, soon became remarked as a clever reasoner and a fluent speaker.

The hopes entertained by the Austrian Cabinet of finding the local Parliaments more docile and tractable than the great Assembly would have been, were in no way realised; the growing feeling against the Metternich policy, easily influenced at the numerous and popular gatherings by the opposition orators, rapidly gained the whole of Hungary, and in 1825 the Diet had again to be convoked.

To this Diet, the character and temperament of which were what might have been expected after the high-pressure government to which the country had been subjected, Antoine Deak, the eldest brother of Francis, was returned by the Comitat of Zara. Ill-health, however, soon caused his retirement, but his influence over the electors induced them to send to Presburg in his stead his younger brother, of whose talents and future he had formed a correct estimate.

The young deputy, then twenty-two years of age, took his place on the opposition side, and was well received by its leaders in both houses, but contented himself for a long time with a subaltern and expectant position. His mental powers, however, matured themselves during these years of modesty and patience; he acquired a most intimate and exact knowledge on all matters of law and precedent, and his talent as an orator gradually fashioned itself.

At last, in the Diet of 1832, his party, having lost confidence in most of their former chiefs, began to recognise Deak as their new leader.

The four sessions from 1832 to 1836 during which he first acquired this ascendancy were of great importance for Hungary. In that country, the nobles, a very numerous class, still retained their old freedom from taxation. Such a privilege, justified in former times by the circumstance that they alone were legally liable to military service, had ceased to be logical since the introduction of the conscription;

and, accordingly, urgent petitions were addressed to the Diet for the withdrawal of this exemption, and also for the suppression of a still existing feudal right, called the corvée, which entitled the nobles to require from the peasants a certain amount of unpaid labour on their estates.

As the reformers were seconded by a very large proportion of the privileged classes themselves, they would have gained their end in a very short time, but for the determined resistance levelled against them from the side of Vienna.

The Austrian Government, to whom the contentions existing between the different classes in Hungary were in nowise disagreeable, used every means at its disposal to prevent the proposed changes.

The effect of this obstructive conduct was to excite afresh the passions of the Hungarian patriots against the Hapsburg policy. The reform-party began to admit into their programme 'larger themes' than the repeal of the feudal rights, and a violent tide of anti-Austrian feeling set in, which, if kept within certain limits in the Diet by the moderate attitude of Deak and of the other leaders, grew without to a very threatening height, and it is in the extra-parliamentary movements of these years that the name of Kossuth first appears. Having made himself known by his speeches, his writings, and his incessant efforts to agitate the country, he was singled out for imprisonment by the Government, who hoped to allay the popular excitement by making a few examples. His cause was, however warmly taken up by the Diet, who, with Deak at their head, protested loudly against his arrest. The Government felt that they had made a false step. The Palatine of Hungary himself sought an interview with Deak, and their conference resulted in the release of the prisoner, and the withdrawal of certain prosecutions which had been directed against various members of the patriot party. This fortunate solution of the matter, assigning as it did to Deak the position of mediator between the Crown and the nation, increased still further the immense influence and authority which he had already acquired over his countrymen.

In 1843, an incident occurred which, though in the first instance it bore the appearance of a rebuff for the Liberal leader, served in the sequel to elevate him more than ever in the general opinion. Deak's opponents exerted themselves to the utmost to defeat him in the elections to the Diet. By a scandalous employment of every sort of bribery, corruption, and violence, they obtained a short-lived triumph, and Deak was not elected by his own comitat. But his friends busily set themselves to repair the disaster; a second trial of strength soon followed, and Deak was returned at the head of the poll. This time, however, his partisans had not wholly abstained from the use of the

same disreputable tactics to which the success of the other party had been due shortly before, and such was Deak's delicate sense of rectitude in the matter, that he considered the least tampering with dishonest practices as rendering his election morally void. In spite, therefore, of the repeated instances, taunts, and upbraidings of his indignant friends, who accused him of preferring his sorry Quixotism to the best interests of the State, he steadily declined to take his seat, and the following years were spent by him in the retirement of his country-house at Kelinda.

But at so critical a moment it was not possible that this suspension of his official life should become a period of complete retirement and inaction. Such was the moral authority conferred upon him by all the events of his past career, that in every conjuncture men of the most different shades of opinion constantly had recourse to him, either to ask for his advice, or to solicit his support for their policy.

The reform party in Hungary was no longer so united as formerly; its older contingent, headed by Count Szechenyi, were beginning to look with misgiving on the extreme views of their radical allies, whose leading organ was a journal called the 'Testi Hulap,' and conducted by Kossuth. In the various angry passages of arms which took place between the two sections of opinion, Deak found himself and his adhesion equally courted by the Count and the editor. He avoided committing himself to either side, though entirely at variance with Kossuth on many points, and notably on the latter's favourite project of complete severance from Austria and the Hapsburgs. He always declined to enter into Szechenyi's plan of forming a moderate Left, to be equally opposed to Kossuth and to the Government.

The year '28 recalled Deak to public life under auspices that seemed to promise better for his country than formerly. Not only had the great shock of March left the Hungarian patriots in the ascendant within their own borders, but the pressure of events had also induced the Emperor to concede Parliamentary Government to his German dominions—an almost necessary condition, as Deak had long before discerned, for the permanent maintenance of the Magyar franchises, as it was not easy for any prince to be at the same time an autocrat in Vienna and a limited monarch at Pesth. A separate cabinet for Hungary was now formed for the first time, and Count Batthyani, its president, desiring to include within it both Szechenyi and Kossuth, was anxious to give the two disputants some colleague whose moral authority with both should suffice to keep the peace between them; and with this view the portfolio of justice was offered to Deak.

Nothing, as the event quickly proved, could have been more politic or better inspired than this appointment. Deak's place in the cabinet

assigned to him the duty of presiding over the execution of the new laws, by which the reformers, now masters of the Diet, had hastened to sweep away all the feudal ways and abuses, and to modernise Hungary at the shortest notice. Their proceedings, like those of the French Revolutionists on the 4th of August, had produced, among the non-possessing classes, an impression very menacing to the rights of property. Many of the peasants not clearly comprehending the exact tenor of the reformers, had imagined that the estates of their late masters were to be transferred to themselves, and the house of the Minister of Justice was beset by eager expectants, all impatient to become landowners at the expense of others. To dispel their dangerous self-delusions, to make them understand the true meaning of the new enactments, and to console them in their disappointment, was a task for which no one would have been better fitted than the Aristides of Hungary; and the greater number of his petitioners went away quite satisfied with his announcement that the estates of the nobles belonged to them as before, but that the peasants were released from the corvée and from every other feudal servitude, and that as every career was now thrown open, they themselves and their children might rise to fortune by talent and industry.

But evil days were now coming for Hungary. The chances which had at first existed of a peaceful adjustment of its new relations with Austria were soon compromised by faults on both sides, notably by the petulant impatience of the patriots, and the evident want of good faith on the part of the Emperor's advisers. An appeal to arms became imminent, and the influence of Deak and the Moderates declined more and more every day. His position ceased to be tenable, and in October he quitted the ministry. In the last days of December he formed part, together with Batthyani and others, of a deputation sent by the Diet to the Austrian Prince Windischgraetz, who had already crossed the frontier at the head of an army. But the general, declaring that he would never treat with rebels, refused to receive the envoys. The war was actively entered upon by both sides; the Diet transferred itself to Debruzin, and Deak, the apostle of peace, to whom no one now listened, did not follow it thither.

The shifting fortunes of the war, the first invasion of the Austrian troops, the determined rally of the Hungarians, their successes, their bold march upon Vienna, the appearance of Russia upon the scene, the campaign in which the heroic country at last succumbed to the combined blows of the two Emperors, and the reign of terror which followed the victory—all these incidents do not belong to our subject. It is sufficient to state that Deak traversed in safety these terrible times. Such was the esteem felt by all parties alike for his person and

character, that amid the unsparing proscription of all that was eminent or notable in Hungary, he alone, though he disdained all attempts at flight or concealment, was neither imprisoned nor molested by the conquerors. For twelve years he lived in the strictest privacy, first, at his country-house at Kelinda, and afterwards at Pesth. His retirement was now far more complete and absolute than during the period which had followed the disputed election. Amid the prostration of the conquered people and the total cessation of all public life in Hungary, the "sage of the country" was resolved to do nothing, to write nothing, to give no sign until better days should come. In the meantime several successive Austrian Cabinets made various advances to him, offering him brilliant employment for himself and a great improvement in his country's lot, if he would only lend himself to their policy of ruling Hungary according to the ideas prevailing at Court. Provided that the authority of the Vienna Government were only accepted at Pesth in the same manner as the central power issuing from Paris was recognised at Rennes or Toulouse, the Emperor was willing to concede to the Hungarian Comitats the largest possible measure of liberty for the management of their local affairs.

But to all these overtures Deak turned a deaf ear. 'Your Excellency must pardon me,' was his persistent reply; 'but so long as the Hungarian Constitution is not restored, I can do nothing, for I am nothing, I do not exist.' He continued to watch and wait, and the whole nation, in spite of the repeated invitations of the exiles, adopted the passive attitude of their sage, persuaded that the course of events would sooner or later turn in their favour. 'Les choses humaines,' says Edgar Quinet, 'ainsi que les choses divines, appartiennent à ceux qui savent conserver le plus longtemps leur esperance.'

At last, after Solferino, a change of policy began to declare itself at Vienna. The Emperor again desired to introduce parliamentary government into his States, and by a Diplôma, dated the 20th of October, 1860, it was announced that henceforth no law should be made, changed, or suspended in his dominions, without the consent of the Reichsrath. This body was to determine all affairs of general interest, such as matters relating to the army, the finances, and the diplomatic relations of the Empire; all else was reserved the various to provincial assemblies. The great question was to know how the project would be received in Hungary; would that people consent to send deputies to the Reichsrath, and so authorise a foreign parliament to dispose of their troops and treasures?

The ministers made every effort to gain Deak to their views, well knowing that if they could but succeed in this they might count upon the adhesion of the whole of the Magyar nation. Believing that the

moment had now come for an earnest attempt to recover the rights so long withheld from his country, Deak consented to enter into negotiations with the Austrian Government. As to the capital article of the part to be taken by Hungary in the Reichsrath, he thought that by certain concessions the matter might be compromised in a manner satisfactory to both parties. The Emperor had in February, 1861, issued a patent expressly calling upon Hungary to send deputies to the great Assembly, and fixing their number at 87; it was also therein decided that Croatia and Transylvania should have a separate representation of their own. This measure was of a nature to give double offence to the national feeling of Hungary—first, because it disposed in a summary and imperative manner of a question in which the sanction and consent of the Diet was required: and, secondly, because it implied the severance from the Magyar kingdom of districts which had always belonged to it.

Deak accordingly declared, that if Austria really desired to arrive at a friendly arrangement with Hungary, the code of '48 must first be recognised as the only possible starting point; and he stated these views with great clearness in a personal interview with the Emperor.

The Court of Vienna seemed not indisposed to yield in some measure to these demands, and it was agreed that the elections for the Hungarian Diet should take place according to the laws passed in 1848.

The temper of this Assembly was, as might have been foreseen, bitterly anti-Austrian. The majority lay completely at the disposal of the advanced Left, a party whose only programme was to choose, in every circumstance, the line of conduct most capable of wounding and irritating the Austrian Government. To moderate these violent impulses required all the personal influence of Deak, who hoped, by a circumspect and statesmanlike use of the present opportunity, to gain for his country all the points for which he had contended so long.

In the first days of the session the Left exerted themselves to carry a resolution, the adoption of which would have been highly offensive to the Emperor, and would have at once destroyed all prospects of a good understanding. For this Deak desired to substitute an Address, setting forth in firm but respectful language the principles which prevailed in the Diet.

This document, which attracted much attention, not merely in Hungary but throughout Europe, he read aloud in the Assembly on the 13th of May, 1861. He followed it up by a few concluding words which created quite a powerful impression.

'It will perhaps be maintained,' he said, 'that my policy is timid and cowardly. That man alone is timid and cowardly who thinks of his

own person where the interest of his country is involved; but such a reproach is in no wise merited by him who, regardless of his private interest, looks merely to the country's peril. Where we ourselves are alone concerned we are at liberty to run all risks; but where the interest of those who have committed their destinies to us—where the safety of the country is in question, then we must risk nothing—prudence is a duty. We should risk everything on the country's behalf, but we may not risk the country itself. I know that our enemies during the gloomy years we have lately passed through have filled up to the brim the cup of our miseries. I understand that we might find a certain relief in giving free vent to the voice, so long stifled, of our anger and our grief, and of freely expressing our just indignation without troubling ourselves with the consequences that might result from such a course. I also share in the resentment felt by all Hungary against those who have ruined so many existences and spread so much mourning over our land, but I feel within myself the power of loving my country even more than I hate its enemies. I prefer imposing silence on the indignation with which my heart overflows, to allowing myself to be driven to an act which might be disastrous to Hungary. I well know what is the power of public opinion. I know that it exalts those who serve it and humbles those who resist it, and I admit that we must attach great importance to it; but I have a faithful friend who speaks to my mind more forcibly even than public opinion—a friend who will not give way, whose injunctions are sacred to me, and whose censure would overwhelm me: this incorruptible friend is my conscience.'

Deak had fully expected to be outvoted and beaten; but so profoundly were the Assembly affected by what they had just heard that he gained a complete victory, and this with the full assent of the Left themselves, who actually decided that several of their members should quit the Hall before the vote, in order that the division might turn in favour of their opponent.

Deak's address, when published, was received with transports of applause throughout Hungary. The author had propounded with such force and exactness the claims upheld by his countrymen, and also the historic facts and precedents on which these claims rested, that the document came to be regarded as a bulwark of Magyar liberty. It was solemnly placed among the national archives of Hungary, and is to this day confidently quoted and appealed to as a paramount authority.

As however it affirmed that Hungary would accept no charter granted to her by the Emperor's grace and good pleasure, that she recognised nothing but her ancient constitution, proceeding from the historic development of the nation, sanctioned by long experience, and

guaranteed by repeated treaties, and above all, that she would never consent to appear by her deputies at any central Parliament, its tenor was very ill received at Vienna. A few months of fruitless parleyings followed, but the contention was evidently not capable of adjustment, and accordingly, in August, the Diet was dissolved in spite of the vehement protests of its members. The various Assemblies of the towns and Comitats were closed, royal commissioners were sent to administer the country, and in short, the system which had been introduced after the war of 1848 was again resumed.

The Vienna Cabinet imagined that they had only to wait, and that ere long Hungary, weary of resistance, would joyfully accept the conditions offered to it. But they had not taken into account the state of Europe. For Austria, menaced on the south by Italy, on the north by Prussia, the discontent of Hungary on its flank was a very serious matter. In 1865, the Emperor began to discern the danger, fresh overtures were made to Deak, but certain disputes on points of detail delayed the completion of the projected arrangement, and the 1866 war came upon Austria before she had reconciled herself with Hungary.

After Sadowa, however, the Vienna Court could hesitate no longer. Beust, on his arrival at the head of affairs, felt that he must accept Deak's programme without further discussion, and by the joint work of the two was fashioned the famous Ausgleich, or Union on Equal Terms, which is now in force. By this transaction, Hungary thoroughly reconquered her old liberties, she recovered her own free Parliament and her own separate Cabinet, with this reserve, that she consented to have in common with the rest of the empire, the Ministries of War, of Finance, and of Foreign Affairs.

Deak's life-work having now attained the fullest measure of success, it would have been but natural had he permitted himself a certain amount of self-complacency over so fortunate a result. But his modesty withstood the ordeal. When the Emperor, now fully restored to the affection of his Magyar subjects, came to be solemnly crowned at Buda, it was the general desire of the whole nation that the crown should be set upon their sovereign's head by the man to whom the joyous occasion was due.

But Deak steadily and even doggedly refused this and every other honour or recompense for his services, and when the Emperor, anxious to confer upon him some signal mark of his favour, consulted Count Andrassy on the subject, the reply of the latter was, 'Sire, you have at your disposal treasures, places, and honours. For any other man you might do much, for Deak you can do nothing.'

Deak declined entering into the Hungarian Cabinet, and during the last four years has taken but little part in politics, though his name

continues to exert an immense influence over the public affairs of his country.

In conclusion, we may safely predict, notwithstanding Solon's caution against pronouncing upon any man yet living, that when Deak's honourable course is finally run, he will leave behind him a name standing second to none in the history of this century, as an example of the most stainless virtue, honour, and rectitude in high places.

Utterly disinterested, without fear and without reproach, he has ever been the Bayard of public life; the ultimate success of his noble efforts for his country's liberty dignifies alike the patriot himself and the discerning people that had chosen him to be the leader and hero of its cause, and his entire career furnishes a lesson of no slight value in an age like ours, which cannot be wholly acquitted of the reproach levelled against it by an eloquent Frenchman, 'De nos jours, la conscience humaine a absolument peri; le succès est devenu la seule règle morale.'

KAISER SIGMUND:

A BALLAD.

By H. SCHÜTZ-WILSON.

When Carl the Fourth of Germany the load of life laid down,
Three claimants struggled furiously to win the Kaiser crown;
Wenzel, and Jobst, and Sigmund—each claims it for his own,
And wrestles madly for it on the footsteps of the throne:
He, wearily departing from the labour and the care,
Was glad to drop the burthen they wildly long to bear.
Of kingly sword and sceptre once his grasp was strong and firm;
Now, idle lies the heedless hand while o'er it crawls the worm.
The old man lets the sceptre fall from out a dying hand,
They would seize and they would sway it—it is lighter than a brand!
So men die out, and with them dies the purpose of a life;
So men start up, all active, fresh, and eager for the strife.
One is going, one is coming; sails are set, and sails are furled;
Age is waning; youth is waxing; ever young remains the world.
Age is weary; youth is eager; what in life hath eld to chace?
Vain are all things!—vain? yet see how youth is starting for the race
So started once the grey-beard, who now stares with glazing eye—
So bounding youth will stiffen when its time comes round to die.
So change the generations beneath th' unchanging sun,
They rise and fall, and yet, thro' all, the work of the world is done!

The first and mightiest subject throughout the German land,
With wise calm brain, far-seeing, clear, and framed for high command—
Who from mediæval chaos wrought out living shape and form,
And ruled to human progress the wildness of the storm,
Was Nürnberg's Burggraf Friedrich—by whose more famous son,
Sixth Hohenzollern Burggraf, yet nobler work was done.
True friend of law and order in a lawless land and age;
In battle brave, in council wise, a ruler just and sage;
He founded in his Brandenburg the Prussia of to-day,
And his work follows after, tho' he be passed away!
Both Burggrafs strove for Sigmund, and made his cause their own,
Remaining loyal, life-long friends, and bulwarks of his throne.

To the fifth Burggraf Sigmund owes the crown that comes at last,
A crown whose splendour brightlier gleams from many a peril past.
By Friedrich, too, e'en more than crown, another gift is given,
A gift so priceless that it comes, far less from men than heaven;
The Burggraf gives his daughter fair to Sigmund for a bride,
Worthy as wife and queen to share life's chances at his side.
One of those rare high women, flower of a land and time,
That History leaves for song to shrine in monuments sublime.

Behold a moonlit summer night in the far-off long ago,
Long past! yet hearts beat then, as now, with human joy and woe.
Behold the Burggraf's castle, with towers and ramparts strong,
The emblem of a ruder day, when might secured from wrong;
The last thin film and fleecy wrack have swiftly flitted by,
And the full round moon in glory glides across a stainless sky.
Beyond the shadows, sharp yet soft, of castle towers and walls,
All broad and bright as the wide night the shining radiance falls.
All hushed and softly fair the night with beauty's melancholy,
The moon's white light, how pure and pale! her vestal fire, how holy!

Much farther off, much vaster grown, the sky by night than day;
With a vague pain, man's thought doth strain, thro' boundless space
to stray.
Blue ocean of immensity, wide archëd, like a dome
That overhangs and canopies this orb and world—man's home—
With aching sense of distance, with yearning sad and tender,
The soul doth rise, thro' awe-struck eyes, toward thy silent splendour!
Illimitable, fathomless, those azure deeps afar;
Our souls spurn earth's dull limits, and soar from star to star!

The sapphire hush all softly blends into a dreamlike mist;
By the bright moon, the sleeping earth is fondly, purely, kissed.
Wide shines the calm blue beauty of the still and silver night,
And dewy earth weeps tears of bliss, that glisten in her light;
The river in the valley winds its glancing silver thread,
While, rich and full, the rolling woods in light and shadow spread.
On the blanched castle terrace broad, two lovers safely walk,
Gliding on gliding shadows, and tranced in tender talk;
And then, as now, for happy youth the wheels of time stood still;
We know their future, dark to them, with all its good and ill.
A princely knight, the flower and hope of Germany is he,
The fairest, noblest maiden of Germany is she:—
It is the Burggraf's daughter, his dear and darling child,
For whom he strives for power, for whom his wealth is piled.

In early manhood's glow and grace stands stately Sigmund there,
With him no German Ritter in presence may compare.
Full of the heart's first trusting love, and full of royal hope,
The noble pair that whisper low beneath that night's wide cope.
The soft plume in his barret cap was glancing argent white,
Cresting two heads, that almost touched, like earth and sky that night;
And Sigmund's loftier nature, in that soft solemn hour,
Rose, like the lofty castle hill, uplifted high in power.
Ah, sweet the hopes they whisper low beneath the silver sheen,
Of days to come, when he shall reign, and she shall be his queen!
Her heart throbs not to be a queen, but thrills to be a wife,
And to that one high tender hope she consecrates her life;
In that hushed hour of hallowed night, she owns her love and bliss;—
The white plume crests two heads conjoined in one long, blushing kiss.
In stillness and in splendour the night is half divine;
Undimmed for them thro' many a year that steady moon shall shine,
Shine sweetly in remembrance fixed in steadfast sacred light;—
In their last hours shall gleam and shine that happy moonlight night!
The castle shimmers whitely grey, uplifted to the sky;
The landscape spreads beneath it, far raised rockily on high;
And very fair is Sigmund, in youth's strong, graceful prime,
The knightliest, stateliest gallant of all his land and time.

From the old castle's sullen clock the iron hour peals slow;
It is the time of parting—the lingering prince must go.
Away upon his dark grey steed, the royal lover rides;
She to her gleaming casement high in silence swiftly glides;
And slowly rides the happy prince, and backward oft he turns,
To watch the shining window in which a taper burns.
Ah, well he knows that casement dear within the stern grey tower,
That dove's nest in the iron rock—it is his lady's bower!
Her slender form a shadow thrown across the ruddy light;
She watches till her lover prince leaves blank her straining sight;
And the blue calm of moonlit night still fairer, stiller grows;
How saintly pure the vestal light, how deep the hushed repose!

Let active fancy change the scene; the Burggraf's castled home,
Change for the gothic grandeur of Aachen's stately dome.
Since last we saw that castle stern, the busy years have flown,
Have wafted many to their goal, and Sigmund to the throne.
Within the high cathedral, where sleepeth Charles the Great,
He holds his coronation in feudal pomp and state.
To render feudal homage, within the sacred pile,
Noble and priest are thronging, and crowding the long aisle;

And stains of blood, and gleams of blue, and blazonries of gold,
Stream from the rich hued windows on the gorgeous forms of old.
The robes of priest, the steel of knight, reflect the chequered light,
A ray on sacerdotal pomp, a flash on armour bright.
Before the altar kneeling, the Kaiser bendeth low;
The mitred priest hath placed the crown upon the anointed brow;
And heaven's high blessing is evoked, and full the anthem swells,
And loud rise shouts of fealty, and clash and clang of bells.
The crownëd Kaiser rises!—Oh, earthly pomp and power,
How ye dilate the kingly breast in that exultant hour!
For, lo! at last, a triple crown doth grace his brows this day;
The Reich, Bohemia, Hungary,—all own his sovereign sway!
His form is drawn to its full height; proud swells the towering crest,
The nostrils wide distending o'er firm curvëd lips compressed:
Light hair and beard, and fair the down upon those knightly lips;
Blue eyes, whose native clearness now is dimmed with guile's eclipse.

It is the Kaiser Sigmund that sits upon the throne,
Haughty the glance of his bright eye, and proud his kingly tone.
The nailëd crown is on his head, the sceptre in his hand;
The hand that sways the sceptre can as strongly swing the brand!
O'er the bright glittering armour the imperial mantle flows,
Scarlet its flaming colour—as dyed with blood of foes!
Around him stand his paladins, stout knights and stately peers,
Men whose stern joy is battle, whose pastime, crashing spears.
With huge moustache, and stern grey eyes, the elder warriors stand;
Calm rests on shield, or iron hilt, each mighty mailëd hand:
Like Nibelungen heroes, with crested helms that shine
With swans that proudly curve the neck, or dragons dread that twine.
But he, the crownëd Kaiser, he stands not there alone;
Beside him, lo! the empress, the sharer of his throne.
Hardier and haughtier e'en than his, the glance of his proud wife;
She who sheds splendour on his throne, casts darkness on his life.
For, tho' it swelled right haughtily beneath the cloth of gold,
The breast of that great Kaiser's wife is hard, and stern, and cold.
Unloved, and an unloving wife, she shares his bed and board;
A great match!—winning Hungary without a stroke of sword!
Love! what should a great monarch reck of thy ennobling joys?
Love! theme of minstrels' dreamings;—romance but fit for boys!—
Ludwig the Great of Hungary gave rich and royal dower,
And scheming Sigmund scorns true love to grasp the shade of power.
And yet the unknightly falsehood stains thro' all the kingly truth,
Nor shall his manhood e'er outlive the treason of his youth.

Commencing rule and empire thus with treason to the heart,
Henceforth Ambition's paltry slave, he plays a hollow part.
Mean wrinkles furrow thickly o'er the once so open brow;
He rules; but meanest earthly ends and objects rule him now.
His false heart bears false saying, which tho' all life shall stain,
'The king who knows not to deceive is all unfit to reign.'
In that dark heart there burn no more the early, heavenly lights;
The pure love offered by kind heaven he spurns and basely slights.
The angel spurned, the demon comes, to fill the vacant place;
That mocking demon's royal dupe,—he starts upon his race!
And she, the king's betrothed of old, wooed well with vow and song,
Yet holds in her soft hand the power to venge her bitter wrong.
A word from her to her proud sire would stir his blood to flame,
And well the mighty Burggraf knows to right a daughter's shame!
Proud Sigmund's heart in secret feels the craven touch of fear,
Disloyal knight, he quails in thought before his loyal peer.
In cunning blindness he hath thrown away a priceless gem,
Which, rightly valued, would outweigh his triple diadem!
But the dark fiend, whom worldlings serve, who curses with success,
Is helped by a sweet angel pure that only seeks te bless;
Betrayed, bereft, and desolate, she stills her sorrow deep,
For woman's eyes oft force a smile when most she longs to weep.

Her only gentle wish and prayer to steal aside from life,
Her father proud, her brother bold, she will not stir to strife.
No fault with him! no blame to him! he has done right and well!
She was not worthy of a throne; her sphere the cloistered cell.
Her wish, she says, released his vow; to her strong prayer 'tis given,
That he should win a fitter bride, and she be bride of heaven.
'Mid wan, smiling, broken-hearted, the king's true love of yore,
For love's dear sake will quell her love, and trouble him no more.
She quits the warm and happy earth, on which God's sunbeams shine,
In the cold cloisters' deathly shade, to pray, and praise, and pine;
Immured behind them in her spring of youth and beauty's bloom,
The hollow echoing convent doors close o'er her living tomb.

The golden corn when ripe is reaped from off earth's harvest ground,
And so, time-mown, years long by-flown, in crowded sheaves are bound.
And here our story binds a sheaf, and swiftly wings its flight,
On to a freshly living year, seen clear in fancy's light.
Time brings quick pain; time slowly drags us forward from our grief;
Slow time, thro' weary days and hours, brings sadness numb relief.
We stood outside, while o'er the nun closed dark the convent door,
Transparent they to fancy!—behold her now once more;—

She, learning slow divinest lore in sorrow's sharpest school,
In crucifying self for God, has nobly learned to rule;
The richest, noblest, saintliest, within that cloistered wall,
The Burggraf's weary daughter, now the abbess, rules o'er all.

How still the convent garden!—it is the month of June,
Slumbrous and warm, and richly calm, the golden after-noon;
With tightly claspëd hands, and eyes that rise not from the ground,
The abbess slowly paces all the garden round and round.
Black the long hooded robe, marked with the cross of grace;
Shroud like the stiff white border, which frames the sad, sweet face;
Her thin white hands are tightly pressed upon the pain-worn heart,
O, bride of God! has *that* not ceased with womanhood to smart?
Sudden she pauses, sighing; and then she seeks the shade,
Beneath the cloistered arches of the gloomy colonnade.
Within the square, the summer grass swells into turfy waves,
Where sun and shadow warm and chill the convent's many graves.
Each rounded mound soft rising green from the turf-billowy sod,
Shows where a sister sleepeth well—her soul, they trust, with God:
No name they bear; alike all wear the emblem of the Cross,
But wreathëd flowers mark, on some, where love mourns recent loss.

A gentle abbess, saintly pure, yet often sore perplexed;
The sin among the sisterhood her tender spirit vexed:
In fleeing from God's world they fled some evil, but more good,
The world shut out, the walls shut in poor human flesh and blood.
Foul lusts and festering passions there, penned close in closer fold,
In thraldom nursed, with leisure cursed, loud revelled free and bold.
Fit abbess she to rule o'er saints, or angels, pure and sweet,
But for stern sway o'er base and mean her spirit was unmeet.
Her zeal was blent with tolerance, austerity with ruth.
One, yet with many facets, the sacred diamond, Truth!
Too tender weak for conflict, too gentle for rough strain,
Collision with strong, evil wills rung the weak nerves to pain:
From duty's effort to oppose, the soft heart trembled long;
Stern struggles shook her gentle soul, with wild vibrations strong.
In vain she tried to stem sin's tide, by saintly life and prayer,
The strife and burden grew too much for her meek heart to bear.
Sin ripening into rottenness within that house of God,
Its fair and stately fanes, death-doomed, to crumbling ruin nod!

One morn, a wandering man at arms, sore wounded, homeward bound,
Within the convent's shelt'ring walls, had rest and succour found.

The curious portress eager lists his news of realms afar;
The grateful soldier much discoursed of travel, toil, and war,
But still thro'out his stories all, the soldier's dearest theme,
Was warlike Kaiser Sigmund, the king of warriors' dream.
The portress to the abbess told all she from him had heard,
Oh! as she listened, what a rush of poignant memories stirred!
But for fond sin, for thoughts of earth, sore penance must be done,
She will not know or rest or sleep, until tomorrow's sun.
A lonely night of fast and prayer, penance and vigil long;
The sisters found her fixed in prayer, kneeling for matin song.
Faint in the convent chapel cold the sickly tapers burn,
And blur the haggard dawning light that marks chill day's return:
But she, the weary abbess, has answer to long prayer;
And kindly Death has come at last, in guise of angel fair.
She kneels in rigid death-trance in the cold marble aisle,
Her eyes dilate with glories seen, and fixed her raptured smile.
Her ear hath heard a music, sweeter far than quired song,
Her eye hath seen a region bright, which saint and seraph throng.
One moment, and for that sweet soul, sorrow and pain are o'er;
Nor love betrayed, nor efforts vain, shall vex her spirit more.
And yet one earthly image, yet one thought of human love,
Mingles with those bright visions strange that float down from above,
Across the splendour and the joy of heaven's own opening light,
Flitted a transient phantom of a long-past moonlit night;
That spark of parting spirit which yet lingered here below,
Throbbed still with vivid human love, thrilled yet with memory's woe,
And ere the panting, loosening soul, soared free to bliss divine,
One scene and hour restrained it, on which faint moonbeams shine.

Meanwhile the Kaiser Sigmund lives a fitful, fevered life,
Of unrest, of futility, of turmoil, war, and strife;
For ever chasing shadows, still imagining vain things,
He lives a king at constant war with the great King of Kings.
Not his the steadfast, single eye, that duty seeth well;
Unstable he in all his ways, unable to excel.
Not his the fame of greatness. Lo! great Kaiser Rothbart still
Sleeps the sleep that waits for waking 'neath Salzburg's sacred hill,
There, like our British Arthur, waiting long a bettered time,
When ripened realms shall hunger for a leadership sublime.
Still men long for royal Rothbart once more to rule again,
Rear his tent, and fly his pennon fair upon Roncaglia's plain.
A people's heart, with dreamings of ideal days of gold,
Blends their hero king, as worthy to resume the sway of old;

And on the future's image, which ever flies the hour,
They stamp the royal ruler whose reign was truth in power.
His purple stained a darker hue with cruelties and crimes,
None dreams that Sigmund shall awake, and with him golden times.
More hard, more wily still, with years, his soilëd spirit grows;
Croatia knows his cruelty, when victor o'er his foes.
Proud Sigmund grew in arrogance; as when he boasts—'I am
'The King, Sirs, of the Romans—SUPER GRAMMMATICAM!'
His highest policy but based on quicksands of intrigue,
Too cunning false to ever form, or keep, a lasting league;
Slow learning thro' a baffled life, how vain his early boast;—
The king who reigns but to deceive, deceives himself the most!
Like sunbeams rare thro' flamy cloud and drifting heaps of mist,
By which the loftiest mountain-peak is rarely, coldly kissed,
His better nature struggled thro' by view and fitful rays;
But radiant goodness never shone with bright and steadfast blaze.
His few good efforts blown aside, like gust dispersëd flame,
A higher power shaped the ends, which he rough-hewed, to shame.
His 'reformation of the Church,' but lit the faggot fires,
In which, in Constance market-place, the martyred Huss expires.
Still, once upon his bronzëd cheek, there glowed a burning blush,
When Huss's glance of sad reproach provoked shame's tingling flush;
'Twas Sigmund's false 'safe conduct' led Huss to his dread fate,
And gave the Christian martyr up to fiendish priestly hate.
The Nemesis of treason followed marriage with its curse;
Worthless his early empress was; his second wife yet worse.
Maria dying childless, once more did Sigmund wed;
Through Barbara de Cilly, adultery stained his bed:
Unhappier than that luckless king of royal German line,
He who was poisoned by the monks in sacramental wine,
For, when the dastard poison cup was mingled for his life,
One of the fell assassins there was Sigmund's traitress wife.
Nobles,—and wife—conspiring all, to make his crown their prey,
Once, long in darksome dungeon pent, he mourned the weary day:
Superb as sullen eagle, proudly pining in its cage,
The prisoned Kaiser chafes and frets in silent, futile rage.
Still sumptuous and splendid in idle, tawdry joys,
He loved all shows and seemings, he loved all gauds and toys.
But pomp, and show, and pageantry, absorb and waste his gold;
He pawned his Reichs-insignia; fair Brandenburg he sold.
Amid his many wanderings to many a foreign strand,
The roaming Kaiser came one time unto our English land;

The hero of Agincourt then in England's realm bore sway,
And Sigmund's dusty pennon hangs in Windsor to this day.
In far resounding tumult his long warrings never cease,
Yet yield no lasting fruit, produce no stedfast, blessed peace.
With stately pomp of marching forth, with banner and with shout,
His royal armies issue—and return in ragged rout!
Nicopolis, too, knows him, when, in wild realms afar,
With Bajazet, the terrible, he wages useless war.
His trumpets wildly streaming out their blazings of fierce sound,
Awake the trembling echoes in the Soldan's foreign ground.
Against fair Venice, throned upon her islëd, seagirt home,
His arms clashed like an aimless wave that shivers into foam.
At strife with furious Zisca, at feud with wily Pope,
Beset with many enemies, with none can Sigmund cope.
In Hieronymus' prophecy, a curse worked long in strength:
That Hussite war, far blazing fierce, drags on in smouldering length;
Till, when the Psalmist's span of years in their slow length had passed,
To mighty Kaiser Sigmund, neared the Kaiser Death, at last!
And then, with restless Sigmund, all the wheels of life moved slow,
And eager Death had leave, at last, to strike the final blow.
Then, though his hairs were whiter than was his plume of yore,
He saw the shining vision of that moonlit night once more:
And, in a trance of memory, once more the worn heart swells,
As men, in deserts lonely, hear childhood's Sabbath bells!
Then, long deferred, there came the hour that mocks all human pride,
And, in high Prague's fair city, the Kaiser Sigmund died.
His tomb was raised at Grosswardein, a stately tomb and fair,
The busy Kaiser roams no more, but rests from troubling there.
Yet, after Death's reality, the Kaiser, by his will,
Grasped at a mocking semblance vain of living, ruling still;
In rigid state the royal corse, with sceptre, robe, and crown,
High sitting on the golden throne, with closëd eyes, looked down.
The gaunt and hollow temples, the bony brows around,
Glitt'ring o'er ghastly coldness, his diadem is bound.
Even in death theatrical, though stiff in Death's dread grasp,
He still grips orb and sceptre in rigid, forceless clasp.

Rockets rush blazing to eclipse; a moment, and their sheen
Dies out of silent blackness dense, as though it ne'er had been.
The Kaiser ceases reigning, and o'er him darkness reigns;
No more that flaming meteor the skiey splendour stains.
High-placed, far-shining, Sigmund missed a noble chance for Fame,
And History's righteous verdict stern brands his—a 'player's name!'

Arabs and Training Ships.

By R. Batson.

III.

'We are such stuff as ghastly dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a —— ditch!' So sings the gutter-child. The Battle of Life has now its mitrailleuse, as well as the battle.

So says the man of the modern world. One Christmas Eve, I saw starving, not Somebody's Darling, but Nobody's Child, on one of our nice London door-steps, 'steps unto Heaven.' In the twinkle of a loving eye, a working man lifted the boy up, and deposited the shivering burthen in the restaurant that happened to be next door. For one moment he stood speechless with scorn. Then towering like some prophetic hero of old, he shouted 'sausages.' However, the Arab has two consolations, two ounce bottles of Gilead. One is, that not only poor devils, but rich friends too must eventually go the way of old flesh. Man has just time to say God and die, to bite his brother and be buried—bless Christain London. Nobody's Child has a rich grandmother, called Christian Respectability. She prays for the neglected starveling after a late dinner, partly because orisons induce slumber, partly because the thought of hunger not her own is picturesque and cheerful, partly because she is practising for her final pose, for 'the dear conscientious old thing you know,' recognizes her duty to society, and means to figure as a sort of female St. John in his old age. The fat pursey groundling of the prayer-book and the trough, whose Shiboleth is slander and sacrament the vinegar of human unkindness, has, it is true, no bowels of compassion for her noble little grandson. But on the other hand, mother earth has bowels for her. How earth yearns for the vain congenial old heathen, who will be laid out in 'that portmanteau of justice, commonly called the coffin! The wicked will not flourish like a green bay tree, nor gossip their breezy anathemas

for ever, nor when death, the true commune, comes, will the Arab be pinched. 'Our antagonist is our helper,' the Arab's consolation, though it comes not. What muscle wants is resistance. What makes animals, men, states is pressure. It was the pressure of the Macedonian Kings on Greece that formed the Achæan league. It was the pressure of feudal neighbours, of the power of Burgundy, that united the Swiss cantons. It was the pressure of Spain and the House of Austria that gave cohesion to the United Provinces. It was the pressure of George III. that moulded the United States. It was the pressure of Napoleon III. that cemented the United German Empire. It was the pressure of wolf-sucked Rome that evoked the iron determination and martial temper of the descendants of the Phœnician traders at Carthage. It was the pressure of the Greek conqueror thundering at her gates that educed Mars out of the Mammon that swayed the breasts of the shopkeepers of Tyre. It was the pressure of hunger that gave length to the neck of the giraffe and the beak of the snipe. It was the pressure of stormy criticism that lashed the otiose cream and ripple of Byron's sentiment into brilliant cataracts of foaming rage. It was the pressure of want that made Shakespeare first hold the reins of cart-horses and then give the reins to Pegasus. It was the pressure of gnawing hunger, biting cold, of Hydra-headed necessity, curse of all hearts, and mother of all achievements, that enabled an Arab, who received a liberal education in the school of adversity, and the 'Chichester' training-ship, to steer a vessel, heavily labouring in the China seas, when all else on board had lost their heads. Said that bonny little Arab—he did not make the observation to me, but I know he did to himself—

> Why came I hither, but to that intent?
> Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
> Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
> Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with wind,
> Rave like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
> Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
> And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
> Have I not, in a pitch'd battle, heard
> Lord 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang?
> And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?

The Arab had as much respect for the howl of the winds as for the tongue of the woman, and as much respect for the tongue of the woman as the now celebrated boy of three, who was not only an inveterate smoker, but a confirmed Mysogenist. The fact is, that the 'Chichester' training-ship requires in her young hopefuls, not the copy-book probity and caligraphy, not the heaven-born ministers to

the boys' delectable wants, not the haughty guardians and the imperious sires, who apprentice mock Arabs to salt water by sprinkling over them the real Arabia's scented water; but 'health, strength, homelessness, and destitution!' Boys who can make health and strength out of homelessness and destitution ought to be able to brew safety out of a storm. It stands to reason, that a lad who has almost in infancy shivered in bitter frost, without a supper, without a home, without any property but such as will light a gentleman's cigar comfortably strolling from the Opera to Evans's, without any companion but a harsh bobby and a smart pal, who has no prospect in life but a fine open view of the workhouse and the prison for his easy chair days, must have his wits about him. He has been cold on land—he is cold at sea. The stormy petrels of adversity hid the sun from him on shore. His home has been on the stormy gutter, and now it is on the stormy deep. He was 'all at sea,' on land, and he is now, at home, while riding triumphant on the foaming billow.

Now as the same nerve learnt in the street would be most dangerous during a revolution, and as there are thousands of Arabs in every country like our 'Chichester' friend, neglected till they grow into surly criminals, it is worth taking a rapid glance at the revolution in the air of Europe. Look at Spain, with her eloquent Castelar and its assassinated Prim.

'I ask the Senate, recently,' said the Marquis de Miraflores, 'to pass a bill that shall put an end to all revolutions.' The experienced Spaniards present greeted this extraordinary request with 'loud laughter;' and no wonder. What a pity, they must have thought, this potent incantation, enough to cancel nature's fiercest passions by the stroke of a pen, was not prescribed before. Why was there the Spanish Revolution of 1820? Had the Marquis de Miraflores then been born, the Cortes formed in the Island of Leon would never have existed, the orator who answered incisive syllogisms with his still more incisive hatchet, the priest who called with somewhat unholy voice for an axe, the rhetorician who cried, 'We have been assembled for six months, and not one head has as yet fallen,' would have been all unknown to dubious fame. Ferdinand VII. would not have been the hapless target of an incessant shower of arrowy insults at the coffee-house of the Cross of Malta; victims of every age and both sexes would not have been transported on the same day from Barcelona, from Valencia, from Corunna, from Carthagena, to the Balearic and the Canary Isles; the Madrid press would not have gone into a mischievous hysteria of admiration at the sight of the spirited *des camisados*, or shirtless; the sturdy champions of the Club of the Golden Fountain would not have insisted 'that the political atmos-

phere could not be purified but by the blood of 14,000 or 15,000 inhabitants of Madrid; and Don Mathias Vinuesa, chaplain to the king, would not, with crucifix in hand, and the God of mercy on his appealing lips, been bowed to the earth at the Gate of the Sun with a thousand strokes of the hammer.

Look at Germany.

The very ring of the title, Emperor of Germany, smacks of necessary cabals bristling against the everlasting German instinct of expansion. The recent notification, according to the International, on the part of the Swiss Legation, to all Swiss residents belonging to the first ban of the reserve, to hold themselves in readiness for immediate departure, as soon as required, to reinforce the contingents of the active army, all under arms, was an interesting reminder of those gallant little towns in Lombardy which formed bosom alliances against the Emperor of Germany from 1167 till 1182; of the Hanseatic League, which with greater success rose up in 1241; of those fair cities on the Rhine, which a few years after, namely, in 1255, knit themselves into a resolute confederacy; and of those Swiss cantons, which for their ancient rights, and for new privileges to which they believed themselves entitled, fought and vanquished the Dukes of Austria, thus encouraging the German towns against the oppressor.

Look at France. Her name is revolution. Since 1789 every government has been easily upset by our voluble neighbours. Even the cunning brain of Louis Philippe could do nothing to fix stability in the breasts of the impulsive French. Indeed, 'come like shadows, so depart,' might be the motto for the history of visionary Government in ungovernable France during the last eighty years. 1871 was the sequel, in the fixed star of logic as well as in the planet of chronology, of 1848, as that was of July 1830, as that was of March 1815, as that was of April 1814, and so backwards to 1789.

Indeed, few men or historic facts are more pathetic than the circumstances that French coins have through history exhibited edges neatly milled, letters and numerals cleanly and brightly stamped, till the demon of revolution claws and mars them. We think of the sous-stamped image of Louis XVI., by the grace of God, in 1779, tottering on his throne, pricked by encyclopedical pens sharpened with regicide pen-knives; of the same Louis, no longer King of France, but of the French, in the third year of Liberty, 1792; of Louis again backed with the Republican fasces, and the legend *la foi, la loi, le roi*, in 1793; and, finally, the sobriety of a sprawling, rugged two-sous piece, *les gros sous* of the Republic one and indivisible, cast from church bells, monumental brasses, bronze candlesticks, and palace gates. In 1806 the franc of the period was stamped 'Napoleon Empereur,' and on the

obverse 'Republique Francaise.' In 1812, in the same coin, for 'Republique' we read 'Empire.' In 1848 we admire on French coins the head of a lady clad in semi-Grecian costume, precisely similar inscriptions on the walls and public edifices being unfortunately grazed therefrom shortly afterwards by certain stray cannon balls. In 1869 Napoleon III. flourished on the coinage of France. In 1870 Gambetta had our old friends, the Republican trio of goddesses—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—between whom Paris, not the shepherd, but the Communist threw the apple of discord, numismatically engraved in honour of the gentlemen, not of the old regime, but of the new Government.

Look at Italy with her 7,000 revolutions, during the three centuries, closing with the era of Charles V. Sickly martyr to his crude principles, Assi studied but one book, the furious riot of M. Edgar Quinet's pen. All he devoured was the Revolution d' Italie, and it was too much.' All he vomited was the Commune of Paris, and it could hardly be said to be too little. Because the Italian Communes of the Middle Ages leagued against Rome, and against Barbarossa, therefore the French Commune of the nineteenth century must league against Cæsarism and against monarchy. Because the Italian Communes drew up their charters, therefore the French Commune must draw up their charter. Because Italian revolutionists cemented Italian nationality, therefore French revolutionists must dissolve French unity. Now, while exposing the asinine logic of Assi, M. Jules Percy was himself forgetful that, if the history of Italian revolutions inspired the incendiary of France, it was the French Revolution which inspired the vehicle of the inspiration. If the bloodthirsty anarchy of 1871 sprang from a bad digestion of Italian facts, on the other hand the constitutions accorded or extorted in the different States of Italy in 1830 were all framed on the French model. If Italian annals revolutionised France, it was France that revolutionised Italy. In the influence of revolutionary Italy, France is fired by the temper, repaid with monstrous interest to herself. France is quick to catch, perhaps quicker to pass, contagion.

Look at Belgium. To the end of the chapter, Brussels—the capital of the fertile politically-bullied country of corn-fields, battle-fields, and coal-mines, will be the rendezvous of upstarts, braggarts, orators of gowned impracticability, statesmen of fustian and heroes of brass: the lair of disgraced Russians, visionary Germans, Radical English, regicide Conventionalists, and oppressed Poles: 'the classic soil of liberty:' a loosely-tied, inflammable bundle of incoherent Debating Societies: a funeral menagerie of growling Masonic brothers. Vanhaegen closed his unmeaning breath amidst the hideous mock litanies

of sympathetic blasphemers, with the infantile, because superfluous, boast of infidelity curling his lips, a significant commentary upon the fire of enthusiasm, which a few years back animated the Student Congress. The State University of Liege was very eloquent for days. So were the students of Ghent. So was Brussels itself. The orators claimed for their prototypes the men of '93—Danton, Saint Just, and Marat. Of the two Governments, one Divine on the 21st of January, in the person of Louis XVI., was sent back to heaven; the other was the French Revolution, which would have been nobly anticipated by 1400 years, had Julian the Apostate only triumphed over Christianity. One dullard—M. Fontaine, of Liege—proclaimed his belief in God, but the intellects hissed the suggestion.

We may better interpret the revolutionary ingredients simmering in Belgium by the fact that its miracles of wit have been famed for this sort of thing: 'The idea of God degrades you. Six thousand years the notion has had you in its claws. Crush under foot the Colossus you have placed in heaven.' This exactly answers to Assi's 'Infamy of Religion.' Such choice French abstractions as 'opinion fills the throne, and is the real sovereign' flourish, as exotics should in Belgian hotbeds and hot-heads. Then the Belgians have a charter for talking nonsense. Not so the French: seven students were expelled from the University of Paris for chattering before the idolising natives perpetually and passionately such wisdom as 'our flag is the red flag—is the flag which ought to float here.' Also the roaring young Belgian blades and 'bloods,' converse quite glibly about Comte, Edgar Quinet, Proudhon. By the side of these facts, it is natural to place the French Revolution of 1830, and its particularly warm July; to recall the statement made in the House of Commons by Lord Aberdeen, on the 9th of August, 1831: 'It cannot be denied that the revolution in Belgium was the first-born of the French Revolution.' The Communism fever of 1871 spread at once from Paris to Brussels. Suffice it here to say that among a host of elocutionists and incendiaries, that star among the Democrats of Belgium, Citizen Pelbering, looked back 'twelve centuries ago,' when, as he triumphantly insisted, 'there were no soldiers and no tribunals.'

Look at Poland. Dance, gentlemen, Dance—is dead! Such is the *bonâ fide* exclamation made by an official, whose duty it was to supply a boys' school with tarts, because he wished his youthful merry customers, not, as might be inferred, to illustrate the art of Terpsichore, but to be apprised of the dissolution of his wife, who had rejoiced in the name of Dance. The good tradesman resembled Orpheus, not in inciting the 'olive leaves to dance,' but in bemoaning the loss of his Eurydice. Dance, Poles, dance—Poland is dead! Such is the prac-

tical address to Poland by Russia. 1872 is the centenary of the first partition of Poland. Poland has been anxious to celebrate this ghastly anniversary—this painful celebration of 'the days that are no more,' 'the death in life,' as Tennyson calls it—by totally abstaining from all saltatory demonstrations. Now, it may after all be a dubious compliment to centenarise the dissolution of an individual, but to centenarise the dissolution of one's country gaily is, if it be a necessity, the very irony of cruel fate. Triumphing in this happy thought the Prussian Government issued direction to its officials to give great public balls in all the principal towns of Poland. I am thereby forcibly reminded of the lying captain in Marryatt's novel, who made himself odious to his officers by his outrageous mendacity that, although he kept the best of tables, they at last one and all refused his invitation to dinner. 'Dine with me every day till further orders,' was the simple but peremptory reply. So false, perjured, but alas! not fleeting Russia, says to Poland, which does not want to dance with her at all, 'Dance with me every day till further orders; dance till you are giddy with the patriot's rage; peep, botanise, dance on your mother country's grave; dance a compulsory hornpipe till you are goaded to a desperate war dance; dance while I pipe to you; dance till I have a delicious excusing for pecking at more of your heart with my eagle's beak; dance, friends, Poles, subjects; dance, gentlemen, dance!' Gratitude is the logic of the heart. The logic of Poland's heart must be confined to the dilemma and confusion. The dance is the theatre of the compliant feminine ancle. Poland's dance of Death to bullying Russia's fiddle might prove the outlet of the recalcitrant masculine heel. Poland is not like Barkis, 'willing.' Certes, far less provocation has in times past driven the maddened Poles to revolution. Thus sleep the nations not on feather-beds, but volcanoes. Paris is merely the loftiest cone of the range. No sooner did 'the Republic of France' prove itself to be an entity somewhat more substantial than an imperially suppressed tune than 'the Republic of Spain marshalled its supporters to an enthusiastic demonstration whereby the fraternity of Madrid wished God speed to the fraternity of Paris. At the same moment the Republic of the Celtic imagination was all of a glow; and a knot of citizens packed off from Nice to Caprera, to beg Garibaldi to proclaim the Republic of Italy. If all the revolutionary volcanoes were to belch the nausea of the Proletariat at the same time, we should certainly have been warned of the probable interplay of dangerous fireworks. If an isolated outburst on the part of an oppressed people commands sympathies far stronger than the conventional bonds of international law, what must be the mutual support afforded by the heroes of an international insurrection? Insurgent Flanders was

aided by France and England. Insurgent Hungary received assistance from Louis XIV. Insurgent America was helped by Louis XIV. Insurgent Greece was delivered from Ottoman domination by Christendom. Insurgent Naples saw Victor Emanuel invade the dominions of Francis II., and gave orders to his army to attack its oppressor. Picture John fighting for Adolphe's loaf as well as his own—Fritz championing insurgent Europe and thinking of his dinner. A mutual admiration society of hungry and destructive European Revolutionists will be a sensation. Religion, fanaticism, 'an idea,' liberty, gadding animality will account for some revolutions, perhaps for something in all. Idleness, too, is a factor in the calculation. Montmartre did not relish going back to work after the siege.

Hence, hell upon earth. The reign of terror was enthroned in the castle of indolence. Still had the idle nerves of Montmartre been able to eat, drink, smoke, cultivate Aspasia, and enjoy the theatre, what sane man thinks that they would have kicked up a revolution for an abstract idea? A nation of citizens, enriched with aldermanic obesity, would never be bothered with a barricade. 'Let us walk,' they would say 'in the old lines and curves of the rotund aldermanic constitution.' As it is, revolution is hunger. You see a philosophic faith in the supreme necessity of political stability, the calm of a noble people, the immemorial majesty of imperial associations, a nation strong in loyalty and rooted in love, the cherished tradition of a united race—all because everybody that has a recognized place in the State is satisfied with his eggs and bacon. Suddenly the shirtless ones see an opening, make a grab at all the good things in the social pan, upset it, and call the fizzing exploit a revolution.

Forms of Government are often debated, but national philosophy veils naked craving. History is backbone, revolution the claw of rapine gloved in phraseology. The giddy pulse of one mob is Chaos. But the giddy pulse of a dozen mobs would be Pandemonium. With hunger and heroics, inanity of body, and still greater inanity of brain to spur their madness, with the steam-engine to concentrate their action, and the telegraph to quicken their vanity, the many-headed would prove themselves perfect miracles of mischievous fatuity.

Don't let us give them the chance. Let us love the children, and not fear the men, rescue the Arabs, and not be shot by the revolutionists. Communism will never be possible, till it is unnecessary. Were we brothers, the laws of property would exist only to diversify the pleasure of helping the weak and of thanking the strong. As it is, the struggle to squeeze the bloated carcase of selfishness into the graceful mantle of regulated love is simply to pull the black curtain of failure down on the crimson drama of blood. To attempt to make

men love one another by remorseless communistic machinery is very much like saying, 'If you don't dote on me, I'll thrash you till you do.' No crust of Communism can do more than varnish the present diseased social core. But how is the bat-eyed proletariat to be visited by a remote suspicion of this transparent truth? Why, I positively once asked a French gentleman of great culture, but given to the melancholy Republican convulsions, what he thought of the National Guards who had converted the rooms on the ground-floor of the Tuileries into barracks, who were described as having ranged bottles of strong liquor round the statue of Minerva, smoking, drinking, playing, 'lying on their stinking mattresses in all directions, snoring off the effects of their debauchery?' and he replied, with perfect seriousness, 'Bless them, they are drinking to the health of the Republic.' Then Mr. Frederick Harrison—a promising writer in the Fortnightly, passionate with admiration, categorised the Commune of Paris as 'the finest political conception of the age'—not quite accurately, inasmuch as the Commune was not fine, not political, not a conception, and not of the age. All ages breed the vilest outlaws, who vegetate outside the sphere of citizenship, and who seem entirely spared the trouble of thinking. Who can wonder when men—educated men—talk almost ideal nonsense at the Assis, and the Jacobis, and the Odgers, strutting into the jaws of ridicule, and staring with profound reverence at nothing. Meanwhile, like Owen's polygastric infusoria, plutocracy is 'hundred-stomached.' On the other hand, revolution is million-sworded. Result—either the swords will cut up the stomachs, or the stomachs eat up the swords. Then let the men of order look after the babes and sucklings. Quoth a Contemporary—

'Mark the man who does not love children, and trust him for nothing. He who loves not children is cruel and inhuman.' May we hope that there are few such men. When we have been toiling at our allotted work—when we have been in the whirligig of society—what a comfort, what a joy, to return to our fireside and to our children, who are the light, the life, and the bliss of home. We play and talk with our boy, and in him behold our second self. In the days when the strength of our manhood will have become weakness, we shall rejoice in his manhood. No wonder we are so anxious about his health and wellbeing. No wonder we spare no pains to nurture, teach, and train him, so that he may become an honour to our old age. For alas! there is another picture. There are children who are a shame, and not an honour to their parents. Now, reader, don't be alarmed. We do not propose to treat you to a sermon; but when you are at home, and hear the cheery voice, and look at the radiant face of your boy, do you ever think of the thousands of boys in this great

metropolis whose voices are not cheery and whose faces are not radiant—of the thousands of boys who are nearly naked, half-starved, and totally uneducated, and who are growing up to be miserable men and a curse to the community? Benevolent people are doing something to rescue the street Arabs, and to give them a chance of happiness. There are refuges, industrial schools, and training-ships. The School Boards will not always haggle about the payment of school-fees for the children of indigent parents. But we are not doing nearly enough. It is a scandal to us, with our prodigious wealth, that there are any half-naked, half-starved, and totally uneducated boys in London. It is only a question of money; and if, when we are home with our well-cared-for and happy children, we thought of the ragged, emaciated boys who prowl about the streets, money would be forthcoming. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Contemporary, Contemporary! why don't you always write like this?—instead of doing, as Mr. Disraeli said Mr. Lowe did in one of the hardest, closest, severest, most incisive, most to the purpose, most cut and dried, most logical speeches that even he ever delivered—instead of wailing your monstrous melodies to the moon?

'We almost worship the young,' exclaimed another Contemporary—the one with the largest and the warmest circulation in the world. With the scream of steam in our ears, and a millstone of worry round our necks, we might do worse than revel in a Paradise of young eyes, rosy cheeks, ringing voices, and warm hearts. We cannot recal the charm of our own boyhood. We cannot turn all things to mirth, as only boyhood can, according to the wise Hood; look fresh as the lads carrying spotted trout, or piling snow men, sung by the gentle Wordsworth; or enjoy the 'very breath,' which is enough to ravish the 'beautiful boy' to whom an ode was proffered by the ardent Willis. We can no more, even for one delicious moment, feel the touch and perfume of our life's spring than we can back the sun in the heavens. We may revisit the scenes of our boyhood, reform the fashion and pressure of a vanished endearment, disinter a long-buried association; but it slips into ashes, and is found no more—it lives no longer in the faith of reason. We linger by the moss of a familiar ruin, hoar with the austerity of rugged desolation. We see the black-cap on her dainty nest, not to be scared till the very last moment into leaving her eggs. The wild strawberry, and nature's rose, all where all used to be; but the heart of the time is changed. We are sensible of the caw of the same many-wintered rooks amidst the grey twilight of the same immemorial elms, of the desolate park, of its antique mansion, which used to seem half haunted, the sleeping holy well, the prodigality of oak and fern, the clash of distant antlers. We start at

the russet copse, in the heart of the weird moor, as it bends to the sough of the autumn winds, while in the distance slope into spires the blue poetic hills. We take into our souls the plash of the waterfall, tumbling down the glen, wreathing into flakes of cream, till it sinks on the breast of green pastures, henceforth to curve through wood and fantastic orchard to meet the briny odour and ever-twinkling smile of ocean. We catch a stray hint of careless chimes, wafted on lazy summery guests, and blossom-laden with the Auld Lang Syne. But not even in the passing ecstacy of a giddy pulse can we again taste the irrevocable years. The magic lingers, but the joy which dashed it with impetuous hope, and enlarged it into infinitely expanding circles of jubilant life, has gone for ever. We cannot, in spirit, be boys again. But happiness, laughter, and sunshine warm those who seek them. Swift laughed at the man who tried to bottle sunbeams out of cucumbers. But boys make sunshine out of their salad days. The serenest of serene bards could not make sunshine so. But he basked in it in his immortal Ode on Immortality; the lyrist cries 'Shout round me, let me hear your shouts, you happy shepherd-boy.' We almost worship the young, says our Contemporary, and like all such feeling, we thereby betray a passion gloriously selfish. But shepherd-boys are not the only ones whose dancing vitality is delightfully contagious. Mr. Holmes, in his Book about Boys, instanced, among the modern authors who reverence all boys—till men make destitute devils of them—Lord Lytton, George Elliot, Thackeray, and Charles Dickens. That reverence has been paid by the loftiest minds in all ages. That reverence appears at its utmost when a great age is at its best. It teems through the dialogues of Plato; it flushes through the sonnets of Shakespeare; it animated the labours of Raphael; it inspired that noble line of Juvenal,—

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

It sent Richard Cœur-de-Leon out hunting for boys' tenderly beautiful voices, and filling all singing places with their liquid ring. It recruited the sinking soul of Martin Luther, who, prostrate, pale, and faint, was encouraged to fresh exertions by the choral music and happy presence of the young. It formed the sacred Phalanx of Thebes; it conquered Sparta. It is the tribute due to those who ride on the rainbow of hope, and make the voice of the lark exultant with the young fire of their sun-turned eyes, while men sit and hear each groan. If, then, in this age, 'we almost worship the young,' so much the better for the age. Take the whole range of English boyhood, from the son of Eton, with the flower in his button-hole, his lavender kids, silver-topped cane, passing through our so-called second-rate public schools, our

colleges for the industrious sons of the clergy; through our great middle-class schools; through our warehouses and shops, where the young apprentice works and whistles through shine and cloud; through our villages where the children are on close terms with the squire's family, and are friends of the parson, down to our plucky Arab, whose toilette is compounded chiefly of rags—and there is a native bubbling fountain-spring in them all of good nature, of courage, of candour, of fresh, exuberant, healthy spirits, of superb indifferentism towards the anxieties which worry adult flunkeydom, such as command the instinctive chivalry of all good men.

Cynic whose heart is becoming dry, student whose brain is waxing weary, plutocrat whose purse is a narrowing chain, flunkey whose nature from being once vocal of itself has now come to be only the ever-whispering supplication at the feet of the golden calf, and a walking noisy courtship to parchment and pedigree, learn English boyhood to be forgiving, faithful, fresh, and free. As the tremendously popular huzzaed song, puts the thirst of this artificial sickly, weary age of joy and nature, 'It seems but yesterday that we were boys together.' Sweet English boyhood! thou art so near and yet so far! Now take a peep at French boys for a change. What the Arabs of Europe, even of this dear, dear England would do in the insurrection of Europe, when grown up to be men, may be feebly pictured by noting what was done in the insurrection of Paris by the Arabs of Paris, while as yet boys. It was instructive to read how the moribund Communists threw open the gates of the reformatories, and loosed the 'jeunes detenus' upon the town, how some hundreds of the tiger whelps swarmed about the streets in gay uniforms and befeathered sombrero hats, how a detachment of the tender-lipped desperadoes was quartered at Passy, drinking deep draughts of alcohol, with short pipes or stolen cigars in their beardless mouths, how they lounged about, wallowing in debaucheries and foul gestures of the fierce Mœnads, many of whom might have been grandmothers of those who caressed them. It was instructive to read how the boys took to their new occupation with mad glee, how they found it far better fun to banter and dally with foul-mouthed Hecates, to drink, to smoke, to swear and gamble, than to work. It was instructive to read how they launched into their new profession of arms at one bound, minus the dull drudgery of drill and other annoyances, how greedily they swallowed the promise that they should have wine and tobacco at discretion. It was instructive to read how, when they were told that they would only have to march to the barricades and shoot down all who approached, they jumped at the compact, for this was far greater amusement than working in confinement, how they bettered their in-

structions, how gangs were tried of lads varying from 16 to 11 years of age, all hardened young reprobates, against whom their fathers and mothers turned, and declined to claim the irreclaimable. It was instructive to read how the fierce principles of the accursed Commune had trampled out all the holier features of humanity, and had left nought but brute instincts behind, how the young fiends deposed that they had been ordered to 'man' the barricades, and to fire away at the troops, how they boasted with cynical indifference that they had obeyed their orders to the letter; that some had fired off fifty cartridges, others more, some less; that when asked how they could load their guns—for they had only the old muzzle-loaders—they replied that they soon learnt how to load and fire, and take aim, under their tutors; that they scrambled up to the top of the barricades like cats, delivered their fire, and dropped down to cut and come again. Better read it than suffer. Remember, too, this in France, where the kindness shown to the boys in reformatories to English ears sounds like romance. It may well be asked, if the French with their reformatories cannot succeed in preventing Arabs from being insurgents soon as occasion offers, what will those nations do who lag so far behind her in this supremely important matter of juvenile reform?

Among the bitter incidents of the Franco-Prussian war, prominently figures the cruel fact that it ruined the model of eighty-two French Reformatories. Few tales were more sickening than that told to a sympathetic audience in Adam Street, by M. Demetz, the progenitor of the entire modern Reformatory movement, touching the state of his own colony at Mettray. First the chickens were gladly gathered under the wings of the French eagle, rather an imposing colony quartering themselves on the establishment. Then followed—bless its honest soul!—the Prussian hawk, in the shape of another regiment, gifted with an appetite equally healthy. The two birds of prey soon devoured the pattern reformatory. They left the noble society to set its affections on things above, content themselves to mark and inwardly digest things below. And when the French and the Prussians were gone, the flocks, herds, and corn were gone too. Never were the prospects of civilization more bright. The country of Paschal and the fatherland of Goethe are the pioneers of the progress of our happy race. God spared them, and any leg of a French chicken that managed to escape their eloquent jaws. That the model of eighty-two French Reformatories, that the fountain-spring and mother of European innocence, should sauce the palates of a vulgar Uhlan or swearing National Guard shows that at last man's conscience points spire-like towards heaven. So much for the misfortunes of the Colonie at Mettray. As to its exploits, it has reduced the average of juvenile

criminals who relapse into crime from 45 to 5 per cent.; indeed, it surpasses the achievements of the Patronage Society itself. It is not, however, my present business to dilate on the merits of the Patronage Society, or to point how a somewhat analogous social economy produced the perfection of character among the ancients. But it is pleasant to know that the two intelligent nations plumed themselves on eating up an institution which has won more moral battles than that fragrant Patronage Society, of which we read that, whereas before its existence, out of 217 youths that were liberated between the years 1831 and 1833, there were 99 recommitals for several times, and for grave offences; on the other hand, since the Association entered upon its mission, out of 269 lads taken under their charge, only 51 were again sentenced to a second imprisonment. The fact is that France is good at these reformatories. France has learnt at least the force of the passion of Talleyrand and the facts of Cremieux. In France the ethics of reformation are not hieroglyphics, or common sense an apocrypha. France has been taught by her great men that repression without reform is a relapse to barbarism. France, acute with all her crimes and sensitive with all her follies, knows that it is at once an injustice and a blunder to pack young and adult criminals together in dens minus ventilation, in the midst of a code of laws minus virtue. France objects to sentencing a human being to typhus fever and moral contagion. France shrinks from creating crime by neglecting to mend it—that is to say the real France, not the thing of sham and impulse, of rouge and spasm called the Commune or the puppet of exhaustion, which believes itself to be the Republic of Thiers. When M. Demetz—all honour to him—visited Adam Street, in behalf of each young fallen Adam, it was reported that the Government was shortly about to stop the 70 centimes which hitherto it has paid for each inmate of the reformatory at Mettray. He soon received from the French Relief Fund £500. The English hate to see thieves dining off inchoate virtue. France must be encouraged to persevere in reforming young criminals, while the *Warspite* training-ship—the parent of all others—makes it a special feature to reform only lads unconvicted of crime.

Such is the story; and the moral is clear. In 1844 Talleyrand quoted, with a force which ran through Europe, Mirabeau's statement that the reform of criminals signified 'the abandonment of the barbarism of the middle ages.' In the same powerful debate Cremieux piled up forcible proofs of the recent metamorphosis of scapegraces into heroes. The Patronage Society in France gave each boy criminal a patron, who looked after him in prison, had him apprenticed during incarceration, and found him employment after; and it was only the summer before

last that some citizens of New Hampshire, United States, organised an energetic society for 'the relief and aid of liberated convicts.' Of course you don't want to tempt a ruffian into the purgatory of prison with a view to the paradise of relief. But the heart of the scheme of the Patronage Society can be reduced to this—you can do what you like with the young. Under the circumstances, if we consider motives rather than results, it is highly satisfactory to know that Mr. Ruskin has leapt on the stage. He first announced his intention of placing upon trust the magnificent sum of a thousand pounds with a view to the development of Arabs. With this was to be bought a piece of land, of every acre of which 'the absolute best' is to be made. 'Wholesome' flowers and fruit trees were to be planted, and 'humble and simple cottages' to be built. When 'unlimited annual labour has put every square foot of this little paradise under as strict care as a flower-garden,' then the fathers of the Arabs (Arabs, by the way, don't always sport fathers) were to be paid 'sufficient, unchanging wages,' and the children to be 'compulsorily educated,' &c., &c. Of course, £1,000 'invested in Consols' means, even if the trustees be 'two men of honour,' exactly £35 per annum, less 6d. in the pound, or 17s. 6d. income tax. To do all that Mr. Ruskin proposes, £33 12s. 6d. a year is but an unhappy beginning, and the Slade Professor of the Fine Arts must have an almost prophetic faith in his own principles. Since Mr. Ruskin first drew up this precious scheme, I believe that he has doubled his gift or trebled it. It really doesn't matter. As regards motive, the scheme could not be more perfect; as respects means, it would remain as ludicrous as before. Still, his programme is most convenient for the purposes of philanthropic criticism.

Mr. Ruskin's phrase, 'under as strict care as a flower garden,' is just about as calculated to promote solid virtue, as the novel 'cometh up as a flower." The aroma of horticulture is not the unction of sanctity. Has Mr. Ruskin ever heard of the Nottingham 'lambs?' Why does he not soften the asperities of these loud, these terrible bleaters? Why not pack off, not indeed the roses and raptures of vice, but the lilies and languors, the carnations and charities, the dahlias and duties, the geraniums and glories of virtue, straight to Nottingham? Or—to discard that alliterative imitation which Mr. Swinbourne will allow to be 'the sincerest form of flattery,' may I venture to ask Mr. Ruskin for one tit-bit of information? One knows that Mr. Ruskin must be right. It only remains for him to say how. One has not to search for the needle of the wit of Ruskin in the hay-stack of the cow of Stolidity? How is it that Nottingham, the city of roughs, is one and the same as Nottingham the city of flowers? Throw up the sponge, florid Mr. Ruskin, and drop the watering pot.

Were we not edified by the revelation that ten thousand gardens of value and beauty are held by the working men of Nottingham? Has not the Mayor of that favoured town congratulated the natives, his fellow-citizens, on this very point? It is really refreshing to see the success of the Royal Horticultural Society. The fact that on one occasion there were no fewer than 355 entries for roses, encourages the hope that Nottingham is not a prey to the universal misery painted in colours, the principal objection to which is that they are impossible, by the International. Nevertheless, though music has charms to soothe the savage breast, the Communistic bosom is remarkably insensible to the pacific susurrus of arborescent beauty. Buttes Chaumont, for example, was redeemed from its associations with gypsum quarries, the giblets of Montfaucon, and hungry rats. Haussman baited for the respectable class in the North East of Paris. The loose fish found themselves 'in the swim,' and, heaven knows, there were enough bites. The Prefect of the Seine created the park, grottoes, cascades, and planted deodars. In spite of the deodars, roughs have made Buttes Chaumont other than famous. No doubt flowers are 'priests, sermons, shrines.' Unfortunately there are people who care for none of these things to a greater extent than the value of a shaving from a dilapidated pew.

Once more, take the case of Devonshire. Devonshire is the garden of England. Chudleigh is the garden of South Devon. The Chudleigh navvy bags the fair Teign Valley Railway, and with his callous fists makes it brutally hot for the sensitive truncheons of the police for a week. In North Devon, Neymet Rowland boasts a happy family, a nameless, shameless herd of three generations, which huddle in a barn, a Holland House in wood, an aristocracy of unclothed nature, by the undraped side of which, such upstarts as the Houses of Bourbon, of Hapsburg, of Braganza, of Savoy, and Hohenzollern, appear dressed in a little brief authority; a haughty and imperious Patriarchate which scorns alliances with aliens, which bids fair to replenish the earth, which is faithful only to its own flesh and blood, which sets at defiance alike the syllogisms of Malthus and the howls of Mill, which breeds Arab babes with pinched yellow faces, and gutter child sucklings with weak, watery eyes, which impounds cattle, and charges farmers for their keep, which shoots at passers by with surprising accuracy, and a dear old family gun, which lately used to exhibit a fine old English gentleman, not, indeed, like Milman's Apollo.

Too fair to worship, too divine to love, but still sufficiently statuesque to grace the fields stark naked, with a wisp of hay round his loins, which turns out stalwart, low-browed, high-cheeked, young women, ruddy as the Rose of Torridge, if less adorable, an enormous sow

with a ring in its snout, ten little piglings, other cattle, human and otherwise, a litter of young hopefuls, typified by a little villain in ashes, with mahogany legs, saluting delighted visitors, by standing on his head, writhing as to his lower limbs, and gracefully relieving the too hospitable blaze of fire, by lifting little sticks out of it with his 'towe.' To a well-regulated mind there is something unutterably sacred and beautiful in this group. Most 'minds,' however, are not well-regulated, and they will have it that the garden of the counties is the hotbed of the most unblushing indelicacy. Devonshire, which nourishes the smartest sailor boys, the sweetest flowers, the wildest Arabs. Buckle need not have written the 'History of Civilisation,' when civilisation in its flowery cradle out-savages the savage. Poor Buckle himself held the wretched bedraggled Ruskinian flowery theory. In his affection for it he pushed his theory too hard. He squeezed his child to death.

Tersely formulated his version comes to this. Beautiful scenery produces human sensibility. As it happens, ugly Holland has limned miracles of artistic beauty. On the other hand admired fashionable gangs, circles of the most ferocious bandits, have shot up like mushrooms on the fairy rings of magically picturesque Spain. But not to let the authorities, who are liable for our Neymet Rowland barn—the cynosure of Europe, and the pride of civilisation—escape through the purple rags of Buckle's magnificent generalisation, the Home Office was reported about a year ago to be getting up quite a natural history of the hideous savages of lovely Devon. Dean Liddon assures us that in the civilised man the savage lurks. Lurks? Promenade, rather, in Neymet Rowland. Why is the Home Office so anxious to swell the number of idiots which makes our isle as it is, chock full of Calibans, of Liberal ministers, and of noises. Depend upon it very little is gained by permitting the alphabet of decency to be mutilated.

The fact is that the fair, florid tastes of Nottingham, the fair, florid public spirit of Buttes Chaumont, the fair, florid proselytism of Mr. Ruskin only humanize the already humanized, gild the gold that has for ages been refined, and paint the lily of a blameless life, which was perfectly white before. Not that I would underrate verdant Nottingham and her lambs, verdant Buttes Chaumont and her Reds, the—I will not say too sensible—Professor and the divine children, half-baby-and-half-horticultural show, who are to live in the petals of a hyacinthine bulb, and to die of a rose in aromatic pain. Above all, Nottingham is a credit to the vegetable creation. Only her good Mayor must lay down somewhere a terminus to the eloquent pæans in her praise. M. Barillet, the superintendent of the parks and gardens of Paris, once expressed his surprise at the absence of palms in English gardens

—at all events, he cannot deny that in gardens Nottingham carries off the palm. Nor is Brazil out of court on the point. What the Cabinet of all the desponding virtues must recal with a peculiar flavour of satisfaction is the fact that in Ingaribe is a church built to our Lady of the O; and on the 18th of December, Cayrasco, author of a poetical Flos Sanctorum, when he comes to this day makes all the virtues join hand, and form a perfect round O. Mr. Ruskin's secular ritualism, like Mr. Gladstone's arch-angelic crew, is a cipher. Of the two social forces, a pot of beer is more insinuating than a pot of mignionette. God's acre is not to be purged of weeds by exotics. Flowery virtue, elsewhere besides in Ingaribe, comes to nothing.

But if Mr. Ruskin sets too great a store by flowers, on the other hand he does not despise the policy of sewage; indeed, he determines to have 'faultless sanitary regulations.' When 'Gentleman Dick' was asked by David Copperfield's puzzled aunt, what to do with his Arab, her just discovered treasure of a relation, there was an inobstrusive majesty in his reply. He said, 'Wash him.' Here applies Emerson's theory of compensation. His bitterest enemy cannot force the Arab to wash his dirty linen in public, because, though it would be dirty, if he ever had had or ever could have any linen to wash, yet as matters stand linen is to him as a thirteenth zodiacal sign, and he last used water about the time that he lost his Yorkshire estate. True the mudlark loves the Thames; but the Thames is mud, and it is bordered by the willow-leaves, which inspired the magic pencil of Turner. Here we have mud, the germ of our fine London butter; willow-leaves, the raw material of our soothing London tea. Quite indifferent to the fact that the great painter's weird and fairy idealism consisted in copying the free breakfast table of Cockneydom, the mudlark goes fresh to the fountain spring of the food. Were the Thames clear as glass, the Arab would recoil; as it is foul and homely, he is 'all there.' Babes cry while they are being washed; children of a larger growth, while they are not. They feel that cleanliness and secular water is next to Godliness and holy water; besides, man who poetically is 'how like a God,' chemically has been described as 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through $5\frac{1}{2}$ pailfuls of water. Man smokes, man washes, clay likes clay, and water water. If one eternal or constant verity seems more plausible than another, it is that a constant body of water should be honoured with a constant supply. Toss a wild little kid into a tub as a sacrifice to the chaste Diana; seethe it in the scalded milk of human kindness, then see if your washed, cooked Arab, is not more palatable to society than when raw. Victor Emanuel once went suddenly to visit the Colosseum by moonlight, instead of to his Alpine hunting fields; so, instead of Arab-hunting, Arab-potting, Mr. Ruskin

bathes his tender fancy in romance. Let both king and professor stick by Diana the huntress, and jilt Diana the moon, excepting her watery beams, which must bear some mystic affinity towards 'faultless sanitary regulations.'

But while it is well that Mr. Ruskin should not be blind to such facts as that in Nottingham, in 1832 there were 1,100 cases of cholera, 289 fatal, that the disease went, water came; that in 1849 cholera appeared a second time; 8 cases, 6 fatal; on the other hand Mr. Ruskin means to look after the *mens sana* as well as the *corpus sanum*. Mr. Ruskin is eager to teach the Arab Latin. Mr. Ruskin hates railways, and yet his 'go' is still more screaming. Not only panting time, but perspiring 'progress' toils after him in vain. Arab No. 1 turns a sommersault, a Latin sentence, and an honest penny. Arab No. 2 holds out an oyster for a donation, and composes an elegiac bivalve for a treat. Arab No. 3 familiarises his tender beak with the interior economy of an appropriated pot of creamy stout, wets his whistle, and dashes off marginalia in the people's edition of the Festive Athenœus. Arab No. 4 is of a more serious bent, prefers Donaldson's 'man of ponderous erudition and no genius,' Varro, while he eyes a chop, so that the butcher says 'there's a rose'—no, an Arab—'looking in at the window.' And Arab No. 5, who is losing a fortune at chuck-farthing, bethinks himself of Westminster Pier, suicide, and Seneca. After all the vagrant young sharp-shooters of the middle ages picked up Latin and poultry all over the country; indeed, Platter, who died in great honour at the head of the College of Basil, was originally an Arab among Arabs. Nevertheless, Latinizing the residuum is, as Steerforth would say, rather 'going it.' Very little Latin, however, would enable the fusee vendors to translate 'ex luce lucellum.' Mr. Ruskin furthermore purposes dosing the Arab with a course of lectures. Now Dickens could pleasantly weave for adults the Tale of Two Cities as voluntary fiction. Will Mr. Ruskin be able to drive into the stubborn receptive organ of children the Tale of Five Cities as compulsory history? Will he be able to teach the Arab—

> The glory that was Greece,
> And the grandeur that was Rome.

The misery that is in London he knows already.

Of this lecture the deliverer should be the Arab, and Mr. Ruskin take notes. As to Florence, the impression on Mr. Ruskin's mind appears to be that as thirst for knowledge is invariably keener than hunger for food, the Arab has only to be told that in some respects Florence would make the best capital of Italy, and he will feel

'fust rate.' As to Venice, the fact that when it was occupied in 1815 by Austrian troops, the unfinished vessels were rotting on the stocks would be in itself, as Steele said of a lady's single conversation, 'a liberal education,' most appropriate to the scions of the discarded dockyard labourers of London. After these studies 'the boys are to be taught to ride and sail.' To sail (?) paper boats like Shelley, training ships like the Marine Society, or their own canoes like *Rob Roy?* To ride? Each in his own modest carriage on his own rightful road? To ride? As the Sybarites on saddles of down? To ride? As the French school-boys, visited by the apostle of sweetness and light, in the private school Soreze, that fairy village in the Department of the Tarne, with its stable of twenty horses? To ride, to sleep—perchance to dream—there's the equestrian Arab's rub, on the flanks of the misty hills of dream-land, not on the back of a horse of flesh. Furthermore, the boys in Mr. Ruskin's Paradise are 'to obey orders with the precision of slaves.'

It stands on record that a soldier was carrying a shoulder of mutton, when a wanton wag suddenly called 'Attention.' The dish, gravy, and all—such was the force of drill and habit—slipped out of the veteran's hands. Our seven hundred young Metropolitan Telegraph Messengers are not veterans indeed, but still military human beings whose wills must tend to be mechanical. During their parade before Dean Stanley, the boys stood 'Attention' in that Abbey, which possesses the attention of the world, and wherein the last attention is paid to the heroes who have done their duty. In an instant a signal was given by a tap of the drum, when the lads all knelt. They were literally drummed into devotion. Had by any untoward accident 'Attention' been suddenly commanded after the beardless telegraphic warriors had sung a hymn, seven hundred hymn-books might have fallen. If the tap of the drum is a worthy accessory to the peal of the organ, I still question whether 'Attention,' which, as authentic experience proves is capable of producing involuntary results that are most disturbing, is precisely in harmony with the reverence due to the sanctuary, which for one object alone claims attention. Still something may be forgiven in this hour, even on that score, seeing that to the nation's danger the wise dean is 'all attention.' But Mr. Ruskin had better be very careful how he manipulates his covey of enslaved angels. When boys are taught 'vocal music' and 'to obey with the precision of slaves' in church the consequences are sometimes awkward.

Moreover, Mr. Ruskin's Arabs are to be taught 'gentleness to all brute creatures,' presumably including the fallen race, which has degenerated from the sinless ape. Two cases come to mind. The adult

and the juvenile cruelty exactly synchronized. William Cooper caused the death of Robert Salmon Mulley in the Wandsworth County Lunatic Asylum, by 'turning on the hot water first.' Sleep is sore labour's bath. Sore lunacy's bath was death. Then a boarder at the Mottram-in-Longendale Grammar School was put into a bath by a fellow pupil; 'the water was so hot that the little fellow's skin peeled off as soon as he was taken out. The local surgeon could do nothing for him, and the child died in great agony.' Now, when one remembers that Dr. Joule's thermometer is of that extreme sensibility that it is able to detect the heat radiated by the moon, that a beam of its delicate sheen was admitted through a slit in a shutter, and as the ray passed gradually across the instrument, the index was defected several degrees, showing that the air within had been raised a few ten-thousandths of an inch, one rubs one's eyes. Is it possible that we can so accurately determine the heat of the lunar orb, and yet cannot find out the heat supportable by a lunatic? Can we measure the warmth of heaven, and yet not know when the water is too hot for a little school-fellow till the skin peels off and he dies? To counteract this tendency, Mr. Ruskin, as I have observed, has resolved to physic the Arab with 'vocal music.' The difference between the pale Arab with his toilette of rags and the bright-surpliced chorister, whose ravishing strains at Christmas invite the facile imagination to 'Hark, the Herald Angels sing,' is mainly a question of circumstance. Rob your chorister of the moral moorings of home for four years, and we tremble for his fate. On the other hand, give your Arab a home for four years, and what is the result? Why, on the 'Chichester' training-ship, and in similar institutions, we find him singing like a cherub, with a character challenging admiration. 'Slow rises worth by poverty depressed,' wrote Dr. Johnson in his 'London,' using capital letters to illustrate the cardinal agony. What Disraeli calls 'the hell of failure' is never so black as when it might be the heaven of success. The street Arab, gathering himself all of a heap into a shadow, out of the ken of the constable, and out of reach if he could of Jack Frost, on his doorstep down some squalid court, rubbing his little pinched body to make it, if only for one instant, as warm as the complaining, well-fed British taxpayer is at his coldest, betrayed into an infant's catechism of curses which true charity dares to pardon, has only to be physically fed, to have his physical thirst assuaged, to be physically shod, to be a different moral being. Let nature have fair play, and in warm temples the young inchoate blasphemer may sing with the creature's gratitude and the artist's skill, anthems impossible to the most melodious starveling, such

'AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING STREAMS.'

I.

Refreshing as the fall of fountains,
Bright boy, thou smitest soft dim air
To flakes of ringing silver rare,
Warbling rich treble, which slays care,
Divinely bountiful, divinely fair.

II.

Sweeter than those young lips, which chanted
Through Paris streets for England's fame,
Which solaced Luther, faint and lame;
Strong, prostrate Luther—mighty name—
Which left the cloisters where King Richard came.

III.

Sweeter than nightingales of even,
Which at Colonnus rapture told,
To Œdipus, the blind, the old;
Which in green glens such lyrics rolled,
As turned the wanderer's heart of lead to gold.

IV.

Ravished Ulysees heard the Syrens
Bound to a mast; but had thy song
Called him, he would have burst each thong,
Swum to the shore, with impulse strong,
That he to thee and Death might still belong.

V.

When Orpheus smiled, and harped to nature,
A sudden pulse shook rock and rill;
A beating heart moved tree and hill,
No living creatures near stood still,
The lifeless lived at his melodious will.

VI.

So steals to joy this gorgeous temple,
And listens. Some divine disdain
Seizes my breast with dulcet pain;
Kind, cruel, and now kind again,
Thou gracious master of my burning brain.

VII.

Thy minstrelsy bids Faith move mountains,
Tear lion's manes, breast floods of fire,
Foot the parched deserts, yet not tire;
Die for the lovelier life and higher,
It unveils virtue, beckons vice expire.

VIII.

No night of gloom, no hell of anguish,
No brooding phantom, vexing clay,
Makes this a home, finds here a prey:
Abashed night hears thee, Night is Day;
Hell hears, hell's phantoms flit high Heaven's way.

IX.

To see the boy he loved, his idol,
Wise Plato yearned to be the sky;
Each burning star a feasting eye,
A ravished immortality,
So might I look and listen from on high.

X.

The spheres ashamed of their sweet music,
Soon as the melting orbs heard thine;
Faint-spangled vocal wealth of mine,
Would each forswear its voice divine,
To be thy faithful echo or to pine.

XI.

What, though all words to chains are tethered,
Lo, some vast beautiful desire
Will storm the heart with forks of fire;
Wild tongues that leap to heaven, and higher,
Still soars the lark, still points the sacred spire.

XII.

The holy anthem leaves the temple
Chaster for ever. Sleeps in thee
God's music. On adoring knee
I drink the fount of ecstasy,
Panting no more by cooling streams to be.

In short, it is impossible to overrate the good which Mr. Ruskin may do with his 'vocal music.' There is a wealth of happiness to be conferred by the move. The Home for Destitute Boys at Park House, North-end Road, Fulham, if it has not done so already, might take a hint from the organised open-air choral services, held in connection with the Golden Lane Mission to the Free Day-School. The voice is a more delicate instrument than the saw, more soothing even than printer's ink, but it is not incongruous with either. Let the young carpenters and printers of Park House sing. Why, in Prague, livery servants used to be positively expected to play some instrument. The accomplished artists who delighted Mozart's ears with their finished rendering of his last quartet had brushed the composer's hat in the morning, and blacked his boots. As their notes rang tenderly sweet,

refreshingly clear from excess of pleasure to the mysterious verge of pain, it was possibly a consolation to the musician to remember that these performers came from the simple village schools. In monastic times boys worked and warbled, and probably made all the better menials for learning to appreciate melody. We may therefore well ask ourselves whether, if Orpheus made stationary oak-trees saltatory, he could not make reckless Dick Turpin still. The associations of the sanctuary, the status, and the earned pecuniary reward would surely tend to wean a romantic youth from his insane appetite for horse and harness, wine and cigars, for leaping over turnpikes, and rifling cash-boxes, for an evening on the high road and a morning in Bow Street. On the other hand, the perfect rush to St. Andrew's, Wells Street; to Moorfields—to any place, in short, where there is sweetness and dim religious light, proves that if we were to spread, instead of concentrating, the attraction, some congregations would not be crushes, and the well-meant hideous minstrelsy of others would not frighten sensitive ears away. The fact is, that there is an enormous and growing demand for boys' voices.

If the Home for Destitute Boys, and all similar centres for the waifs and strays of inutilised juvenility, would follow such an example as has been set by the musical 'Chichester' training ship with such marvellous success, the sphere of morals, the sphere of æsthetics, the sphere of charity, would in the case of many a sweet-voiced little outcast, be increased in harmony with Divine beneficence and the Angelic minstrelsy above. The choice before us is simple. Shall we have Arabs who can steer ships, heavily labouring in the China seas, when men who have not been Arabs lose what heads they have to lose, Arabs who can sing our hot adult anxieties into cooling streams, or shall we breed Arabs more than ready like the young Parisians to shoot from behind barricades, to shout themselves hoarse with proletariat bravado? What will the grown Arab be? Salvation on the seas, or ruin in the slums? Smartest of whistling sailors abroad, or most desperate of the howling revolutionists at home? How shall we modulate Herr Wagner's 'music for the future?'

[*To be continued.*]

A Month at the Achensee.

By Mathilde Blind.

On a rainy afternoon, towards the end of September, 186—, I arrived at last, after a long, tedious journey, at Yenbach, a small country town in the Tyrol, and the nearest railway station to the Achensee, whither I was bound. Dripping I stood in the dripping station, surrounded by dripping Tyrolese men, while the roads, flooded with weeks of incessant rain, presented as forbidding an aspect as could well be conceived. To get a carriage at such a time was a matter of difficulty, and when one came at last, and the driver heard that I desired to go to the 'Scholastica,' he at first sulkily and peremptorily refused. Still I was determined not to beat an ignominious retreat having come so far. With prayers which availed little, and golden promises which availed much, I at last succeeded in getting the heavy conveyance under way. Painfully we jolted upwards along a steep narrow valley jammed in like a wedge between two rugged mountain sides, torn asunder as it seemed by nature in a fit of passion, and henceforth bearing for ever the ineradicable signs of their violent disruption. Thus much even could rather be guessed at than seen, for a thick darkness not of dusk or night clung round us, and enveloped the earth like a grave-cloth. The only thing that throbbed with fierce life in this deathly atmosphere was a sheer alpine torrent, which tore up the gloom like a flash of lightning. But for that passionate pulse of precipitate waters I think my heart would have failed me to go on. Hours on hours we drove, issuing out on wide level pasture-lands, thence on to a narrow road, beetled over by mountains on the one side, on the other skirted by the waters of a sullen lake. Twice the driver halted, and each time pointed out, with evident complacency, a small shrine, sacred to the Virgin Mary, and erected over a spot whence a vehicle with its human cargo had rolled into the lake beneath. It was late when at last we stopped before a solitary inn. The reception was most ungracious. A

buxom woman of about fifty, whose portly figure engrossed the entire doorway, insisted that she had shut up her place for the season, and that she could not alter her arrangements for the sake of one person. She eyed me all the while suspiciously, as if possibly some hidden danger for her were lurking behind my inoffensive person. While this debate was going on another person joined us, and spoke with the hostess in the dialect of the country, which I could not understand. This was a superb woman, strong of build, as mountain maid should be, and of surpassing fairness. Plaits of an arm's thickness were wound and coiled round her broad head, and the coarse black jacket she had huddled on just showed glimpses of a towering milk-white bust; this was at least pleasant to look upon while I was obliged to stand there shivering in the cold. In the end I was admitted, but not with a good grace. However, the exceeding freshness of the room I was ushered into, the white sanded floor, the high-piled bed, and the bracing smell of herbs pervading the air made up for any lack in that direction, and after some hastily-swallowed supper, I crept into bed and soon was sound asleep.

I woke early, and dressing hastily, walked out to ascertain what manner of place it really was in which I found myself. As long as I live I shall never forget that morning. It had rained continuously, as I stated, for weeks past, and there had been a heavy fall of snow on the mountains. Now, as I looked around, I could realise the biblical expression, 'And the earth was without form, and void;' so formless and shapeless was the vapour blotting out heaven and earth. Suddenly this wan void thrilled as with an electric shock. A curtain seemed to be rent asunder on high, mountain-peaks on mountain-peaks innumerable sprang into light, and crowded and pressed with white bare tops against the pink breasts of the morning. Then the glow of their joy was something awful to behold. They shone out over mist-drenched wood and valley like a band of colossal cherubim, who, reaching upwards into the intolerable effluence of Deity, stretch out and hand down to the shadowy haunts of man a muffled and mitigated flame.

The forests thrill to the burning touch, a thick white smoke, as of incense, steams up from their sombre depths, curls and eddies above their green broad masses, then soaring aloft, quivers like thrice-sifted silver on the highest summit, whence it is sucked up like a prayer into the heart of heaven. By this time the lake had become pure as crystal, and a tittering brook danced out of its arms into a green curving valley beyond. All was light, life, sunshine,—infinite joy. Man, too, began to bestir himself. You heard the cadenced fall of the flail from neighbouring farms. Shepherds leisurely led forth their flocks, and the tinkle of their tiny bells sounded silverly in the morn-

ing hush. Two girls, with heavy pitchers poised on their heads, stepped out lustily, and their innocent laughter chimed in well with the bleating of the sheep. I was drunk with delight at seeing the landscape thus suddenly unveiling its matchless beauty, and not feeling half as much life in me as that mad-cap of a rivulet that was rushing away in such haste, I somehow forgot that we did not speak the same language, and expostulated with it on the folly of its overhaste to get away, when, lo! to my no small confusion, I suddenly found that Marie, the blonde, beautiful woman I had caught a glimpse of last night, stood beside me. A suppressed sneer curved her lips; she evidently thought I had a bee in my bonnet, and that not a small ordinary bee, but one of your big drumming fellows, about which there is no mistake. I now remarked that she had chill blue eyes. 'Ah, what a paradise you live in,' I exclaimed· 'Surely one must be happy living in so beautiful a spot.' 'Beautiful!' she answered. ''Tis ugly, ugly; nothing but woods, and water, and mountains. But I came to see if the lady would breakfast out on the terrace.' 'By all means,' I cried, delighted not to have to tear myself away. And I sat under a wooden porch all crimsoned over with the leaf of a kind of wild vine, the rich ruby of which was set off by the profound blue of the lake beneath. There I leisurely partook of my coffee and milk-roll, till at last the water became so intolerably bright that I was obliged to take refuge in the pinewoods.

Well, as it turned out, I proved to be the swallow of an Indian summer. The sun and moon alternately ruled a stark blue sky, with never a speck to mar its absolute purity. I secretly in my heart yearned again for storm. But, meanwhile, guests swarmed like bees in and out of the 'Scholastica.' Amongst them was an old man, upwards of sixty, with whom I became close friends. He was chaplain of a lunatic asylum, Sebastian, by name. A man, such as in London, you would pronounce an impossibility; probably as pure a type of the mediæval monk as in some respects it would be possible to meet with in the present day. In one respect, he gave me the impression of an aged boy—that is, he seemed to have passed by the stormy and passionate years of manhood in an utter unconsciousness. He was the son of a poor peasant, educated for the Church, and had passed the greater part of his life in performing religious service for a few cow-tending men and women in the most remote of remote hamlets. This he told me took him barely a few hours of the day; after that his real life began. With Descartes, Spinoza, or Kant in his pocket, he plunged into the deepest recesses of the woods, ascended the least accessible of mountains, and ever strove to penetrate into the mysteries of thought and being. Through long

years, shut out from all other communication with life, he existed thus. Administering a religious service to a few peasants on the one hand—a service of which he became more and more convinced that it tended to dull thought as far as thought might exist in such communities; on the other hand, striving with his whole soul after the attainment of intellectual insight. At last, however, the duality of this life became intolerable to him. To thicken human ignorance, if only by a hair's breadth, appeared to him criminal; at the same time to secede from the Church at his time of life, when there was nothing else he could turn to, would have been sheer ruin. At last he saw a way out of this dilemma; he determined to become chaplain in a lunatic asylum. His preaching there he assured me could do no harm; besides that, it would afford him a capital opportunity for studying human nature. He was thoroughly satisfied with the success of his plan, and gave me to understand, in confidence, that he thought his present abode the fittest sanctuary of the Holy Catholic Church. His conscience and he, therefore, dwelt at peace together. So much for this Tyrolese specimen of thinking humanity. What was often startling to one English nurtured, was to see a man, who discoursed on the loftiest subjects of human speculation, help himself the while to stewed prunes out of the general dish with his fingers.

Once, on a marvellous moonlight night, I was sitting on a bench outside the house with the chaplain; we were discussing the different degrees of madness. Going over that heart-rending list of poets who had drifted into the shadow-haunted land, our talk was suddeny interrupted by the sound of a deep, rich mellow voice literally poured, like a stream of incense along the air. There was instantly a deep hush of all the people who had been buzzing about. It was one of those old popular airs that have the savour of tears in their plaintive minors.

'Thou dost beat and bruise my breast
With the sighs of thy unrest;
Thou dost break and blight my sleep
With the tears that thou dost weep.
Tears! oh, tears may not renew
Love's young May with briny dew;
Sighs! oh sighs, with wail and pain,
Bring no kiss to life again.
Weeper, wilt thou weep in vain
Salt tear rain?
All in vain—in vain!

'From the mountain runs the river,
Leaps in laughter to the plain,
Toward the mountain rolling never
Flow blithe waters back again.

DRAWN BY G. J. TARLTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'A MONTH AT THE ACHENSEE.'

No, not ever, ever, ever
Turns the wandering wave again.
Weeper, wilt thou weep in vain
Salt tear rain?
All in vain—in vain!

The last notes had scarcely died away, when I was startled by a deep sigh breathed close behind me. Turning round abruptly, I saw two glowing eyes distended as it were through tears, and at the same instant the chaplain's hand was seized, warmly wrung, while he exclaimed in evident delight, 'What, Hugo, is it you come back from the war? Safe and sound I see, and, Doctor,' he added eagerly, 'have you been successful in your ——" before he had time to finish his sentence, the young man in tremulous excitement, strangely contrasting with the inherent gentleness expressed in his features, whispered eagerly 'See, they gave me this. (Here he pulled out a small cross of honour, which he explained had been given him in token of his indefatigable labours as army surgeon.) Do you think Marie will care for it? I may now get a practice in Vienna—I may now be able to make an income. Do you think Marie will believe it? (Here he started, as Marie's voice, for she had been the singer, still sounded from afar.) I was calm when the bullets were whizzing around me. Oh! my God! I was calm amid the dying and the dead; and now—oh! how this air suffocates me.' A gleam of golden hair on the moonlit path, and he was gone.

I questioned the chaplain with eager curiosity as to this strange apparition. He said to-morrow we would walk along the banks of the Aach to the further end of the valley and he would tell me all he knew, but not to-night; it was his time for going to bed, and nothing could make him break through his habits. So I was fain to be content.

The next day it was not till the afternoon that we two got started on our little tour; and so much was there to see, and so beautiful and captivating was Nature, that we did not at first talk at all. I had never been so far down the valley, whose undulating meadows spread out on both sides of the shimmering stream, were smooth and delicately moulded as though they were earth-breasts, girdled about by a zone of blue-green woodland. The broad afternoon light, mellowed by furtively growing shadows, gave to all things a profound sense of satisfied peace. At last, when he had reached a spot where the stream dashed itself headlong down a steep declivity, its delicious pale-green flood shattering down in silver, the chaplain pointed out to me two wooden huts, with an air of twins about them, on the fringe of the far-stretching wood. 'In one of these huts Marie was born,' he said; 'in the other, Hugo the Doctor. They are both poor foresters' children, looked down upon

in these parts by the rich peasants, who possess their herds and flocks and acres of land. These two huts are a good deal apart from the cluster of homesteads higher up, you see. So were these children. They played about together on these meadows—they went forth in the bitter winter mornings together to gather in the dry sticks in that forest—they went forth in the early spring together to help tend the flocks of their richer neighbours, and ever Hugo took all the burden of the work on his shoulders, and left his little playmate to run about and amuse herself as she listed. When they ceased to be playmates they became lovers. Marie, when a blue-eyed lassie of sixteen, returned Hugo's passion. But ambitious even then, she spurred him on to go to the city and study and become a doctor. For a doctor's wife she would be, but not a peasant's or a forester's. Her slightest wish was a law to this love-enthusiast. A love whose roots struck into the earliest of memories branched out, as it were, into his all of futurity. He went forth to study, though the parting was a heartrending one. He studied hard—starved himself almost in order to study; but with an iron industry and fair talents, what could a poor, unknown young man without connections, or even the least talent for making them, hope to do in a city like Vienna? at any rate it would take years. Meanwhile, Marie had become the famous beauty of the country round. Songs were made on her hair. Austrian and Bavarian students chaunted the lake-blue eyes of Marie the Blonde. When the Doctor came back once a year to report of his progress in the town he found her always surrounded by voluble admirers. Still she never let him give up hope entirely: no, that was not in her plan.

She knew well that none of these men loved her as this man of pure, intense heart did. It was not wise to let such love go, if by any management she might keep it. So she fed him with hopes of the future. When this next step had been taken, then she might perchance bethink herself to marry; but they could both wait, they were young. Hugo went back and toiled wearily for another twelve months to come, and returning received the same answer. Years had passed thus. When the war had broken out, and there was a real opening for a young man like him to work and distinction, Hugo had eagerly gone forward, cheered on by Marie, who said that now if he succeeded in winning some sort of notice which should open out a career in the future, she would no longer tarry with her consent. He had gone forth full of eager, new hope, when hope had been half burnt out. He had borne himself bravely, and been well spoken of by those of his company who might be supposed to have some influence. The chaplain said he believed that things must now come to some sort of final settlement; 'but' he continued, and here he stopped before a large,

comfortable Tyrolese farmstead, which we had reached on our homeward way,

'Look well at this house, my dear young friend.'

I was rather taken a-back by this queer conclusion, and stared at him first, and at the house afterwards.

'Tell me what you see,' he said.

'What I see,' rejoined I, laughing, 'why I see a most substantial place, half inn, half farm-house, and overlooking the sheep-dotted fields and the stream with a proud look of ownership. I see a gorgeously painted front, with the sun itself painted in the middle as yellow as yellow gold. I see a text of Scripture in huge gilt letters, blazoned on the wall, perhaps, to make up for want of religion within. I see deeply protruding, age-browned lintels, where the swallows' nests show that swallows love to build in spring. I see three quaintly carved balconies of solid wood, one for each story, running right round the house, and each of them more or less full of innumerable wooden utensils for work of all kinds, and food for winter drying in the autumnal sunshine. I see, heaped against one side of the house, piles on piles of big logs of wood, symmetrically arranged, for future blazing fires when the hard winter tide shall set in. I see further on many stables, ready to receive the sleek kine when they shall come down from the Alps, where they are now cropping their latest meals. Ah! I see—I see—have I not told you enough, Chaplain, why do you listen lost in so very dark-brown a study?'

'And you see turning the angle of the house yonder?'

'That I suppose is the proprietor of house, herds, meadows, for no one else, I suppose, would dare scold a poor old woman, who seems to have done something amiss in the way of rooting out turnips, in so very lordly and terrible a manner. My God! what a frown. It might make one's blood run cold, even when sitting beside one of the man's biggest fires, lit by his biggest faggots. Yes, now he comes nearer, I see he has a heavy gold chain conspicuous against his waistcoat pocket. Come, let us move away, that old man's "God greet you"* smacks not of Heaven. But now go on, you broke off in the middle, lost in admiration of the splendour of the house—go on.'

'It will go on, spite of me,' murmured the Chaplain between his teeth, and nothing more could be got out of him just then.

The sun was now setting, and deep, cool shadows were thrown by the woods far across the sunny green. The air was of crystal purity, and innumerable gossamers floated like fairy webs in shining silence; azure butterflies fluttered up and down; water wagtails flirted with the

* God greet you is the salutation every stranger addresses to you as he passes.

foam-sparkling brook; a heavy smell of hay, from the last mown fields, made the air sleepy.

Hark to that silver sound! A rough grey-headed shepherd right before us goes down on his knees. His dog seems used to it, and awaits quietly his master's devotions, casting a wary eye on the sheep the while. For this is the Angelus, the greeting of the Angels. From yonder tiny chapel whose pure white spire points like a finger to heaven, the tender, mellow chimes ring out and harmonise exquisitely with the deep soft tones of colour that lie like rose-bloom over the whole western sky. Prayer at sunset; it is a holy custom. Maybe that for the peasant, with his look bent always down to earth and earthly things, there is borne in at that moment the faint breath of an unspeakable emotion linking his existence to higher existences, even as his rough head is illumined by the sweet glory of the western sun. True, alas! it may but too often turn into mere ossified formalism, but the path is cleared as it were for thoughts to be lifted up. The shepherd rose from his knees, the chaplain put on his hat, two children that had been hushed and remained unperceived chased each other, flaxen headed, along the long slope of shadow. We still walked on in silence, not daring to disturb the holy calm that fell with the falling darkness and the rising moon. Just then we heard an eager voice pleading with intensity of overmastering passion. A moon-washed head shone out planet-like against a dark back ground of underwood. You dimly descried two forms, 'Hugo pleading his cause for the last time,' said the chaplain. 'Now or never, and he thinks it is *now*.' We heard the rich tones of Marie soothing, persuasive evidently, then the two separated, the doctor pressing her wildly to him, then precipitately dashing into the dewy underwood while Marie calmly took the path along which we had just come. Her figure showed grandly outlined in the moonlight. A bat unquietly glanced and vanished and glanced again above her coroneted head. Her shadow fell strangely long from east to west of the valley. The chaplain did not speak again, but bade me a brief good night when we reached our inn.

Some glorious weeks elapsed, during which I went rambling about the country, seeing little of Marie, nothing of Hugo. Indeed, the latter, I believe, had been sent to Innspruck, on some law errand by Marie. One day I was struck by the thoroughly unusual bustle of the place, and the Sunday-look of the maids and men loitering about the inn, which roused my curiosity, and made me ask whether there was a 'Kermess.' 'No,' drawled out a thickset, usually slatternly girl, but now shining with soap and clean linen, 'no, don't you know Marie is going to be married to-day.'

'Married to-day,' I exclaimed, 'why I am indeed glad to hear this, for poor Hugo I am sure has waited long enough.

'Hugo,' rudely tittered the girl, 'she is a wise one, she is; she marry Hugo!' the notion seemed altogether too much for her, and she scratched her ear and bumped off, evidently thinking me not worth the pains of a further waste of words.

Just then, while I was still fairly bewildered, a procession of people was gradually forming itself outside the inn. Many of the peasants seemed to have come from adjoining villages and far mountain sides. Some looked wayworn and dusty. Cans of wine were handed round in profusion and quaffed at one draught by the hale stalwart-looking men. Some of the girls were remarkably fresh and spruce in their best gowns. At last Marie appeared, looking glorious. She had on a gown of the finest dark blue stuff, falling in stiff folds from her hips to her ankles. Over her bodice, laced with silver in front, she wore a milk-coloured kerchief, folded across her bosom, yet leaving the full neck bare, where five thick silver chains were coiled one above another. Her hair, however, was covered by a peaky hat, on this occasion crowned with flowers. Impatient to learn the real state of affairs I hurried off in search of the chaplain, whom I found at last in a meadow behind the house. 'Why, Chaplain,' I cried, 'how is this? here is Marie going to be married I hear; where is Hugo?'

'Oh,' he said impatiently, 'she has taken good care that he should be safe out of the way while she marries the big house I bade you look at the other day, of course.'

'That such a fine form should have such a pin's head of a heart,' I sighed; 'but surely this is too disgraceful, that she should have kept this man on all these years to cheat him thus in the end.'

'I hope he may never come back to find out,' said the Chaplain, shaking his head; 'you see he has built his whole life's hope on her, and now it breaks down—I fear for him, I fear for him.'

'Still, Chaplain,' I said, 'let us go and see how this pitiable sale goes off; let us hear the person knocked down to the highest bidder.'

He came at last, and we two marched slowly behind the long procession, thinking our own thoughts. The sky was still cloudlessly serene. When we had gone half way we saw a bareheaded gipsy woman, carrying a baby on her back, come striding along. She was ragged and dirty, nor especially goodlooking, still I was struck by some sunny heartiness of expression that played about her broad mouth, and a great free light in her bright black eye. Holding on to her skirt toddled a boy of about two, a dusky child, gloriously beautiful and strong. Somewhat in the rear came a man carrying a musical instrument, and a boy ditto. They begged most good humouredly, and as it were for fun, and I gave the little boy some of the scrimpy silver farthings they deal with in those parts. 'I wonder, Chaplain,' I said, 'whether these now are really children of nature, or whether it is only

a delusion and a snare, as it would be, did one suppose the men and women who inhabit this valley to be such?'

We soon reached the white chapel on the hill, whence the marriage-bells were pealing out gladdening chimes over the sunny land. The bridegroom, at the head of his procession of friends, arrived there at the same time as the bride with her cortège. The ceremony began and proceeded peacefully to the moment when the 'Yes' of the bride was listened to by the little congregation. I remember the scene as if it were yesterday. The smell of field-flowers with which the place was redolent from the great bumpkin-like posies worn on this occasion by men and maids; the drowsy hum of a bee, that went circling round and round, accompanying the priest's voice with a monotonous under-tone; the broad ladder-like sunbeam, slanting right across the chapel, and through the very place where Marie knelt uttering her 'Yes,' a 'Yes' instantaneously accompanied by a shrill, strident, and horrible laugh. In that laugh there was heart-wreck. It was as if you saw a human soul cloven in twain, and toppling, sheer and sudden, into the dull black gulf of despair. Ugh! It made you feel cold at mid-day. and methought that all the little carved demons on the chancel grinned twice as broadly as before. A commotion went through the place, There was a scuffle at the door, and I saw a figure dashing wildly past it, and across the sunlit fields beyond. The Chaplain started up, and before I had time to ask him a question had also disappeared. Even the stolid peasant faces, all turned in one direction, expressed some slight shade of surprise. Marie, who had now risen and stood beside her bride-groom looked hardly a shade paler than usual, and was smiling into his face. People began to move away. I sat still a moment, unable to go amongst that gay crowd; then I tried to trace the Chaplain, but could not hear anything of him all that day, nor did he make his appearance in the evening.

Next morning I eagerly inquired, but nothing had been heard of him. The weather broke up that day, the wind changing from south to north, and we suddenly were in mid-winter. Mass on mass of inky cloud seemed brewed and boiling up from some cauldron sunk in amongst the shaggy mountains, and they gradually strangled and stamped out the breadth and height of the azure sky. The air of the forest was rotted and rank with livid fumes. The stream, like some deadly arrow, hissed across the valley, hurling destruction at all it met with on its passage. The summer-guests, like a flight of birds, were suddenly scattered to all the winds. The place was utterly deserted and lonely, I alone remaining behind. Another day passed and I heard nothing of the Chaplain. At last, on the evening of the third day, when I was sitting in the large, hot peasants' room, (Bauern-Stube), where the maids had now began their winter's spinning, and the men

were carving out wooden utensils, there was a loud knocking at the outer door. I sprang up, and followed one of the men into the passage. As the door was opened a keen-edged wind drove handfuls of snow into the passage. Two men stood there, bearing a stretcher, and the Chaplain was beside them. They were all white, as if covered with shrouds, and silently moved into the large warm room, where men and women gathered round, gaping and staring. Scarcely, however, had the men deposited their load, than the form strapped down to the stretcher began violently to agitate itself, and screamed till the house rang again.

'The devil! the devil! He stands on the White Mountain! He has got me by the throat! His hairs are ropes, flames, chains! They eat me up!—help! help! Ah! little Marie, are your hands cold? Are you hungry? and we have wandered a long way from home! There are few sticks here to make bundles of, and the birds have eaten up all the berries! Give here your little hands, mine are hot! Fire! fire! the wood is on fire! It will burn her! Marie! Marie! Marie is dead!' I rushed out of the room; I could not bear it; I tried to stop my ears.

The voice rose and fell from agony to agony, till it died away in a wail, that resumed the anguish of all broken hearts since the world began.

The Chaplain sought me out; he looked deeply affected and worn. 'He is fast asleep, at last,' he whispered; 'thank God for that. Would he might never wake again!'

I looked a question; I could not speak just then. He said slowly after a while—

'He must have come back unexpectedly, full of hope; for he still believed, or clung to the belief, that Marie loved him. He must have seen a wedding going on, and walked in and seen—seen his whole life's love go down at one blow, fell, crushing, implacable.' He stopped a moment, and then resumed: 'I have known Hugo from a child. He was almost as dear to me as a son. He had a heart of gold. Gold! no, let me not compare that heart, full of all self-devotion, to the miserable metal for which that woman has sacrificed it. What a fool she must be after all; the clod of white flesh who can pass by the pricelessness of such love for the wooden walls of a big house. Ah! she has been very sly about it; though I suspected, I could never ascertain. She has stolen years of love from that man, when an honest word long ago might have been like wholesome medicine, painful for the time, but blessed in its effects. She is a poisoner in the eyes of—ah! in whose eyes?'—he broke off, and sighed. 'There is no court of justice where to arraign such criminals. Steal my money, and I can have the law down upon you, and make you pay dearly for it; cheat me of love, of trust, of peace, of hope on earth below

and of heaven hereafter, and what redress is there—none, none, none!'

'Will he recover from this illness, do you think,' I said.

'Illness,' he replied, fixing me: 'his body was too young and sound for illness. There is no illness there; he is a maniac: Incurable! I know the signs well. The world has become a shrieking discord, and no skill of science will ever make that brain to harmonise again till the greater hand of death dissolve it. That, alas! may be years hence. I would give him a dull narcotic to drowse him into unawakening sleep if I dared follow the pity of my nature.' How do you think I found him? He must have run on with inconceivable swiftness for an incredible time; for, although I followed close upon his heels at first, he soon vanished out of sight, and I did not find him till late last night. I went slower on horseback than he had gone on foot. I crossed the woods and the mountain range. You don't know the great deep woods on the other side, where they fell the firs and float them down to the sea. There was perhaps a dim longing to crouch down in their gloomy depths, and never again emerge into daylight. Who can tell what passes at such moments through a soul? Well, as the night was drawing on, I saw a red flicker through the thick trunks of the trees, and soon came upon a small gipsy encampment. A kettle was boiling over on the fire; a baby screaming and kicking on the ground unheeded, for they seemed all to have been drawn to one spot by some unusual event. As I came up to them, I saw they had gathered round a prostrate bleeding form. I recognised Hugo at once; his clothes were all in rags and tatters, his hair drenched with blood, his eyes wide open, but vacant. A gipsy woman was bathing his temples with cold spring water, and a little boy, with a big hunch of brown bread grasped tight in one fist, trying to force some crumbs through his shut teeth. He did not know me; he will never know me again. Hark! he is awake. I must go at once. Good-bye; this is a sad way of parting, but I must remove him early to-morrow morning, to where all possible care can be taken of him, and one friend at least will always be near him.'

The good chaplain pressed my hand and was gone. I sat long absorbed in sad speculation why sweet love should be so wasted, why fate should play with some at such cross purposes; but answer found I none. In the chill grey of morning I heard a heavy coach in the court-yard. The driver's whip and voice sounded still from afar; but the roll of wheels could not be heard, because of the heavy fall of snow during the night. 'Marie' came like a wail of the wind round the house, and then all was still.

Louis XIV. & Madame de Maintenon.

By the Viscountess de Kerkadee.

Nature had forgotten nothing to render the physique of the king perfect. He was handsome, tall and well made, and his health, though a little delicate, was of the best. In his early years his education was so much neglected that no one dared approach him without fear. When he grew older he was wont to speak of those times with great bitterness. The careless and solitary manner in which he was allowed to live was such that he was found one night in the basin of the Palais Royale, where the Court happened to be at the time. He was scarcely taught to read and write, and was in consequence so ignorant that the principal events of history were unknown to him. Notwithstanding these defects, he became considerably attached to literature, and magnificently rewarded those who cultivated it.

The young monarch received his first impression of love at the age of fifteen, and although his experiences became subsequently tolerably numerous, still few of those with whom he became acquainted loved him, although he was of a very amiable disposition. Almost all his favorites cared for him only from interested motives or from pride, while those who really loved him passionately for himself were ultimately reduced to misery by the short duration of his love for them. Perhaps La Vallière alone was truly loved by him, although Madame de Soubise obtained great influence over him for a time, so great, indeed, that it became finally quite insupportable to him. Maurepas says of her, that she had taken such a tone with the king that one day not caring to receive a royal caress, she boxed his ears.

The intrigues of most of the favourites to supplant one another caused Louis XIV. much sorrow. They accused one another of all sorts of crimes. Their destiny was similar to that of the king's ministers; the most virtuous did not preserve their posts, and derived very little benefit from them. Tired at last of so many loves, Louis

attached himself to Madame Scarron, who was four years older than himself, and had lost that youthful air which is generally so attractive in the eyes of an old man. She had educated the children of Madame de Montespan, and so had time and occasion to lay her plans for the great conquest. Being a witness to the private quarrels between the king and his favourite, she took upon herself the task of reconciling them, and finally succeeded in being esteemed by the king, whose pet aversion she had formerly been. Madame de Montespan, who saw in the governess of her children only a virtuous and modest woman, did not consider her capable of any designs against herself, and lent her aid to persuade the king that all that had been said against Madame Scarron was false. Little by little the king became accustomed to see her, and was at last touched by her eyes, which were very tender; but the widow became all the more reserved the more attached he appeared, and finally repulsed his advances with so respectful a resistance, that Louis, little accustomed to such refusals, was actually seen to blush. However, he made a fresh attempt, but Madame Scarron became still more respectful, alleging that heaven was undoubtedly irritated against the past life of the king, and that she would never be the cause of fresh misfortune to France if heaven wished to punish the crimes of the king.

Touched by the virtue of Madame Scarron, Louis made up his mind to turn to God. The example of Madame de Maintenon, who preferred her conscience to pleasure and divinity to a king, persuaded him that there was a kind of felicity unknown to him which he should desire to taste. He was supported in his resolution by Madame de Maintenon, who constantly visited him, and while she showed him the open gates of hell, depicted to him in glowing terms the happiness of the virtuous. The King, filled with admiration, related all her anecdotes to the Queen, and this Princess, knowing the utter impossibility of absorbing him to herself, and preferring him to love a virtuous woman, was obliged to Madame Scarron, and greatly contributed in having her appointed second 'dame d'atour of Madame la Dauphine, *née* Princesse de Bavière.

Madame de Montespan having been sent away and the queen being dead, Madame de Maintenon reigned in sovereign state for thirty years. The late queen had never aspired to obtain any influence over the king or the affairs of the State, but left the new favourite perfectly free. The latter placed and displaced ministers and generals, influenced the greatest events or prepared them, and as the king had become 'devot,' the Jesuits used her to give a new turn to religious affairs, and, in her turn, she made use of them to obtain the hand of the king. She never ceased 'de mettre en jeu tous les moyens d'une femme adroite et inge-

nieuse.' She won to her side Père la Chaise, the confessor to the king, and the whole company of the Jesuits; she favoured the destruction 'du Port Royal,' the annihilation of Protestantism, and abandoned the virtuous Cardinal de Noailles, although she had promised to protect all those who bore that name, to the fury of Père Tellier.

Madame de Maintenon had before this drawn to her party several influential prelates, especially the Bishop of Meaux, who had the entire confidence of the king. When she saw herself well surrounded with partisans, she declared to Louis that she could no longer suppress the remorse that pursued her night and day. The king immediately mentioned the matter to Père la Chaise, who proposed a marriage 'de conscience,' to which the king at first refused to consent, but was finally induced by Madame Maintenon, who, as the obstacles increased, became all the more resolute and patient to do what she so ardently desired. Louis, who went to see her every day, found her always in tears at the foot of her crucifix, and was so moved by the sufferings of his loved one, and so gratified by her apparent struggles between the love of God and the love of himself, that he was completely vanquished.

Notwithstanding the open rage of the Dauphin, the king at last gave way to his favourite, and married her secretly. The whole Court, inwardly jealous, resented it. The princes declared themselves outraged, and the following lines, which are not too complimentary to the would-be perfect Madame de Maintenon, were composed for the occasion:—

'Que l'Eternel est grand! que sa main est puissante!
Elle a comblé de biens mes pénibles travaux:
Je naquis demoiselle, et je devins servante,
Je lavai la vaisselle et souffris mille maux.'

The king was rendered very miserable by the displeasure evinced by his family, and frequently showed temper to Madame de Maintenon, who would always on such occasions soothe him by respectful caresses, whilst, on the other hand, she ceased not to negociate in order to have her marriage declared, though she never succeeded in obtaining the title of Queen. She arranged matters so well that she accustomed the king to work in her room with his ministers, while she read or worked in a corner of the apartment, but took good care to know beforehand what had to be done, and was concerned to have all affairs presented to him in so obscure a manner that he was compelled to ask her advice. Under the veil of humility she exacted every possible homage, and compelled the Dauphin himself to treat her with respect.

The history of this remarkable woman is tolerably well known, but

there are some anecdotes of her infancy and youth that are, perhaps, not familiar to all. During her first voyage to America Françoise d'Aubigné was so ill that she gave no sign of life for some hours, and was just about to be thrown overboard as dead, when Madame d'Aubigné, wishing for one last look and kiss, put her hand on the child's heart, felt it beat, and so saved her from her untimely fate. The Bishop of Metz, before whom Madame de Maintenon was relating this story, said to her, 'Madame, on ne revient pas de si loin pour peu de chose.'

Madame d'Aubigné once recounted to her daughter the exploits of her grandfather, Agrippa d'Aubigné, and told her of the favour he had enjoyed with Henri IV. 'And I,' said the child, 'shall I do nothing?'

'Et que veux-tu être,' exclaimed her mother?

'Reine de Navarre,' replied the little thing.

When her marriage-deeds with Scarron were being drawn up, the latter observed that his fiancée brought him 'Quatre louis de rente, deux grands yeux fort mutins, un très beau corsage, une paire de belles mains et beaucoup d'esprit.' The notary asked him what he settled on her? 'L'immortalité,' replied Scarron. 'Le nom des femmes des Rois meurt avec elles. Celui de la femme de Scarron vivra éternellement.'

Christina of Sweden, on seeing Madame Scarron, whose beauty was then in all its *éclat*, said to one of the ladies who accompanied her, 'Ne le savais-je pas qu'il ne fallait pas moins qu'une Reine de Suède pour rendre un homme infidèle à cette femme là.' (Scarron had told her he wished to be her Roland.) The queen ordered him to write to her, and said she was not surprised that with the most amiable woman in Paris he was, notwithstanding his sufferings, the gayest man in Paris.

Many predictions of her coming future were made to Madame Scarron, who finally began to believe in them. A mason, named Barbé, who was doing some work at her house, was so struck with her countenance and noble mien that he exclaimed: 'C'est la femme d'un estropié; mais je m'y connais bien, elle est née pour être Reine.' On a subsequent occasion he said to her: 'Après bien des chagrins et des peines vous monterez où vous ne croyez pouvoir monter, un roi vous aimera!'

Few people know the singular anecdote connected with the Abbé de Choisi, who had written a work on Our Lord, and dedicated it to Madame de Maintenon, then altogether 'devote,' and mistress of the king. In order to pay court to this lady the abbé had engraved a most beautiful picture on the first page, in which the favourite was

represented on her knees at the foot of the crucifix; and at the bottom of the page were these words, taken from David's: 'Audi, filia, concupiscet Rex decorem tuum.' However, it caused so much scandal that the abbé was compelled to withdraw the picture from the book.

Madame de Maintenon, who had nothing to complain of, except the uniformity of her life, was saying one day to her brother, the Comte d'Aubigné, 'Je n'y peux plus tenir, je voudrais être morte.' He replied to her: 'Vous avec donc parole d'épouser Dieu le père?'

The Marquis de Villette had given her a little negro, and she used to amuse herself by instructing him. One day she was exhorting him to amuse the Queen of England: 'Je ne puis,' replied he; 'toutes ces Reines là m'ennuient.' One day, finding Madame de Maintenon very sad, he jumped on her knees, and whispered in her ear: 'Tu ne sais donc pas combien il est facile d'amuser un Roi?' She was so struck by these words that she rose suddenly and repeated them to M. Joly de Fleury, who had just entered the room.

It was the fashion in Paris at that time for people to estimate you only in proportion to the manner with which you were received at Versailles, and especially at Madame de Maintenon's. Valincourt wrote to the favourite: 'Je ne suis bien servi par mes valets que depuis le jour qu'ils m'ont vu entrer chez-vous.'

During the king's life, the only public distinction which made her secret elevation felt was that at mass she occupied one of the small tribunes, or gilt 'lanterns' as they were called, which were only intended for the King and Queen.

Mignard had painted Madame de Maintenon as 'Sainte Françoise Romaine,' and asked the king to ornament the portrait, he should not dress it with an ermine mantle. 'Oui,' said Louis, 'Sainte Françoise le mérite bien.'

The Czar Pierre-le-Grand expressed a desire to see the woman whom Louis XIV. had loved. At that time Madame de Maintenon had retired to St. Cyr, and begged permission to receive him from her bed. The nuns in 'habit de cérémonie' met him at the convent gates; from thence he went straight to the apartment of the Marquise, followed by several lords from the French Court, together with several of his own courtiers. The Czar himself drew the curtain aside, and regarded her attentively for some time, then said a few words of astonishment, with a gesture still more energetic, and left.

Madame blushed, and the ladies averred that she looked more beautiful than ever.

There are some pleasing anecdotes of the character of Louis XIV., which we have not thought out of place in this sketch.

A prince of the blood had used offensive language of a nobleman of

the Court; the king remonstrated in these words: 'Pensez que les plus légères offenses que les grands font à leurs inferieurs sont toujours des injures sensibles et souvent des plaies mortelles; celles d'un particulier ne font qu'effleurer la plaie; celles d'un grand pénètrent jusqu'au cœur. Je vous avertis de ne plus maltraiter de paroles qui que ce soit; faites comme moi. Il m'est arrivé plus d'une fois que les personnes qui m'ont les obligations les plus essentielles, se sont oubliées jusqu'a m'offenser: Je dissimule et je pardonne.'

'Un bon mot,' which is merely clever in the mouth of an ordinary man, is generally immortal in the mouth of a sovereign. One day Louis was relating a story which he had promised would be amusing, but it was not so, and nobody laughed, even though the king had related it. M. le Prince d'Armagnac having left the room, the king said to those who remained: 'Vous avez trouvé mon conte fort insipide et vous avez eu raison mais je me suis aperçu qu'il y avait un trait qui regarde indirectement M. d'Armagnac et qui aurait pu l'embarrasser; J'ai mieux aimé le supprimer que de chagriner quelqu'un, à present qu'il est sorti, voici mon conte!' He finished it, and every one laughed.

An indiscreet preacher had spoken of Louis in one of his sermons. The king contented himself by saying: 'Mon père j'aime bien à prendre ma part d'un sermon; mais je n'aime pas qu'on me le fasse.'

M. le Duc de Lauzun one day reproached Louis for not having kept his word and married Mdlle. de Montpensier. The king approached one of the windows, threw his cane out, and said: 'A Dieu ne plaise que je m'en serve pour frapper un gentilhomme!' There is something really sublime in this moderation. On another occasion, Lauzun having again abused the king's friendship, the latter quietly observed, 'Ah! Si Je n'étais pas Roi Je me mettrais en colerè.'

One afternoon, Louis was present at a motel, in which the author caused the word 'Nycticorax'—(bird of the night)—to be repeated several times. The king asked a bishop who happened to be seated next to him, what on earth the word meant. The prelate, who was as ignorant as the king, but did not wish to appear so, answered, 'Sire, c'était un des officiers de la Cour de David.'

During his last illness, he said to Madame de Maintenon: 'J'avais toujours oui dire qu'il était difficile de se résoudre à la mort; pour moi qui suis sur le point de voir le moment si redoutable aux hommes, Je ne trouve pas que cette resolution soit si pénible à prendre.'

Madame de Maintenon added: 'Mais cette resolution est difficile quand on a de l'attachment pour les créatures, quand en a de la peine dans le cœur et des restitutions à faire.' The king interrupted her thus: 'Ah! pour des restitutions à faire, je n'eu dois à personne

comme particulier, mais pour celles que je dois au royaume, j'espèra en la Misèricorde de Dieu.' On the same night he became very much agitated, and prayed unceasingly to God, striking his breast all the while, and asking forgiveness for his sins. On his death-bed he was compelled to experience the little reliance that could be placed on the homage of his versatile courtiers, and had also to feel the indifference of his son and the ingratitude of his favourite, who had not the courage to witness the agony of a dying king, but who had fled to St. Cyr to raise her arms to heaven and give herself up as a spectacle to her new Court.

Madame de Maintenon, who has been so much praised, and who was so greatly esteemed that Rome at one time seriously intended to canonize her, was the unhappy instrument by which Louis XIV. was surrendered into the hands of the priests, and fair France irreparably injured. It is indeed time to withdraw the veil which egotism and the intrigues of a powerful family have thrown over this woman, whose virtue and piety were constantly lauded. Undoubtedly in private she did some good, and was at times greatful for kindnesses shown her in her distress, but she was unboundedly ambitious, and when once she had measured the throne with her eye, she left no stone unturned till she was seated upon it, and had subjected the king to her iron will.

Such was the woman for whom the priests, whose interests she so well served, have created so great a reputation, and whose powers would have entitled her to govern a convent, if one is indulgent enough, 'pour faire grace aux manegés de son ambition.'

Reviews of Books.

I.—Tradition, Principally with Reference to Mythology and the Law of Nations. By Lord Arundell, of Wardour. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

II.—Sermons: By Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Vol. II. By the Rev. Thomas Harper. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

III.—God in His Works: Five Sermons Preached in the Pro Cathedral of the Arch Diocese of Westminster. By the Rev. Father Rawes, O.S.C. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

IV.—The Life of St. Jane Frances Fremyot de Chartal. By Emily Bowles. London: Burns and Oates, Portman Street, and Paternoster Row, 1872.

It would seem as if some men are born into the world with an omnipotent bribe in their mouth to adopt as part of themselves a certain set of opinions, which would appear to the unprejudiced observer to be evolved from their accidents rather than from their essence, and therefore to be regarded as idiosyncrasies, rather than as the products of unbiassed judgment. Lord Byron, we know, was prouder of his title than of the authorship of 'Manfred,' 'The Corsair,' and 'Childe Harold.' It is true that in his iconoclastic ridicule of all things venerated he occasionally thrust sorely at the peerage; but somehow the lunge never penetrated with democratic ferocity. There was love concealed under his laughter; and thus it came to pass that a man who denied his sovereignty to the Lord of Heaven was illogical enough to obey the instincts of his noble birth, and to defy, mentally, at all events, if not on paper, the lords who derive their honours from the throne of England. Birth undoubtedly, apart from education and circumstance, has its own proper bias. We could not conceive a child of Garibaldi proclaiming himself the advocate of priest-craft and political corruption; nor can we picture the probability of the young "Lulu" denouncing Imperialism as a mockery and an infamy. *Noblesse oblige*, be it the nobility of title, rank, or only name.

Hence, there would appear every reason why Lord Arundell and Wardour, as the wearer of an ancient coronet, and the holder of a still more ancient faith, should descend to the arena of controversy in the character of champion of tradition. Certes if you ridicule, or revile, or reject indiscriminately the whole congeries of oral record, if in a still more sceptical style you cling to 'historic doubt' and decline to believe the written facts of our grandfather's age, after the grotesque fancy of Archbishop Whateley,* then the pretensions of such men as Lord Arundell of Wardour and the

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* *Vide* 'Historic Doubts as to the Existence of Napoleon Buonaparte.' By the late Archbishop of Dublin.

respectability of the Roman Church fade almost to a vanishing point. It is not that hereditary rank on the one hand, or Christianity on the other, needs so rotten a prop, but that tradition does support such ideas as reverence for old blood, old titles, and for creeds, not only old, but, perhaps, even musty.

Lord Arundell has executed his self-imposed task with infinite patience, much laborious research, and some success. Against Mr. Baring Gould he is fairly matched, but as opposed to Sir John Lubbock he appears now and then somewhat overweighted. He has in truth attempted much, more perhaps than would have been essayed by a stronger pen, and of his lordship this much may be fairly asserted—he has not damaged his cause, which through the major part of his volume is quite as much that of Revelation as that of Catholicism. His weakest point is that which we might expect in one who has submitted to a course of casuistical training; he is too prone to take special pleading for proof, and is quite content if in forensic fashion he can turn the laugh against his antagonist. Thus, for instance, after assuming rather unwarrantably that Mr. Hepworth Dixon is the mouthpiece of Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Baring Gould, he quotes from that author to the effect 'that certain conditions of human life may be considered as finding their purest type in such races as the Iroquois, the Arabian, the Gothic, in their present stage, but that each condition is *an affair of development and not of race*,' upon which somewhat strong assertion his lordship comments as follows:—

'Now in the first place, I must remark that the Iroquois and Arab have never progressed; neither does the Arab shew any signs of transition to the third stage of necessary growth, nor does Mr. Hepworth Dixon, although he gives some sound practical advice as to the best mode in which the red man is to be restrained, venture to suggest any mode by which he is to be reclaimed either with or without a transition through the second stage of development. The Arab and the Iroquois, after the lapse of so many centuries, are still found with the evidence of primitive life strong upon them; and so I imagine we shall find it, wherever we come upon a pure race of homogenous origin. The conclusion, therefore, one would think would be inevitable that it is an affair of *race* and *not* of development.'

This is well to the point, the only possible objection being that Mr. Hepworth Dixon is a *litterateur* rather than a controversialist, so that in demolishing him it is not quite so certain that the theory he has somewhat crudely enunciated may not be found capable of a more able defender than the author of 'Free Russia.' However, to do his lordship justice, as the argument stands, he has it all his own way. He has knocked down his man of straw, and is so far triumphant. Again, on the question of chronology, wherein Lord Arundell seems to display a terribly orthodox adherence to the infallibility of one Fynes-Clinton, Lyell and Bunsen, come in for a pretty little bit of satire. Referring to their method of argument, he says:—

'At the same time, the actual chronology cannot be altogether ignored, and some cognisance must be taken of the facts which history presents to us, and it is this unfortunate exigency, interrupting the placid course of development, which not unfrequently lands scientific inquirers of the first eminence in difficulties from which it will take an *indefinite* lapse of time to extricate them!'

There is a polish about this sentence very admirable in its causticity.

Here we have another hit at Sir C. Lyell. The subject-matter speaks for itself.

'How many years, then, may we suppose that it took the Chinese to progress from the black state of the Egyptian? As many, let us conjecture, as it took the Egyptian to progress *linguistically* from the state of the Chinese or Mongol!'

'Linguistically' is, indeed, *sesquipedalis!*'

Lord Arundell is, of course, quite convinced in his own mind that a black skin is the outcome of a primæval curse, that the negro feels himself to be an exquisitely inferior animal, always ready with all meekness to accept the leadership of any human being whose skin happens to be one degree less black than his own.

In support of the last preposterous absurdity he quotes the *ipse dixit* of some missionary with whose name we are, unfortunately, unfamiliar. As a matter of fact, the reverse is the case. Mr. Winwood Reade, the well-known African traveller, in his valuable work on that continent, expressly states his opinion that the natives regard all whites as leprous men. They view whiteness of skin as something unwholesome and repellant, and much prefer their own dark swarthy selves, whom they consider as so far the perfection of the human species.

Apart from its controversial aspect Lord Arundell's book may be commended to the intelligent reader, as well worthy of study. The comparison, for instance, of the statements of Burton and Cattlin concerning the traditions of two continents are eminently instructive. In fact, as far as treatment goes, the subject is fairly exhausted. Beginning *ab ovo* with a discussion on the laws of nations, the law of nature and primitive life, we proceed to grind our brains on the *vexata quæstio*, Chronology, from the double point of view of tradition and science; we are then led to the consideration of Mythology, and so on to the Deluge, and the various fables and traditions worthy of credence which are to be found thereon in every quarter of the globe. Lastly, the book ends with a tractate on war, which is of a purely supplementary character. Throughout, the noble author has but one end in view, the defence of Christianity, which, to his mind, is co-extensive with Catholicism. But although such is his standpoint, he exhibits an edifying deference for such aid as may be furnished by Professor Rawlinson, and other non-Roman authorities: and, indeed, displays as much liberality of thought and word as is compatible with the creed of which he is one of the most honoured members. As a critic, a compiler, and a close reasoner, Lord Arundell has come before the public to advantage; and we therefore trust that his work will find numerous readers beyond the narrow pale of his own communion.

The Roman Catholics in this country are showing, not only a bold, but an exceedingly polished front to Protestantism. Before the great Oxford movement, which so enriched their body, they were the veriest sect, consisting for the most part of a few old families, such as the Howards, Throckmortons, Stonors, Blounts, and Welds, and the veriest residuum of the Irish, who infest the lowest quarters of our large towns. As for the priests, they were little, if at all, superior to their brethren of the Emerald Isle. Their origin was ignoble, their manners uncouth, their erudition hazy. Now the Romanists have changed all that. The face of the land is besprinkled with a priesthood, about every fourth man of which is an educated gentleman, accustomed to society, and as ripe in scholarship and philosophy as might be expected from men who have graduated at Oxford and Cambridge. Foremost among these stands F. Coleridge, the brother of the present Attorney-General, and, like his distinguished brother, an old Oxford man. To listen to the clear reasoning of Mr. Coleridge, however much we may differ *toto cœlo* from his premises, conclusion, or both, is indeed a treat. The Society of Jesus in England, as on the Continent, stands pre-eminent for intellectual ability; and second only of its members to F. Coleridge is F. Harper, a volume of whose sermons lies before us. He has selected two subjects, or sets of subjects: (1) Modern principles; (2) God in His threefold aspect of True, Good, Beautiful. That these discourses are clever, lucid, and interesting, need not be asserted. Had

they fallen short of these primary requirements, they would never have appeared before a critical public. Of course also they occupy the usual ultra-montane platform, although any non-Jesuit could, with a good conscience, have preached very much the same matter against Indifferentism, Materialism, and Avarice. Very likely these three evils are the *summa mala* of our age. But then that hardly proves the Pope to be infallible, or that progress, in its broadest and most human sense, is opposition to Christ. Father Harper also, if he can lay down vigorous paradoxes, can also so far presume upon his hearer's pious ignorance of their Bible as to make one or two statements, which, to the unregenerate Protestant, read like—well, Taradidler. For instance, he has the effrontery to assert that St. Peter, though a married man, yet on his admission to the Holy College abandoned his wife. Now, inasmuch as his coadjutor apostle asks, indignantly, 'Have we not a right to marry a wife as the brethren of the Lord and Cephas?' The inference is, that St. Peter was not guilty of such an abominable sin as the desertion of his wife. But if F. Harper will prove to us that St. Peter did positively found not only the Apostolic Chair, but also Sir Cresswell Cresswell's Court, then, in spite of St. Peter's apostleship, we shall avow our conviction that he was simply and totally *wrong*, inasmuch as no amount of white will make a black. Father Harper has dedicated these sermons to Dr. Newman, by permission. What, we wonder, is the opinion of the great doctor on the Jesuit Father's biblical knowledge?

'God in His Works,' by Father Rawel, contains one very able sermon, entitled 'God in Creation.' The good Father has been studying his science books to some purpose, and inasmuch as the order of the universe does not happen to clash with either of her hobbies, which pious Catholics think fit to ride to death in the pulpit, viz.: the B. V. M. and the Pope, the ordinary reader would find it sufficiently edifying. The quotation of Augustine's Apophthegm, *Deus Maximus in Minimus*, as applied to creation, comes in very appositely; and, we may add, that in F. Rawe's, as in most of the *published* sermons of the English Roman Catholics, there is a freshness and originality, coupled with a judicious admixture of poetry and logic, which is exceedingly refreshing, after the sort of *condensed-commentary* writing which has got to be the *ne plus ultra* of most Anglican discourse. There remains one little work to be noticed briefly. The 'Life of St. Jane Frances,' by Emily Bowles, is one fitted only for the eyes of those whose souls are sufficiently expansive to embrace all the articles of the Roman faith. For ourselves, we should regret to raise a smile at the memory of one who appears to have shone forth as an example of perfect devotion. Like many another Saint's life, it is a matter for regret that the obvious motive has been so blended with fact which needed no such alloy as to tarnish what would otherwise shine forth brilliantly enough. There is, however, so much of simple beauty in this story of a woman's life, by a woman, that it shall not pass without a word of commendation on its literary merits. Two centuries hence, no doubt, there will be lives published of Saints John Henry Newman—if he does not exhibit fractiousness before his apotheosis—and Fred. Faber; but we fear the Pope of that period will not be able to select a female Saint for similar honours out of the ladies of our nation and epoch. At all events, if such should be the case, we hereby enter our protest in the Bodleian Library and British Museum, against her being accredited with miracles not duly authenticated. As a matter of fact, we have plenty of Saints about—from Florence Nightingale to Miss Stride—but their only miracles are patience, devotion, and charity, and with these we are as content as, we shrewdly suspect, was Saint Jane Frances in her own day and generation.

Mr. Wills' Charles the First.

Faint praise and quibbling criticism disappear before the master-piece that was produced at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday, September 28th. At a time when the admirers of the stage must have been profoundly depressed by the action of the principal theatrical managers and most successful dramatists, Mr. Wills has come forward and presented us with a series of poetic conceptions of which this, his last, may fairly be reckoned the crowning triumph. Nothing can surpass the chaste beauty of thought and expression which is so lavishly apparent all through the work; indeed, such inherent strength and verve does it possess that actors and actresses, one and all, seemed fired with a genuine enthusiasm for their parts, and so surpass themselves. There can be no possible doubt but that Mr. Wills, weighing every one of his defects at its full, does emphatically deserve to be considered our leading dramatist, a position which each successive work as it comes from his pen, does more than confirm. Such a sight as the opening night of 'Charles I.' presented will not be readily forgotten by actors or audience, while the critic must needs call up every available strength of discriminating power and eloquence to do justice to a play of far more than ordinary merit. From a dramatic point of view little fault can be found with Mr. Wills, but from an historical point of view he has certainly laid himself open to a somewhat grave charge of having gone out of his way to blacken Cromwell's character. We are the more grieved at this defect, for in the two instances in which the great Republican is most unfavourably represented, the requirements of dramatic effect would have been more easily satisfied had a more faithful and just portrait been given. There are two situations to which we would particularly refer; namely, the one in which Cromwell, during an interview with the king, to whom he comes as the ambassador of the Commons, is made to offer his assistance and support, provided he be granted the title of Earl of Essex, to which he believed himself entitled; and the one in which he refuses the prayers of the queen to stay the execution of her husband, in an obtrusively brutal manner. It appears to us, with all due deference to Mr. Wills, that the very opposite, or at least, a very modified course of conduct would have very greatly increased the effect. In the first instance, the contest between Republican and Monarchical principles—which is in reality the mainspring of the second act, would have been far more graphically pourtrayed had Cromwell embodied his stern desire to see the people righted, just tempered by a slight personal ambition, or perhaps by a real regard for his king. At present the despicable light in which Cromwell is placed simply serves as a foil for a very eloquent denunciation by Charles of a 'mouthing patriot with an itching palm,' while the very force and beauty of the speeches that are subsequently put into Cromwell's mouth, lose a considerable portion of their beauty and force by reason of the low estimation which the audience have been made to hold of the speaker. We do not know that there is any historical evidence, beyond an epistolary correspondence, to shew that

Cromwell ever at any time laid himself open to so foul a taint, and when we consider that the dramatist has made no further use of the incident, we cannot quite acquit him of having been unjust in a manner at once unfair and in direct opposition to received facts. In the fourth act, where the queen comes to plead to Cromwell, having gained an interview through the agency of the latter's daughter, we are distinctly of opinion that the author has fallen into error, and that this portion of his work would have been deserving of more unqualified praise, had he permitted Cromwell to be influenced by the wondrous eloquence of the wife pleading for her husband, but so ordered it that the impression made should be crushed there and then by the strong sense of duty inherent in the patriot and fanatic, which sense of duty compelled him to assent to the king's execution. Historically considered, we cannot agree with the course that Mr. Wills has taken, and we should have thought that a more satisfactory result might have been attained had the author represented the contest between the two political principles, and shewn how Charles, perhaps the sovereign least worthy of such a fate was sacrificed, when the ideas, of which he was the embodiment, no longer found a leading place in the minds of the people. We come now to consider the story of the piece, and to describe the way in which that story was represented to the unusually critical audience that had assembled. The curtain rises upon an exquisite scene in the gardens near Hampton Court (painted by Messrs. Hawes Craven and Cuthbert). In the distance is the palace, of red-brick; down the centre stretches an expanse of foliage-reflecting water, while to the right and left are avenues of trees and beds of flowers. Lady Eleanor Davys (Miss A. Pauncefort) enters, and in a few graceful words describes some leading traits in the king's life; to her comes the Marquis of Huntly (Mr. Addison), fresh with news from London, and somewhat anxious to see the king. The Lady Eleanor, who is endowed with some power of forecasting coming events, seems ill at ease, and makes several spirited attempts to get from the old Marquis the state of the town, who, however, manages to get away. The Queen (Miss Isabel Bateman) now comes upon the scene, and with most bewitching grace, and charming broken English, converses with the members of her court who are present. However, on hearing that all her French servants have been sent away, by order of the king, she breaks into a torrent of reproaches with characteristic French vivacity; but at the same time will not permit any of her ladies to question the king's perfect right to act as he pleases. In this scene Miss Bateman fairly surprised us; her queenly gestures, her perfect articulation, the consistency of her broken English, and the pure accent of her French, all combined to stamp the opening of the play with the impress of success. The court now disperse. Barely have they departed, when we see the King (Mr. Henry Irving) with one child on his back, and dragging another along by the hand, come down the long avenue that fringes the water. The perfect storm of applause that greeted Mr. Irving must have convinced him of the great hold he had already made on the affections of his audience by his previous creations, and of their hearty appreciation of his admirable make-up. The remainder of this act is devoted to giving a picture of Charles's private life, and admirably, indeed, was that picture realised. The king stretched full length upon a velvet pillow, his little ones clambering over him; by his side his wife, attempting to direct his attention to certain important letters that have just come to hand, to which, however, he does not appear inclined to pay any heed, preferring to recite to his playfellows the ballad of 'King Lear.' The whole scene was so exquisite, so chaste, so life-like and affecting, that one felt almost angry with Henrietta

when at last she succeeds in getting the little prince and princess sent away, that her husband may confer on urgent matters of State. Subsequently there is a scene between the King and the Marquis of Huntly, in which the conduct of the House of Commons is freely discussed, and wherein Charles evinces a considerable readiness to give way to the desires of his people rather than be the cause of an open breach of the peace. The act closes with a scenic illustration of Mr. Goodall's picture, in which the King embarks with wife and children on his barge, and so, to soft music and to the rythmical sound of matchless verse, sails slowly down the river.

The second Act is the most powerful in the play as regards dramatic incident and dialogue. There the king is brought face to face with Cromwell (Mr. Belmore) and Ireton (Mr. Markby), who come as messengers from the Parliament, to bear the only conditions upon which peace can be restored to the kingdom that is already plunged into the abyss of civil war. It is in this scene that Mr. Irving displays a fire and majesty that make him every inch a king, and the impassioned eloquence with which he resents Cromwell's demand for the surrender of his friends caused the audience to rise from their seats, carried away by a very delirium of enthusiasm. The overtures brought by the Republicans are rejected with scorn, their papers are trampled under foot, while the king stands before them in all the angry dignity of an insulted monarch. Cromwell summons his soldiers, and bids them seize the king; the queen, however, with some loyal gentlemen, comes to the rescue just in time, and the curtain falls upon a most effective tableau. We regret that we cannot in this hurried notice do any adequate justice to Mr. Irving's acting at this point, and we further regret that we can only stop a moment with Mr. Belmore to award him praise for his very clever rendering of Cromwell.

In the third Act the episode of the battle of Naseby, and the surrender of the king by the Scots, at Newcastle, are brought into one compass, and are supposed to take place at the Scottish camp, at Newark. We see the queen moving about distractedly, not knowing how to act in the absence of her royal husband, yet unable to remain passive at a time of such dire moment to their hopes and plans. We listen to Lord Moray, the most trusted friend of the king, as he makes the bargain by which he sells Charles; we mark the anguish of the king, as he rushes on and demands of Moray the assistance he promised, and we note his sad and agonised despair when he finds he has been betrayed. We wish we could find words fitting and powerful enough to describe the concentrated anguish, grief, and misery with which Mr. Irving pronounced the closing lines of this Act. We would we could give an idea of his wondrous peace, of the way in which he towered above all on the stage in the hour of his misfortunes; we would we could, in fact, express our own feelings or rather the feelings that were inspired by the words and the acting; but it must, alas, suffice here to say that the effect produced was immediate and complete. The last Act may be said to be devoted to the scene between Cromwell and the queen, and to the parting between Charles and his wife, before he is led off to execution. The first of these two episodes is marred, as we have already observed, by the exceedingly hateful conduct that is imputed to Cromwell; but the second scene—ah! what can we say in this hasty, inefficient notice of that grandest of all the scenes in the play? How speak of the tear-compelling parting from wife and little ones? How praise Miss Bateman's perfect grief? We can only impotently repeat, that the close of a masterly play was masterly; and that, as the curtain descended, we knew that, as Mr. Irving had shown us in the 'Bells' the abyss of human remorse, so had he just depicted to us the grandest picture seen in our time of the sublimity of human suffering.

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'GUSTAVUS III. OF SWEDEN.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD OF SWEDEN;

OR,

THE STORY OF A KING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTINA IN THE HOUSE OF CAPTAIN LILJEHORN.

FROM the little island of Tjörn to Stockholm spread a moral and material distance; life on the island had restrained Christina's ambition, while it fostered her natural vivacity, and independence. The pain to lose her father was drowned in the dim uncertainty of her fate; a glow of romance surrounded that uncertainty, and bore the young girl off into the regions of the 'probable.'

Christina had landed on the shore of the mainland, and had reached Stockholm by easy stages of travelliug across country; her out of door existence had so much inured her to the changes of the atmosphere, that no hardship was too great for her. With a certain dignity, she followed the directions of her guide, never allowing fatigue to plead for rest or stoppage.

On a dull, heavy, November day, the two had arrived in Stockholm; Captain Liljehorn met them as the hired vehicle passed through the toll-bar, and deferentially saluted the pale anxious girl. The moment Christina saw him, a flood of remembrance rushed over her; her step now appeared ominous, her resolution fraught with danger, her position lonely, her very existence a blank,—the sight of the Captain drove the blood to her heart, and the impeded circulation made her lean panting and fainting against the door of the old-fashioned coach.

'Courage, cousin,' said the Captain, 'you are with friends; my sister awaits you at home.' He entered without ceremony, lifted one of Christina's white, trembling hands to his lips, and made the coachman drive the lean Swedish horses quickly up the uneven streets. They halted before an old-fashioned looking building, above the first floor of which ran a balcony of stonework, giving a sombre appearance to the place; in the house-floor, as the entrance was called, a lady of very stiff demeanour received Christina, and was introduced to her as the Captain's step-sister, the younger sister having been married a short time ago to a wealthy landowner.

Christina could hardly be persuaded to take a cup of coffee, so overcome was she with some unaccountable feeling of ominous foreboding; she asked huskily for her room, was taken there, and threw herself on the bed. No one approached her, no one disturbed her; she was allowed freely to vent her pent up grief, till it should have exhausted itself.

It did exhaust itself; Christina rose, dipped her face into the ice-cold water, combed back her hair, smoothed her plain travelling dress and left the room; guided by the sound of voices, she stood suddenly in the open door of the principal sitting room. Captain Liljehorn was talking angrily while he promenaded up and down; on one side of the fireplace sat the stiff middle-aged dame, on the other Christina's travelling companion.

The Captain looked round and held his breath.

'Oh, there you are sweet cousin; come now be friends, since you have come.'

'Friends?' answered Christina, as she advanced, 'friends? That means one in taste, habit, idea, faith and honest truth. No Captain Liljehorn, in that sense I shall never be your friend; but I will reside here and work out my own way; remember I'll be nobody's tool; I can protect myself.'

The tall, finely-formed girl stood half-defiently opposite the three.

'Tush, tush; you have been bred on scraps of learning and solitariness, and your mind knows not the good rules of Society. You will frighten my sister.'

The spirit of a lady asserted itself; Christina went up to the staring old dame.

'Pardon me, Madam, if Captain Liljehorn has left you ignorant why I am here, I must tell you myself.'

'Not necessary, not necessary,' broke in the Captain, my sister knows.

A side look sufficed, the sister arose, made a very stiff curtsey, and led Christina to a seat next her own.

'My brother's friends are mine,' she replied evasively.

The first evening passed; like a young doe, watchful of all going on round her, Christina had her senses awake, eager to catch a stray word, that might escape them and guide her to understand their motives towards her.

Night's rest waned and the great morrow awoke for Christina Eckermann; was it sweeter to be here, expectant of playing some part in the big world, or sweeter to lie below the cliffs on the pebbly shore, listening to the rough 'coo' of the sea-bird and the surging everlasting voice of the dark green sea? The future was a phantom at which Christina was trying to catch; the past was a lost dream, gone where it would not again return, and the present was a positive blank.

'Then I'll mould it into something else,' said Christina, as she stood before the small mirror tying her tresses. 'Will and power are given to us all by God, the rest belongs to ourselves.' More stately still, did the Swedish girl enter her cousin's room that first morning of her stay in Stockholm.

This very first morning of Christina's new life, the Captain and his cousin had a stormy discussion. Christina was told that her case was a delicate one, wanting tender handling; that it could not be unravelled at once; that she would be introduced into good circles, and that though the Captain was not a rich man, his purse was at her service. That the old-fashioned Swedish dress she wore, was out of all keeping, and that she must accommodate herself to French fashions.

Christina laughed in her cousin's face: 'What, I am to look like a doll and not like a woman; never!'

'But you must really do it; all the people will laugh at you; it will at once tell against you in good society.'

'I shall hate good society; have you no *great* society here?'

'What do you mean?'

'Big men and women, with great hearts and grand lives, such as were my acquaintances when I studied with my father, such as Sweden owned once.'

'Oh, that's all gone and mouldering in historical dust; we are what we are. As civilized as any nation but the French, and just now inclined to go up in the scale.'

'I hate the French.'

'That's ridiculous and not very philosophical; we must hate no nation.'

'Well, I don't care for any but the Swedish, and the old Greeks and Romans: the rest are nothing to me. Those old folks didn't fritter away their strength in bits of likes or dislikes, but they clung to their own habits, and maintained their self-possession.'

'What a scholar you are; it won't do here, you'll frighten the officers.'

'What officers?'

'The King's Guard. I know a great many of them. Some come here every day, for these are head-quarters for our little schemes.'

'Schemes for the king?'

'Well, yes on their part, not quite on mine. I hate the others, the Caps; somebody must give way, so if we help to haul up the king, we haul down the others.'

'Hem; you are not much of a nobleman, Captain Liljehorn,' said Christina, looking at him derisively.

'Why not cousin?' bristled up the Captain.

'You have mean motives.'

'And you speak rudely.'

'Ha, ha, ha; that's the way you are going to tame me. Don't try it again, dearest Captain. I tell you, I've not left our hut or cottage, nor the cliff, nor the sea, nor good old Ulrica—nor the grave that holds my father, for *your* pleasure. I have left it for something else, if you must know, for something great and holy; for something that I'll pursue to the bitter end. I'll know who slew my mother;' and Christina Eckermann, in her long black woollen dress stood opposite the pale, startled Captain like a Nemesis.

'Who told you that story?'

'No one, I know it from the prescience of a loving child.' The moment the words were said, Christina repented, and resolved to avoid the subject.

'That is it,' drawled Liljehorn, affectedly; 'we have whims. Don't spread them before all the world, fair cousin, but hie thee to dress. We have sent for one of the best milliners, she is coming up the street with a messenger and a large box. Cousin Christina, when you are clothed in decent apparel, you'll be a Queen.'

'I wish I were,' sighed Christina.

'Surely neither of *ours;* one broods all day, the other sighs.'

'Ah, bah! I should do neither. I should be a Queen in earnest; a loving mother to my people, one and all. A heroine, struggling to plant justice where wrong exists, bringing comfort and joy, lessening sorrow, helping, giving, counselling, showing myself daily to those whom God has committed to my charge. Aye, living with them, among them, and knowing that the opportunity which a Queen has, no other being on earth possesses, not even a King.'

'What exalted ideas of Queenship you have cousin; pity you cannot realize them. Well, well, if not on the world's stage, perhaps on a theatrical stage.'

'Captain Liljehorn, I disdain your allusions;' so Christina swept from the room.

Every attention was paid to Christina; she was metamorphosed into a fashionable lady of the time, but only moderately. Nothing could persuade her to go against her innate ideas of beauty, and she would *not* bow to fashion for fashion's sake. A week had elapsed after her first arrival; Christina became a power in the house. The elderly step-sister succumbed to her at once; but Christina dreaded her all the same. Her silent way was not sincere, her officiousness premature, her friendliness affected; to the young girl open opposition would have been more welcome. There arrived by the round-about post of that day a scrawl from Ulrica, telling Christina that she had not sold anything, that she had made up her mind the cottage on Tjörn should remain as a harbour of refuge; that she had shut it up, and left it in charge of her next door neighbour, and that she, Ulrica,—as Christina did not seem to want her just now,—had sent on the personal property of her young mistress, and had gone for a while to some relations. 'Thou art strong,' so concluded the letter; but the strong are those the devil attacks first; them he likes to pull down from their own self-esteem, and them he makes grovel in the debasement of sin. Oh, beloved child, if I thought I could help thee now, I would come, even into *that* house; but I have to do other work. I leave thee to take care of thyself; I do believe we are here but guardians of our lives, and have no right to squander them. Do think of the plain words of your old nurse. 'Christina Eckermann, thou hadst a beautiful mother, and a worthy father; do not belie thy parentage, but be worthy of it.'

Christina trembled a little when she read that letter; but she was resolved to see out the performance in Captain Liljehorn's house; and it had begun, this worldly play; the curtain hod been drawn up, and the intricate maze of purpose and cross-purpose was at work to fashion the fate of those concerned. Officers came to the house daily; they sometimes were closeted in earnest consultations with the Captain; at others, evening *réunions* were held, over which Christina reigned like a sovereign.

As the winter passed and the spring and summer came Christina's reputation spread; though her cousin had told her that it would be advisable not to come before the world too much, the fame of her beauty and peculiar grace had drawn to the house men of different shades of politics and party. As Christina's importance and influence increased, so the Captain became more deferential towards her, telling her continually that he was doing his best to unravel her history—but that she must bide her time.

The summer wore on; Christina would sit holding the little book dreamily in her hand, looking out upon the smooth waters from her

room window and thinking of those old free days, when no other desire filled her heart, but the enjoyment of natural beauty, the love of her father and the delight in her studies. Now she stood at bay, ready to spring into the full vortex of life's struggles; no adulation had yet spoiled her buoyant spirit, much as she received daily.

The political horizon became more ominous; the secret meetings more frequent; officers hurried backward and forward to the Captain, till that August day decided the game; when the king passed Captain Liljehorn's house, and saw Christina Eckermann on the balcony, waving the white band, he knew not how much she had contributed to influence the issue for him and cement the enthusiasm now shown to him.

He was gone; Christina turned towards her cousin with a glowing face. 'I'm glad I have seen him at last; he is not so handsome as the Duke of Suedermamia, but there is an infinite grace of mind about him. What a pity he has not a wife strong enough to value his good qualities and able to subdue his bad.'

'Poor neglected queen,' said the Captain; 'her life cannot be envied. What a gracious salute His Majesty gave you, cousin. The Duke would be jealous, for I have heard he praises you much.'

'Cousin Liljehorn, cease such unseemly talk; these men are married.'

'Oh, in our time that matters not much; admiration and marriage don't agree. Cousin Christina, we have made a step in advance to-day. Your ambition may still be gratified. Come, now, I must be off and join my brother officers at the guard-room. Thank you cousin, for the assistance you have unwittingly given.' The Captain kissed gallantly the hand extended to him.

On the evening of that August day a very beautiful woman sat at her open window, looking into the summer night, trying to comprehend all its charm. Her thoughts wandered here and there; her soul-life took wide flights into the future, but still returned, misty with doubt, vascillating with expectation. Slowly she murmured the ending verse of her favourite fable in the old book of the 'Letters addressed to a Prince.' The fable spoke of virtue, genius, and reputation; its last verse sounded:—

> Said Reputation, 'Luck attend
> You both; but as to me, good night,
> If e'er you trust me out of sight!
> To guard me well be your endeavour,
> If once I'm lost, I'm lost for ever!'

Reputation lost for ever! What reputation, thought Christina?

CHAPTER IX.

KING GUSTAVUS BECOMES A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

THE political storms were over in Stockholm. In a wonderful manner the troubled atmosphere had been cleared, and King Gustavus having shown no enmity against those who had opposed him, or had wanted to narrow still more monarchial power, not by giving it to the people, but by assuming it themselves—had reconciled all parties. The haughty threats had subsided, the nobles had assimilated themselves to the new Constitution, and Gustavus was free to begin his great plans for the moral and material amelioration of his kingdom. With the advice of his tutor, Tessin, still in his recollection, and the active co-operation of the honest Sheffer by his side, what wonder, but that the young monarch might become a blessing to a land, that had the old memories of brave historical deeds to fall back upon. Gustavus made but one mistake, he took too much on himself; to *make* people *wise*, *industrious*, and *good*, is but possible in one direction, that of 'education.' The will of *one* man cannot do it, only the combined action of many; if you want a good people, you must individually strengthen each member of it in healthy self-development.

A king may do too little, a king may do too much. Gustavus inclined to the latter fault. A galaxy of great minds surrounded his throne, and graced his period. Did they strengthen the people? There 'lies the rub,' as Our William says; a bright period is often followed by a collapse, when the stars that shine have vanished.

Gustavus had created an academy, and had received from it the honour of a prize for his 'Oration' on Thorentson; the prize had been given long before it was known who had written the oration, and this fact covered the king with renown. Gustavus longed, however, to give a dramatic literature to his country; historical subjects particularly attracted him. Until his time performances had been given in French; little or nothing had been done dramatically in Swedish. Swedish history is full of romance and subjects for dramatic treatment and not be wanting. Gustavus was attracted by the famous love-story of the great Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe, the daughter of the Chancellor Magnus Brahe; the king dramatised it, and the first evening of the performance was approaching. All Stockholm was full of it; the king had himself assisted at the rehearsals, had schooled his actors and actresses, and was awaiting with impatience the first evening performance.

At home he sat in his favourite room, impatiently watching the clock; a king has the same feelings as other men. The author of a drama to be given the first night, trembles, be he simple or gentle. His favourite companion, Count Tessin's little book was by the king's side.

'Ah, old friend! now no more. By-the-by,' and Gustavus sprang up, 'how little I know about it, about his end. It fell all into that anxious time; he had so completely retired that one had forgotten him. And there was a whispering of some romance, too; let me enquire at once, good thoughts should not be put off.' He rang the bell for Rosenstein.

'Sire.'

'Rosenstein, your ears are sharp; you know everything; have you never heard something about Baron Tessin's retirement? How and where he died.'

Rosenstein seemed to colour a little.

'Not much, sire. People did say it was a pity the worthy old man was so sadly forgotten, and that he died in great obscurity; but no one seems to know anything else.'

'Rosenstein, are you sure, or will you not tell? Speak out; never mind offending me.'

'Well, sire,' and Rosenstein came a little nearer, 'you know there was some old grudge of her Majesty the queen mother, and they say a child was hid somewhere, and God knows what became of either;' and Rosenstein coloured again.

'What romance was it, and with whom?'

'I could not tell, sire.'

'Rosenstein, you are wary for your age. But never mind, I shall findout. Come when it is time to leave. You will accompany me.'

'Yes, sire;' it was an honour, and Rosenstein understood it as such.

Again the king turned to the little book. 'Poor old friend, undervalued and forgotten, who didst give me the first taste for literature; let me read once more thy last words.' The king opened the book at the last letter:—

'Let me not forget to repeat my request that you will be a kind father to arts and sciences, and you will please to remember that to encourage them with propriety you yourself must not be unacquainted with them.'

'Peace is the greatest blessing you can secure to your subjects, and must be purchased, if necessary, at the hazard and expense of a war. You will command an army, and must, therefore, be yourself a soldier.

'Let me advise your Royal Highness to make yourself acquainted with the English language, that you may see with what a noble air of liberty the free subjects of a great king dare express themselves. The French writers have already shown you with what true magnanimity an arbitrary prince suffers his people boldly to contend for the support of their laws and privileges in opposition to those who would have sacrificed everything to their own private interest and ambition.

'Accustom yourself to business betimes, for, when you come to the crown, you will find frequent employment in affairs with which no subject ought to be entrusted.'

'Poor Tessin, here he fails, I can trust all to Scheffer, and after all, if it were but possible in our sphere of development, after all, should the subjects and the sovereign's interest not be the same? Well, well, I do what I can; I have to mould various interests, perfect freedom is not yet of our time, and may not be for long.'

'Sire, it is time,' said Rosentein, as he appeared at the door.

'Well, Rosenstein, what doest thou augur, my faithful boy?'

'A success, a success, sire; to be sure a success. I do so long to see it!'

'Come, then, we'll not go to the Royal box.'

* * * * * *

The house was crammed. In the royal box sat the Dowager Queen and Princess Albertina; in a side box, the Duchess of Suedermania, and some of her ladies; the young Queen was nowhere to be seen. People said it was wrong, she should have been there, and shown so much interest in her husband's work; but Magdalena was sitting at home, weeping her poor weary eyes out, for she had positively not the courage to face that throng on such an evening.

The music began, the curtain drew up, and everybody looked for the king, he was nowhere to be seen; but by little and little, the attention was drawn to a place in the rear, where a young girl, dressed in white, sat with an elderly lady, and an officer in full uniform. 'How beautiful; what a magnificent girl; she comes from the north—no, from the south; she beats all the Three Graces; look at them over the way, they seem faded by her side.' It was Christina Eckermann they were admiring; but Christina had no eyes for anything else than the stage. The Captain glanced at her; her whole frame seemed to expand with attention and interest; her eyes glowed with fire, her head leant forward; at last, when a very indifferent actress, who played Ebba Brahe, slurred her sentences, as she spoke of her great love for the young King Gustavus Adolphus, the renowned warrior, Christina could stand it no longer.

'Oh no, oh no,' she said, quite loud; 'that is not the way. Poor high-souled Ebba!'

The whole house stared; some tittered, some whispered, others said: 'Poor thing, fresh from the country.' But in a box, hid by a curtain from the public view, some one looked up and saw again the vision that had stood on the balcony on the day of his procession through Stockholm, and had waived so earnestly the white band. Christina never lost her self-possession for a moment, but went on gravely watching every change of the play; she saw not the box of the Duchess of Suedermania, where the duke leant across, and pointing at her, nodded to his wife, saying, 'There she is; tell me, dearest, is she not a glorious blossom?'

A sharp rap on his knuckles with the exquisite French fan was his answer. 'Leave that girl alone, my lord duke; she is too good for you.'

'I suppose she is; but she is grandly beautiful.'

'Now, monsieur, any more impertinences?'

'No, sweet one; only that your jealousy is charming, because so rare. Adieu, ma belle, il faut faire la cour à Mamman.'

'And peep at the divinity; well, go, you are sure to come back.'

So parted the merry couple, on a perfect understanding that small diableries on either side, his not innocent, hers most likely, should be overlooked.

The captain had at first leant back a little, but the evident admiration Christina excited soothed his ruffled spirits, and he forgave her the breach of good manners.

But the actress, so publicly criticised, shot dagger-glances at the beautiful girl; she drew herself up and now began to rant the sweet expressions of Ebba's love.

Christina got up and whispered to her cousin, 'I cannot stand it; let us go home.'

'Home? It would be an insult to the king, who is sure to be here.

'Then I shall go alone.'

The Captain had to do her bidding; he left with her, took her home, and returned alone.

A few moments later, some one tapped him on the shoulder, it was Rosenstein —

'His Majesty wants you, Captain Liljehorn.'

The captain was taken into the hidden box.

'Your Majesty sent for me?'

'Yes, Captain; who was that young lady with you?'

'An orphan, very distantly related to me.'

'Is she rich or poor?'

'Very poor.'

'And very beautiful,' chimed in the king.'

'Will your Majesty kindly pardon her unseemly interruption?'

'Unseemly? The child was right, and she had the courage to say so. Why did she leave?'

'Because, she said, it was impossible to witness such acting.'

'Captain Liljehorn, I shall call on you to-morrow; I should like to converse with your relative. Does she reside with you?'

'Yes, your Majesty, for the present. But I must tell you, sire, she has a most peculiarly proud disposition.'

'All the better, all the better; she will maintain her dignity.'

The play was over; it had been indifferently acted by the principal character, and still it created an immense enthusiasm. The sorrows of the young lovers, whose history was in every Swedish mouth, touched every heart, and the renunciation of Ebba Brahe of her royal lover, when his mother had made her understand that it is her duty to renounce him, brought tears into the eyes of the audience. The enthusiasm rose to a pitch, and Gustavus had one of those rare feasts of popular favour given but to few mortals here. Who could have known that the royal author's thoughts were away with that young artistic girl, who seemed to have truly understood the character he wanted to draw, at once tender and proud, loving and firm in duty. Ah, he thought, *that* girl would understand me!

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTINA BECOMES AN ACTRESS.

CHRISTINA tossed on her bed; new ideas had been awakened in her by this first dramatic representation. A feeling of superabundant strength and energy and a desire to use both possessed her; to show the world the moral picture of high-minded action in the drama appeared almost as great to her as the action itself. Was it not a noble aim in life to influence people by the picture of a great purpose? Who could call *this* a paltry degraded profession? It was possible, she was sure, to be an interpreter of the dramatic art and yet remain virtuous: in fact no low passion had anything to do with the drama! For correct interpretation it required talented, high-minded men and women, whose very soul was in their art, and who would rank equal with any artist, did they but know their value. Pictorial art, after

all, spoke in the stillness of death to our senses, dramatic art was life itself; the voice spoke to the voice; the action influenced the action, and evil would indeed be the day when the purpose of the drama became lowered in the sight of man. What could there be mean in it? Nothing! and she would herself prove it, for if it were possible, though the captain should sneer, *she* would give them an idea what it meant to describe human passions, human joys, and human sufferings in living pictures.

The king was right when he made it one of the first actions of his reign to bring before his people the great pleasing historical scenes of Sweden's national life. Had Shakespeare not done so in England? And she would help the king to give his literary production the benefit ot a truthful rendering. Was that hidden mystery in her life to be solved in that way? She longed to be great, but she had already seen enough in Stockholm to know that the possession of high names did not fulfil greatness; then let her find another road to it, let her cast to the winds the ambition of a high position, and look for greatness in noble actions.

With a half-formed purpose, to do something or other the next day, Christina fell at last asleep; she thought some one knocked at her door, but it seemed only a dream, and when she woke the next morning, the bright spring sun shining into her room, she could scarcely realize the turbulent emotions of the previous night. A knock came again early to her door.

'Christina,' said the voice of the elderly sister-in-law, 'you are wanted early to-day; do make haste and dress.'

Christina sprang up, an ominous foreboding of prescience rushed over her. She was wanted; by whom, where, how—yes, she knew it, it came to her all suddenly; she was sure of it, she was wanted by the king to represent his Ebba Brahe.

Within a momentary flash, all this crossed her mind.

'Yes, Cousin Carolina, I shall soon be ready,' was the faint answer.

Christina entered the sitting-room; her large eyes had become larger with anxiety to know her fate; Captain Liljehorn was quietly taking his breakfast.

'Well, Cousin Christina, you made a hit last night; the king is coming here this morning, I suppose with Rosenstein; his Majesty wants to make your acquaintance, and I congratulate you on your success.'

'The king wants to speak to me, I know why; I am to represent his characters.'

'How do you know, cousin? Are you omniscient? *I* do not know. Who told you?'

'My soul augurs it.'

'It augurs well then, for my prognostication will come true, you will become a stage-queen.'

'Do not sneer, Captain: the hollowness of much of your lives here makes me now care little whether I bear a great worldly name or not. I can be great in other ways.'

'So you can, cousin; but your name and lineage? A matter which we are trying to unravel?'

'Captain Liljehorn, do not taunt me; I am as far from the fulfilment of your promise as ever; I have been only biding my time, and if you have thought I was idle, you were mistaken.'

'Oh, I know you and Rosenstein are always planning together; he seems much attached to you.'

'Poor boy; he came here with the other officers, and his youth brought him nearer to me as a friend than those overbearing, semi-gallant friends of yours.'

"Friendships with youths are dangerous things; never mind, cousin Christina, you are watched still.'

This time the Captain turned away with an ugly scowl, having forgotten all his protestations of love and friendship.

Christina fetched out her little book, and read her favourite portions; then she took up a translation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, which she had found among the Captain's books, and perused the principal passages; she made no change in her dress, but quietly and demurely waited her time.'

Eleven o'clock struck, a plain chariot drove up, and the king with Rosenstein entered the house; the Captain received Gustavus with gentlemanly courtesy, and led him into the room where Christina waited; she rose on the King's entrance, made a low curtsey, and remained motionless. The King's face was a little disturbed, and young Rosenstein's as red as fire behind that of his master.

'Mademoiselle Christina Eckermann, I beg of you to sit down: I have come to make you a proposal, encouraged by your remark of last night.'

'I beg your Majesty to forgive me my impulsive haste,' answered Christina.

'This time, this impulsive haste will produce, I believe, some good. I do not know,' and the king seated himself familiarly by her side, 'I do not know, Mademoiselle, whether you will quite understand me, but for me nothing has so high an aim in literature as correct dramatic art. I have tried weakly to embody some episodes of our national history, and naturally, if they are to do good, they must be correctly interpreted. I have done my best with the actors and actresses to

obtain that point, but, as you said, not quite successfully; I am looking for men and women who will take the trouble first to understand me before they represent my words. It is difficult to find them: *you*, I know, would do it, but then I do not know what your ideas are on the point—whether a dramatice career does not appear beneath you.'

Christina looked the king, whose glance was rather shy, straight in the face.

'Your Majesty, it was the first dramatic representation I witnessed, and it has called me to my fate. Whatever my ambition may have been, whatever my ideas of a high worldly position were, art will also give me one. I lay down before it all the aspirations of a life.'

The king smiled in a gratified way; Rosenstein trembled.

'I have brought you a manuscript copy of my play; I remained up all night to copy it out for you myself, with directions. When will you read your part—that of Ebba?'

'Now, your Majesty, I will read the passage that was slurred yesterday, and then I shall commit the whole to memory within three days, and be at your disposal to perform whenever you desire, since I am the mistress of my own actions.'

Rosenstein winced: the Captain, who stood by him in the embrasure of the window, smiled sardonically.

'Oh, sire, I shall know my part.'

'Very well, I shall come here in three days, and then we shall settle the rest. Now, please Mademoiselle read the passage you objected to; here it is.'

Christina ran her eye over it, and then began in low tones to read, soon to declaim, at last to pour forth the words in impassioned tones; again her voice was modulated down to the modesty and sweetness of feminine love: again she reached the agonizing pitch of renouncing such love, at last, glowing and panting, she stopped and laid down the book.

The king seemed affected: 'Superbly done,' he said, tremulously: 'Mademoiselle, who taught you to recite dramatically?'

'My father.'

'And what was he?'

'A plain, poor gentleman.'

'Is he living?'

'He is dead.'

'He must have had much artistic feeling, Mademoiselle, and as he can no longer protect his daughter, I, your king, shall do it in future, in all honour and good faith. Remember the three days; give me your hand, Mademoiselle.'

Christina put her hand in that of the king's—

'I thank you, you have given me infinite pleasure, what I but half indicated you have indued with life and soul. I thank you;' and Gustavus led Christina's hand to his lips.

Rosenstein winced again, and the Captain smiled once more sardonically.

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The three days were over; Christina knew her part. The king came, again accompanied by Rosenstein; he heard her recite the principal passages, and then fixed the first rehearsal for the next day. The piece had not again been played, the actress who had failed had been sent away on her *congé*, and the company had been enjoined to as much secrecy as it was possible to obtain. Christina was fetched next day in a carriage to the theatre, the Captain accompanying her: there she was introduced to the manager, and at once began her task. Such was the impression made, that the whole corps became invigorated. This fresh, artistic girl raised all the rest up to her height, and the king, above in his box, clapped his hands delightedly, when at last the end approached, and both Ebba and the youthful Gustavus Adolphus submitted to their fate of separation.

Poor Rosenstein, standing behind his master's chair, could not clap; he wiped quietly away something moist in his eye.

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The second performance of the piece was to be given; this time the house could not accommodate but half the spectators that crowded to it. High and low had heard of the new actress, the beautiful girl who had interrupted the first performance, and high and low wanted to see the new wonder. All the gallants in Stockholm rushed to the theatre; all the court party had engaged the boxes; evil tongues were already busy with Christina's reputation, and it was said she would find herself mistaken, for the young queen, the neglected wife, was coming too.

The evening arrived at last: in the royal castle there was this time no hesitation; Gustavus once more read his manuscript, marked several passages, and smiled with a satisfied air: he was *sure* of success.

'Well, Rosenstein,' he addressed his attendent, 'are you not anxious to see the performance this time?'

'Not very, your Majesty.'

'Why not?'

'I must not say what I think.'

'Why not? say out.'

'Oh, your Majesty, is it not a pity to expose such a beautiful girl to the gaze of so many men?'

'Nonsense, Rosenstein; not when it is done modestly. Pray why not? Am I the man to lead a young girl into a wrong path? Why should dramatic representation always wallow in the ruts of low passion?' Why? With moderate care and a real high aim in your art, you may be modest on the stage as in your own home.'

'I don't believe it possible, your Majesty; and the high aim is sure to disapper soon.'

' Bah, Rosenstein, what ails you; you have no soul for Art.'

'I am afraid not,'

'Mind you be punctual,' and Gustavus turned away impatiently.

* * * * * *

Ebba Brahe, the young girl, who had been brought up at the Court of Gustavus Adolphus' proud mother, Christina of Holstein, who had played with the young king from childhood, loved him first as a brother, then as something else; who had sworn eternal faith to him, till he could melt the queen-mother's heart and gain her consent to the marriage; who had been told, that she never could become the wife of the young warrior-king; who had still clung to her fond hopes and been locked up for it in the castle of Calmar; who had at last been forced into a marriage with the Count de la Gardie, by the Queen's command and who had then herself urged her royal lover to submit to fate and forget her. Ebba Brahe was to be personated, with all her charms, by Christina Eckermann. The genius of Christina failed her not: it raised her almost beyond the desired pitch, it fascinated all that crowd of people, high and low; the old Queen became quite excited, the young Queen wept unrestrainedly, the Duchess of Suedermania became silent, the court ladies attentive, the men respectful and hushed and the whole audience was impressed with a feeling of something great being done before them. In one word Christina Eckermann, her soul in her face, her innate grace shown in every action, her aspiring temper right royal in expression, her untouched modesty, maidenly and ingenuous, Christina Eckermann was a vision never to be forgotten. The play was over; poor Ebba had sobbed out her last grief; her devotion had reached the highest pitch as the curtain descended, but instantly rose again by command of the king, who with his own hand threw a laurel wreath at the young girl's feet. Then the spell broke that had held the audience, and shouts of acclamation deafened the house; Christina pale as a marble statue, her underlip trembling, took up the laurel wreath, cast her luminous glance right over to the King's box, curtsied once, twice, thrice, and then retired, born down by the enthusiasm she had created.

The young queen had left before, worn out by her easily excited sympathy.

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The next morning, while Christina sat pale and exhausted, after such an ovation, in the embrasure of the window, playing with the first violets the Captain had brought her, Rosenstein was announced. He was the bearer of Christina's formal appointment to the royal theatre at Stockholm, at a munificent salary. Rosenstein handed the parchment to Christina, as if it were a funeral dirge. Christina looked at it, scanned it, but smiled not.

'Are you satisfied now, Mademoiselle Christina?'

'No, that is only the wage, the satisfaction is in the work itself.'

'What ugly work it is,' said Rosenstein.

'What? It is a mighty influence.'

'Pardon me, Mademoiselle. Why sacrifice ourselves to influence others, let them look to themselves.'

'But I need not sacrifice myself. I can remain as I am.'

'Impossible: in our day an actress is in every one's mouth.'

'Monsieur Rosenstein, that concerns me little; I am what I am, and shall be.' Christina drew herself up proudly.

Young Rosenstein bit his lip, and then laid down before her a letter from the king: he seemed to be loth to give it.

'Why did you not give it me at once?'

'I was afraid.'

'Why?'

'Afraid of contamination.'

'Rosenstein, do not offend me;' and Christina looked at him with supreme anger.

But the young man, just seventeen, as old as herself, threw himself on his knees.

'Mademoiselle Christina, Mademoiselle Christina, I am afraid of losing you; take that as an antidote to the letter.'

Rosenstein threw a small note into the girl's lap, and hurried from the room.

Christina read the royal letter first; it was simple enough:—

'MADEMOISELLE,—Accept the grateful thanks of the author for the truthful delineation of his thoughts. The king sends you your installation; the brother artist sends you a simple word of thanks, of pure, well earned thanks. My protection shall be yours always. I will not offend you by a present on such a day.

GUSTAVUS.'

Christina had grown a shade paler still: she broke the note open,

an impassioned sonnet met her eye; a sonnet such as young love dictates. She read it, and it left a glow of pleasure on her face. What was more ominous, the paleness on reading the king's letter, or the glow on reading the sonnet?

'I wish Rosenstein had stayed to read the letter; there is no contamination here,' said Christina.

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUEEN WRITES A LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

After the success of the king's literary efforts, occurrences of no mean import happened. Gustavus was thoroughly searching into the requirements of the country; there seemed much to be done; whole cortions were in an enfeebled or loose state, and many resources scarcely developed. Finland, that bone of contention between rival powers in the north; that neglected step-child of Northen monarchies, lay in deep distress. Horrible tales were wafted across about Finland by official reports or private rumour; and as the year was drawing to a close, these became at last so ominous, that Gustavus determined to go himself, with his best staff of ministers, advisers, and generals, and enquire into the state of the province.

The summer had been one of delightful occupation; the king had written another play, 'Helmfeldt,' or rather reproduced it, and with the greatest success. Christina had followed up her career, had by it often come into contact with the king and excited his admiration for her sound knowledge, dramatic talents, and proud bearing. No one had been allowed to approach her in any other but a respectful manner; though the Duke of Suedermania had managed to be introduced at the Captain's house and had tried his fulsome flattery, he held his brother too much in awe, to offend Christina's ears by libertinism. Rosenstein, her devoted slave, had come and gone as usual; though all was serene, and Christina remained unmoved apparently by so much general adulation, still Rosenstein, early brought up in the way of Court intrigue and Court morals, doubted all this serenity. Where would it end? Suppose Christina married and left the stage, if that even were possible, he would lose her then; for how could he think of such a thing as proposing himself for a husband to one who looked evidently upon him as a faithful brother, one with her in age.

Christina herself became more silent as time went on; she was severely given to her studies, but had lost somehow that bright, joyous, independent look of hers; she was more composed, more dignified, and *not* happy. Some powerful wave of feeling had swept over her mind, and evidently absorped her soul; what it was, she, perhaps herself only half guessed. Ulrica had written another scrawl, denouncing Christina's theatrical devil-work and Satan's influence, and telling her that she disgraced the blood from which she had sprung; but Ulrica had given no clue to her whereabouts, so Christina had fain to leave her in her belief, that she was lost to the spirits of darkness for ever.

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The king departed for Finland; the queen, as usual, living apart, and only having her ladies and an old faithful friend, Baron Ribbing, to comfort her, found relief in writing to her sister. Before the king's actual departure the following lines were penned.

Dearest Carolina,—I have enjoyed the happiness of seeing my beloved prince, after a long night of absence. His request that I should appear at the drawing-room soon after this important change in the Government was cheerfully obeyed, but the agitation of it was almost too much for your Magdalena, and when he entered the apartments and approached the part where I stood I had very nearly sunk on the ground; the cheering support of my excellent Countess Fersen saved and restored me. A voyage to Finland is in agitation, and considered necessary, at least by the king, to quiet some discontents, inspect some fortresses, and place able governors in them. It is a dreary and boisterous season for such an expedition. I like not the thought of it; may God in his mercy preserve the best of Sovereigns.

Dear sister, adieu.

Sophia Magdalena, R.*

On the day the queen sent this letter she had a scene with her copyist and Danish lady in attendance, Madame Halme. The latter tried to insinuate into her mind the fact, that since the king had taken to play-actresses and such like loose people, no attention was to be paid to him, and it was ridiculous any longer even to speak of him respectfully.

The queen rebuked her Danish woman sharply; said that she herself admired Christina's talent, that she had complimented her in person, and hoped that for once they would be able to retain a high-minded virtuous representative of the Drama.

* This letter is original.

'Which is impossible. Well, your majesty, if you are blind I am not,' answered the huffish Danish dame.

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The winds howled round Stockholm; the snow drove in volcanoes down the streets; the cold was nipping in the extreme. In the palace sat Magdalena again before her writing-desk, penning a letter to her husband in Finland. This letters had erasures and stops without end as usual. Madame Halme had to transcribe it into decent neat writing afterwards. Suddenly the Duchess of Suedermania burst into the queen's apartment.

'Ma chère, il faut la lettre, absolument; down there waits the courier, and he must be off, or he loses his day's posting. Come now, quick; I'll put it up. I am quicker than you.'

'Impossible; look, it must be copied. I never could compose decently.'

'Nonsense, nonsense; surely you would not let the courier go, without letting the king know that you thought of him at such a season.'

'No, on no account.'

'Then give me the letter; there, I shall take it;' and the duchess snatched it away, and ran from the room, enclosing it for safety in her packet, to the duke her husband.

Magdalena stared after her in amazement and terror, what her lord would say at such a scribble; and, as usual, she shed a few unhappy tears over the contretemps and the duchess's wilfulness. Could the queen then have known what consequences this contretemps would have?

[*To be continued.*]

Just Principles of Punishment.

By Francis Peek.

Among many questions demanding for their solution serious thought and anxious care, not the least, whether considered in relation to the protection of society or the good of the wrongdoers themselves, is the subject of the punishment of criminals, &c. On few matters, moreover, has public opinion run to greater extremes. Formerly our punishments were as cruel as they were futile, and the time is yet within the memory of those living when criminals were treated as savage beasts, while the spectacle of many poor wretches hanging on the gallows at the same time for such offences as sheepstealing, shoplifting, forgery, or breaking of machinery was not unfrequent, and even death itself was a merciful punishment compared with the cruel fate of those condemned to confinement in the vile prisons, or to cross the sea in those viler convict ships, so well called floating hells.

When, indeed, we read descriptions of criminal punishments in those days, and then consider the trivial nature of some of the crimes for which such torture and degradation were inflicted, the mind revolts at the selfish indifference of a community which could allow so bad a state of things to exist; for not only was this treatment of criminals abominable in its cruelty, but it was as inefficacious in repressing crime, which at no time, especially in its most serious aspects, was so rife as at that period.

Some twenty-five years ago society, roused at length to a sense of the iniquity of the past, rushed to an opposite extreme, and almost made pets of malefactors. Having so long forgotten that criminals were, after all, fellow-men, it for the time forgot that these fellow-men were also criminals, and from exclusively thinking of the protection of the community, it acted as if exclusively interested in the reformation of the criminal. Since then public opinion has fluctuated, first towards harshness, then to excessive lenity, unguided apparently by any fixed principle, and therefore unsettled.

In endeavouring to fix some just principle of criminal punishment, it seems necessary to embody the truths of both these different views, and we then draw the conclusion that criminal punishment to be just and effective must be retributive, as well as deterrent and remedial. Against the first of these demands, however, an influential party

strongly protests, denouncing in most bitter language the idea of retribution as unchristian and inhuman; but in vain do we look for any support of their view either in reason or revelation.* On the contrary, even the loving religion of the New Testament most sternly maintains this doctrine, denouncing indignation and wrath against every soul of man that doeth evil, and declaring that suffering in this world or the next, in bitter repentance here or pain hereafter, must follow transgression. While referring to the Civil magistrate, St. Paul says: 'He is a terror to evil doers, for he beareth not the sword in vain.'

The moral conscience of mankind also proclaims the same truth. When some great crime is committed and the offender escapes; when some heartless villian ruins and forsakes a weak woman, who in agony destroys her infant, and through imperfect laws he escapes punishment; when some cruel ruffian maims and injures his half-starved wife or paramour, and through the *wonderful* leniency of the magistrate suffers only a few weeks confinement, there is an universal feeling of indignation and regret that justice has failed, and this among persons who are in no way directly interested. It is the feeling of justice planted in the human heart by its maker and which demands retribution upon the violator of human laws.

Even nature shadows forth the same truth, for the violator of *her* laws speepily suffers retribution. Neglect the laws of health, and painful sickness will fall upon you; forget the physical laws which govern our world, and sharp and bitter pain will follow; and if this law of retribution is just it seems to overthrow the arguments of those who exhibit so much indignation at the infliction of corporal punishment even when visited upon villans guilty of premeditated acts of violence. Surely nothing can be more just than that he who, making use of superior strength, wilfully inflicts agonising pain upon an unoffending fellow creature should himself be made to feel some of the suffering he has inflicted. To say that corporal punishment is in itself degrading, is not correct. Was St. Paul degraded when five times he received forty stripes save one, were the martyrs of whom the world was not worthy degraded by their trial of cruel scourgings? No, they counted their scars marks of honour, you cannot degrade a man through his body, degradation is of the soul, and if the cruel bully is still further degraded (supposing that possible), when suffering the infliction of the cat for aggravated cruelty to some helpless fellow-creature, we must seek deeper for the cause than the mere fact that the punishment he receives is bodily—namely, in the feeling that the

* We of course put aside such an application of the words 'resist not evil' as would apply them to civil government, which no one *practically* holds.

crime for which such punishment is inflicted is so vile that society casts him out.

Surely nothing can be more strikingly just than to say to such a criminal, you have violated human law by inflicting wilful pain on a weaker fellow creature, feel then, what it is to suffer pain in your own body, and while you writhe under its smart, think that an offending fellow creature is suffering similar pain through your wilful cruelty. Such is *just* retribution. There would be indeed no *just* retribution in corporal punishment for theft; and other similar crimes, in such a case the man's nature would revolt, and he could say, this punishment is a cruel injustice, for in a time of temptation I stole, and in just retribution society may compel me to work with hard labour to make restitution, but it is cruel injustice for such an offence to lacerate *my* body, when I have respected the bodies of my fellow men.

We must, however, carefully bear in mind that after all retribution is but *one* of the principles that should prevail in criminal punishment, and though so important that the ignoring of it has produced and must produce weakness in the administration of justice; yet the still more important principles are deterrent and remedial. Few, if any, deny that one great aim of all punishment should be to deter the offender from repeating, and to deter others of similar disposition from committing the same crime. But in considering the subject in this aspect we at once come into the region of statistics, which unfortunately can generally be so manipulated on all subjects as to be valueless, and with regard to the deterrent effects of different kinds of punishment we have little data to go upon. We may, however, lay down as a maxim that punishments to be made deterrent should be such as are most distasteful to the culprits, and that to a great extent the crime itself indicates the nature of the punishment demanded; thus to the idle swindler and the skulking thief no punishment can be more distasteful than to be compelled to hard and steady labour. To the heartless scoundrel guilty of cruelty no punishment is so distasteful as the painful flogging: on this latter point there can be little doubt.*

* Extract from Annual Government Blue Book Statistics regarding Crime, 1870 and 1871.

1870 shows a decrease in offences for which the punishment of flogging is administered of 20 per cent. as against 1869.

1871 shows a further decrease of 12 per cent.

1870 shows a decrease of only 1½ per cent. in offences against property without violence.

1870 a further decrease of 8 per cent.

1871 shows an increase of 2 per cent. in offences against the person, including murder, rape, and assaults of all kinds for which flogging is not administered.

For since flogging was adopted as a part of the punishment for robbery with violence, this crime has decreased 20 per cent., while robbery without violence has decreased only $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and no doubt the results would have been more striking had judges carried out the law more boldly and more uniformly. This want of uniformity and certainty in the sentences of our judges and magistrates is, indeed, a great defect in our criminal treatment; for a knowledge that every offence will certainly, when proved, carry its full and just punishment is of first importance in dealing with the criminal if he feels that not only is there the chance of escaping conviction, but that, if convicted, the punishment is uncertain, its deterrent nature is greatly weakened, and it is sincerely to be hoped, even on this account, that before long the public conscience may cease to be so constantly shocked, as is now the case, by the injustice of the judgments of different judges. One condemns a poor fellow to long imprisonment with hard labour for a petty theft, or an offence against the mint, while another allows scoundrels of the deepest dye, at whose hands men, women, or children have suffered it may be life-enduring misery, to escape with a slight imprisonment, inadequate to fulfil any of the ends of punishment. Having considered the principles of retribution and deterrence, that of reformation or the remedial naturally follows: and this among a Christian and humane community must always hold a prominent place. When we consider the temptations to which many criminals have been exposed, the ignorance of right and wrong in which many of them have been brought up, the fact that a large proportion are of defective intellect, it is no wonder that many persons forget justice in arguing for mercy: and without doubt every effort should be made to atone for past neglect and past cruelty by rendering our criminal legislation not only just but merciful. At present it is far from this; and while the treadmill and the gang system remain it never can be effective in its remedial power. The subject of the remedial treatment or the reformation of criminals is, however, so large that it well deserves separate consideration.

THOÉPHILE GAUTIER.

"Poete impeccable, magicien des lettres Françaises."

UNDER the arcades of the Palais Royal, in dead imperial days, the commercially clean and placid tourists we are proud to produce by thousands, gaping at Chevet's marvellous epicurean morsels, or silently reprehending the immorality of Dentu's yellow covers, were elbowed by a plump cherubical figure in shabby coat and hat that would excite the legitimate contempt of Cheapside: the figure carried dusty books in every receptacle about him; his ringlets—becoming tardily grey—inundated his shoulders, his eyes turned heavenwards, and the deep bistre circles around them would alone have sufficed to render him utterly unpresentable in decent English society. Nor would the tourist have invited him home to Mrs. Podsnap, *née* Grundy, had they known that men called the shabby cherub Théophile Gautier, librarian to the Princess Mathilde, critic, poet, painter, dramatist, novelist, essay writer—in a word *littérateur* by choice, and Romantique by profession. A fortunate few among us have lit upon Englishmen who could understand Hugo, construe Baudelaire, think de Vigny fine, and de Musset pretty; but Gautier had not a British sentiment for him, nor, in truth, a British form, and he had written Mademoiselle Maupin! so the students of Paul de Kock could not but cry anathema, maranatha, and avert their gaze. The poet of 'Albertus' and 'Emaux et Camées,' is untranslateable as Rabelais. He has never been, and probably never will be, as popular in England as the author of the Demoiselles de Magasin; and it is permissible to ascribe the fact to somewhat less honourable causes, than those furnished by our undoubted and supreme national morality. An Englishman's taste for the "nasty" in literature, is crude and savage. It demands coarse viands; it will have no subtle fusion of flavours, no new combinations, no equivocalities, and no disguises; and at the outset of his career, when the 'Jeune-France' was printed and prohibited, Theophile Gautier acquired the reputation of a frank practitioner, who was ever ready to compose and present the very worst pill that ever issued from the literary laboratories of the Latin Quarter, but who always insisted on gilding it. It was the gilding the English reader did not like, could not understand; or at least so much may be presumed from the fact that the English reader has shunned Gautier, but never shown any marked repugnance for de Musset, Dumas *fils*, and Droz. Théophile Gautier is dead; his obscurity, his disguise, his lack of honest crudity may therefore be pardoned him, and the story of the life of

the daring dreamer, and "poëte impéccable" whom Hugo, Baudelaire, and Mèry honoured, be written without frequent recourse being made to the pharasaical vocabulary.

Gautier was born at Tarbes, the Druidical city, in August, 1808—though he asserts 1814, with characteristic horror of all that is old, unlovely, and weak. The imperial work of centralization had borne fruit, and the wit, the wealth, the power, and beauty of France were focussed at Paris. The Gautier family followed the tide while the poet was yet a child, and he could call himself Parisian in after years. He commenced his education at the Lycée Charlemagne, where he made the one thoroughly intimate, sympathetic, congenial friendship that influenced his whole life. The boy with the Basque accent and feline somnolence of disposition, who carried his *gibecière* to the Faubourg St. Antoine every morning must have made the Proviseur despair of the rising generation. He was uniformly last of his class in Latin and Greek themes (the 'less Greek' was merely a matter of form in those days), a fact whereof he boasted ever afterwards; he would never recognise that the dead languages were necessary to a living man who could speak French; he drew nymphs and sphynxes in copy-books, he was at the Louvre among the statues when he should have been writing *pensums* at Charlemagne: and the worst of it was, the Proviseur must have opined, he was not alone. Young Gerard de Nerval, the gay, sorrowful, tender idler, who wrote the 'Bohème Galante' in a fortnight's fit of industry, and might have written a 'Faust' had that fit continued three months, played truant with him, studied *l'art plastique* in the museums, and passed hours in contemplation before the symbols of sensual art, whence both drew their mightiest inspiration. De Nerval was a quicker scholar, according to the pedagogic standard than Théophile Gautier, was not so absolute in his contempt of classic studies as the future painter-poet. Gautier's only researches were in early French literature; archaic forms and phrases exercised an immense influence on his mind; his admiration went from Régnier to Villon and the Vidame de Chartres; he pretended to be more ignorant of the literature of the eighteenth century than a nun or bishop. At this time he was a short, broad robust lad with Oriental eyes and sensual mouth, giving no outward sign of literary taste or instinct. And indeed his poetry, the place he conquered among French men of letters were due rather to accident than to a real vocation. As a student his studies were artistic, his reading was little more than a relaxation, and the painter's culture he gave himself replaced a literary education in the life forced upon him, and formed his originality. He considered himself a painter, and not seldom spoke of his poems as *des tableaux*. On leaving the lycée he commenced his apprenticeship to art in

Rioult's studio, a far more congenial academy than that of the Faubourg St. Antoine. This phase of his life furnished him with the materials of his clever sketch the *Rapin*, published many years after in the series 'Les Français peints par eux-mêmes.' But he was called away from palette and etching needle; the brazen trump of Romantism had been sounded by Hugo, the poet, and Delacroix, the painter, and all that was young, and hopeful, and passably educated in France gathered round the chiefs. Gautier could not remain apart. It is not probable that he deigned to repeat the Latin truism concerning the contrast between art and life, but he broke his brushes saying—'Décidiment la peinture est plus facile avec la plume qu' avec le pinceau.' Joseph Delorme, the pseudonym of Sainte-Beuve, and the Bibliophile Jacob were disinterring the literary riches of the sixteenth century. Gautier had read them feverishly, excited, as he had been on the lycée benches by the picturesque prose, the free verse, the hyperbolical images and brilliant affectations of Ronsard's school, and drawn by his Materialist tendencies towards the extreme culture of form that school commands. He dived deep into the sources of the language for new idioms, for forgotten similes; he studied dictionaries during a year, hunted up rare adjectives, compiled a rich unique glossary for his private use. Then in June, 1826, timid and blushing, he knocked at Sainte-Beuve's door and produced the manuscript of a poem, 'La Tête de Mort.'

He had not finished the third verse before the great freethinker and critic saluted him as one of the Romantiques, and the most promising pupil of Marot, St. Gelais, Ronsard, Baif, Bertaut, Duperron, all the Pleiade in fact; the *tête de mort* was what Sainte-Beuve, called 'substantial poetry." Gautier's career was decided. He was introduced to the young god Victor Hugo, and told to persevere. Straightway, he suffered his hair to reach the length of those Samsonion locks all Paris knew so well, but a week ago, and which earned for him the sobriquet of Theophile le Chevelu. When the masterly preface of 'Cromwell' appeared, Gautier declared himself publicly an apostle of the new literary evangel. He was at the first performance of *Hernani*, on which occasion one of the most terrible of the daily combats between Romantiques and Classiques took place. Gautier was in the stalls; his prodigious strength of muscle rendered him a formidable chief of the militant school, and he is reported to have placed thirty Classiques *hors de combat*. A living English poet and novelist. is known to be more proud of the two inches by which he towers above the rank and file of humanity, than of the masterpieces that have made him famous. Gautier shared the not very uncommon weakness. He writes with glee: 'Je donnai à l'ouverture du Chateau Rouge, sur une tête de Turc toute neuve le coup de poing de cinq-cent-trente-deux

livres devenu historique, c'est l'acte de ma vie dont je suis le plus fier.' Bearing the red card inscribed with the mystic syllables *Hierro* (a rallying sign of the Romantiques), Théo, as his friends began to call him was an invaluable ally, in the physical, as well as in the intellectual sense., Afterwards Gautier considered his alliance ill-paid, but then he had the disinterestedness of fervent conviction and asked little more than the privilege of passing through the Place Royale at midnight and crying Vive Victor Hugo ! under the master's window.

Gautier's first volume—a volume of verse—was lost in the tumult of the Revolution of July, 1830. His political faith was of the vaguest discription—that of Tom Hood who longed for 'a despotism with an angel from heaven;' he could never write the phrase 'questions of the day,' and declared that he would give all his rights as a French citizen to play Peeping Tom to Julia Grisi's Godiva. So the noise of revolution drowned the poet's pœans, and his verses simply served to fill the boxes 'at fifty centimes' on the quays. He seems to have expected much from Victo Hugo's aid, and to have considered the failure of his hopes as a failure on the part of the master. When some years later he was conducting the feuilleton of the *Presse*, his praise of Hugo was faint and forced; and when asked why he did not openly express his new opinions, he answered quaintly, 'I am bound by irrevocable promises. They drew me as a child into a terrible cavern, and forced me to swear that I would consider everything sublime. I must keep my oath; if I broke it, someone would appear in green spectacles and a cardboard nose and tell Girardin (the editor of the *Presse*) that I had murdered my father and mother, and Girardin would dismiss me." He had become the prey of journalism, like many a poet born and spoilt under the rule of the Fourth Estate—for Chatterton does not die in 1872—he 'does' the police-courts at twopence a line. Fortunately Théophile Gautier escaped from time to time from his 'niche au bas du journal,' as he called his allotted *feuilleton*. In 1830 he was living in the old, sombre, picturesque Place Royale, in order to be near Victor Hugo. Here he wrote 'Albertus,' his first important work. He had been publishing fugitive pieces for several years in the 'Cabinet de Lecture,' a hospitable journal open to the young school. 'Albertus' made his reputation as a poet, though it is very inferior to nearly all his later pieces. There are traces of de Musset, Shakespeare, and Goethe, in the legend of a Dutch and feminine Faust. Veronique, an old witch, metamorphoses herself into—

> Une perle d'amour—De longs yeux en amande
> Parfois d'une douceur tout a fait allemande,
> Parfois illuminés d'un éclair espagnol . . . . . .
> Un son de voix plus doux qu'un chant de rossignol, . . .

La malice de Puck, la grace d'Ariel,
Une bouche mutine où la moue
D'Esméralda se mêle au sourire et se joue ;
Un miracle, un rêve du ciel !

And the translated hag bewitches the painter Albertus, corrupts him, teaches him the black arts, until the word God leaves his lips in a witches' sabbath, and the next morning some contadini find on the Appian road, near Rome, a man's body, with broken thighs and twisted neck. But Gautier was a journalist: he was destined never to forget the fact. Passing from the *Presse* to the *France Litteraire*, he wrote in the latter journal a series of studies of the poets of Louis XIII.'s epoch—Colletet, Scudèri, St. Amand, Scarron, &c., which were republished under the title of *Les Grotesques*. His lack of profundity, his lack of judgment even, his inability to do more than paint in words and play with paradoxes is most obvious in these sketches. Not a character or a style is described: though, on the other hand, the book is full of splendid minute Dutch delineations of Paris in Scarron's time, dress, ceremonies, and faces. It was after this achievement that Gautier took a foremost place as a critic—an office for which he had none of the first requisites of judgment, impartiality, liberality, and discrimination. His next metamorphosis stamped him as a novelist of marvellous power and imagination. Mademoiselle Maupin appeared about this time. It is impossible to analyse it as a novel in what a "gushing" journalist calls "our cleanly English tongue." The book is brimful of daring indecencies, of "fleshliness" carried to a point at which Baudelaire would leave it. Gautier cries aloud that he has not enough with seven cardinal sins; that Christ did not come for him, but left him pagan as Alcibiades: "O old world, all that thou revealest is then despised: thine idols are cast down in the dust, meagre anchorites dressed in rent rags, martyrs all bloody with their shoulders torn by the tigers of thy circus, have rushed upon the pedestal of thy gods, so beautiful and so good!" This is not simply poetic expression—it is the outpouring of the man's real faith, of his malady, perhaps: for Gautier suffered from excess of health: the body demoralised the spirit. He was the centre of a circle of *haschish* eaters—pagans as himself. His friendship with Nerval had blossomed; and in the famous house of the Impasse du Doyenné, the author of 'Les Filles de Feu,' Gautier, Camille Rogier, Mevrilhat, Roqueplan, Ourliac, Aisène Houssaye, Celestin Nanteuil met together, ate haschisch and *cassaient du sucre*, a picturesque term which means evil speaking of the absent. Gautier was then the chief pillar of the *Figaro*: he collaborated with Nerval in the *France Litteraire*. They left that journal together for the *Revue de Paris*,

and thence for *l'Artiste* and *la Charte de* 1830. Gautier's idleness was proverbial: he never failed to secure a collaborateur for the daily work of journalism—seldom saw the pieces he criticised, and confessedly praised everything from sheer indolence. With Noel Parfait he wrote 'Fortunio,' an impossible romance depicting the arrival of a 'fils sauvage de l'Orient' in Paris, and his establishment of Serail morality in the heart of the modern capital. This was followed by 'Une Larme du Diable,' a fantastic dramatic sketch, and 'Tra los Montes,' the result of a tour in Spain. In this, as in all his soi disant 'serious' works, Gautier's wealth of imagination and imagery produces a result quite contrary to that intended. 'Tra los Montes' reads like a tour in the middle ages, written by a knight-errant.

It is a real book of travel, but there were seemingly no Spaniards in Spain when Gautier was there. His 'Constantinople' is infinitely better than this piece of word-painting. In Turkey he was at home, and Lamartine and Chateaubriand fall short of him in their description of oriental scenery and architecture. His brightest holidays were those that were repassed at Stamboul in the midst of a group of Circassians, savouring profound 'Keyf.' Besides these works, Gautier has written four ballets, essayed with indifferent success two or three pieces, one of which, 'La Goutte de Lait,' contained so many indecencies that it was hissed off a Paris stage! written 'Le Capitaine Fracasse, a magnificent romance of the middle ages, the 'Roman de la Momie,' a prose poem of rare power, and some three score prefaces, biographical and critical notices, &c.

The work he has completed is vast and masterly, though unequal and defaced by voluntary errors of taste, mannerisms, and a general superlative tone that wearies while it astounds. But the poet who has just died in Paris, was half crushed by those paper bandelets—which are stronger than gyves after the compositor has defaced them. It would be in a manner unjust to pass a verdict on Theophile Gautier as a modern journalist, as a citizen of M. Thiers' republic. His republic was that of Athens, and it is as Alcibiades that he must be judged. He was enamoured of contour and colour, and of nothing else. He could not understand a Corps Legislatif bill. He hated Danton as he hated the "morality" of Souvestre, as he hated everything that did not wear a doublet or trail, the antique draperies of Aspasia. And disinherited of Attic skies, and marbles, crushed into three columns of the *Presse*, and forced to speak of a plébiscite to a Bonaparte princess, it is conceivable that nostalgia seized him now and then, that he forgot that we drape our statues, *teach* ignorance as a virtue, and spoke in a tongue that shocked us—when we understood it.

EVELYN JERROLD.

Russia and Pansclavism.

By J. W. Tipping.

When Russia, after the Crimean war of 1853, retired humbled and worsted from the lists, the impression prevailed that her powers of mischief had been crippled for many years to come, and that the blows dealt her by the Western Allies, together with the manifest intention of Austria to second their views and efforts, would suspend the onward march of her aggressive policy for at least the term of the present century.

These calculations have not been realised; the victors of Sebastopol have seen their vanquished enemy gather together her strength within a few years, assert her power defiantly on several occasions, crush Poland in spite of their urgent remonstrance, and threw an important moral influence into the campaigns of '66 and '70; and, finally, after breaking asunder the fetters of green withs which the Contracting Parties of the Paris Treaty sought to bind around her, she has assumed an attitude so menacing that even Prussia, her old ally and accomplice, has begun to take alarm.

But this unlooked-for aspect of affairs is not due solely to the terror inspired by the Russian arms: a force purely intellectual has recently arisen, and placed itself at the service of the Muscovite statesmen, and the old Eastern Question has been enlarged of late by a most dangerous and perplexing problem, commonly known as the "Pansclavic Idea."

This formula, which indeed hardly requires explaining, is used to denote the tendency of the Sclavonic tribes all over the continent to band themselves together in virtue of the modern principle of nationalities, and finally to coalesce in one mighty people, under the sceptre of the natural head of their race and family, the Czar of Russia.

If the history of Europe could be begun anew, and if all dynastic rights and vested interests could be completely set aside, the theory would not be without a certain imposing grandeur and thoroughness of conception, but seeing that its accomplishment in the world of the

nineteenth century would utterly wreck two great kingdoms and greatly dislocate a third monarchy, we can hardly be surprised if it does not command a general assent from all parties. As soon, therefore, as the idea was propunded its first effect was to unsettle the good understanding which had united the Courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin ever since the fall of the first Napoleon; and if it continues to propagate itself further, it will become in the future so prolific a source of troubles, bitter contentions, and bloody wars, that a brief survey of its progress during the last few years, will perhaps not be altogether without interest.

We scarcely need observe that, though this movement menaces Turkey very sincerely, and also Prussia, as possessing the Sclavonic province of Posen, to a less extent, yet the Power most vitally interested in repressing it is the Austrian Empire. So long, therefore, as the House of Hapsburg maintained its old authority and prestige in Central Europe but little was heard of the Pansclavonic programme.

When, however, the Sadowa campaign gave the Empire a shock, from which many at first supposed that it could not recover, all its Sclavonic subjects, numbering some fifteen millions of souls, began to prepare themselves for a new order of things. The Czechs of Bohemia, the Rutherians of Gallicia, the Craots of Hungary, all were in a ferment; and the Russian Court, thinking its opportunity was about to arise, and desirous of punishing Austria for its so-called ingratitude since the Hungarian war, in no way discouraged the malcontents.

The timely statesmanship of M. Beust, though it certainly averted the agony of dissolution which had appeared imminent, could not restore to Austria that moral ascendancy over her Sclavonic populations, which she had formerly possessed; on the contrary, it left them more wrathful and embittered then ever, because as the system of dualism adopted by it seemed to single out Hungary for special advantage and preferment, and to exalt her at the expense of all the other dependant races of the empire. Accordingly, though the great crisis passed off, the anti-Austrian impulsion which had been given by it, still subsisted; the Bohemian polemists and journalists above all distinguished themselves by their seditious tendancies, which, favoured by the connivance of Russia, and by the extreme tolerance of the Vienna Government continued to propagate themselves freely. Sensational paragraphs constantly appeared in the Czech journals of Prague, wherein the Austrians were represented as usurpers, whose lease of unrighteous dominion was rapidly expiring, and the oppressed people were exhorted to look with hope and confidence to the "Sclavonic Mecca," Moscow.

To these advances the notorious *Moscow Gazette* responded in a series of articles, of which the following may be taken as a specimen :—

'The new era is beginning to fashion itself, and it is for us Russians that it has a special significance. This era is thoroughly our own; it is calling into life a new world, which has hitherto awaited its destiny in outer darkness, the greco-sclave world. After ages passed in resignation and servitude, this world is at last on the eve of its renovation, that which has been long forgotten and compressed is returning to the light and preparing for action. The generations now in being will witness great changes, great facts, and great formations.'

'Already on the Balkan Peninsula, and on the mouldy bed of the Ottoman tyranny, are arising three-strong and robust groups of nationalities, the Hellenic, the Sclavonic, and the Roumanian, intimately knit to one another by the community of their faith, and of their historic destinies; these three groups are not less bound to Russia by all the bonds of religious and national life. These three groups of nature once reconstructed, Russia will reveal herself in a wholly new light. She will no longer be alone in the world; instead of being the sinister Asiatic Power which she has hitherto appeared, she will become a moral force indispensable to Europe, a Greco-sclave civilisation completing the Latino-German civilisation, which, but for her, would remain imperfect and inert in its sterile exclusivism.'

The plain tenor of this passage, stripped of all verbage and platitude could only be that Russia looked upon herself as the heir, morally and fatally, of all the non-Latin and non-German territories of our Continent, but that as the Turkish provinces appeared to be the easiest prey she would begin by gathering them in unto herself, with the firm conviction that all the remainder of the Sclavonic provinces in Europe would speedily follow in due course. But as mere journalism was likely to be of but slow effect upon races amongst whom the elements of "primary education" had scarcely begun to penetrate, it was resolved that new and more striking methods of persuasion should be resorted to.

With the view of presenting in the most vivid manner to the minds of the Sclavonic masses the idea with which it was sought to animate them the Russian Pansclavists organised a number of popular spectacles, skilfully combined to produce the dramatic effect designed, and in order to render the commencement as little offensive as possible to the neighbouring Powers, the first of these manifestations was very astutely disguised under the appearance of zeal for the promotion of natural science. The society existing for this object at Moscow was induced to issue a great project for holding an Ethnological Exhibition, whose scope, though in the first instance apparently limited to the

actual subjects of the Russian Empire was ere long enlarged so as to embrace all members of the Sclavonic family.

The mere announcement of such a programme served to excite the wildest enthusiasm among all the peoples to whom it was addressed; costumes, arms, and household implements of all kinds were sent off in shoals by the Austrian and Turkish Sclaves, all eager to aid in the "work of science."

The scheme was actively and busily carried out, and its authors had every reason to be satisfied with the opening of their Exhibition, which took place on the 5th of May in the Moscow riding-school. The floor was covered with various objects, each of which was designed to represent some branch of the great nationality, and in the very heart of the building the Czar and his family occupied a State box, whose position in the midst of the surrounding groups seemed to point it out as 'the symbolic centre of the Sclavonic world.'

This affair was quickly followed up by manifestations of a still more marked and significant character. A "Sclavonic Holy Week," to be observed with great pomp in the two Capitals, was solemnly proclaimed, and a number of "Sclavic notables" from foreign countries were urgently invited to attend it.

The summons was readily complied with, and accordingly the Russian provinces were speedily traversed by a numerous band of travellers, which though including the Bohemian historian, M. Palacky, and one or two other men of some eminence, was mainly composed of demagogues and journalists recruited from Bohemia, Croatia, and the Danube and Provinces. Official instructions had of course been given to the Russian authorities as to the reception of these wayfarers, and the chronicle afterwards published by the diarist of the party relates that throughout their journey they were in a state of delighted bewilderment at all that occurred; at the special trains which were placed at their disposal, at the brilliant hotels to which they were conducted as the guests of the Czar, at the splendid wines with which they were regaled, and at the affable condescension shown them by great personages in full uniform. At St. Petersburgh fresh triumphs awaited them; the Emperor himself, indeed, though he received them very cordially, was pledged by his diplomatic relations to a certain discretion of language and demeanour, and the members of his Cabinet to whom they were presented, did not venture beyond vague predictions of "the mighty future reserved by providence for the Sclavonic race," but in the theatres, in the streets, and in all the public places the "notable" strangers found themselves the heroes of the hour.

A special service in their honour was held in the Cathedral of St.

Isaac, and after seven days of high feasting and self-complacent rhetoric, they proceeded to Moscow. Here the ovation excited by their presence exceeded all that they had hitherto met with, the population literally rushed upon them, men and women were trampled down, the new comers were embraced, hoisted into the air, and carried off in different directions, one of them, indeed, completely disappeared, and was so long absent as to make his comrades uneasy on his account. Then began a long series of banquets, public entertainments, and monster festivals which baffles all description. One of the most striking incidents was the so-called 'Pansclavic Congress,' a meeting held in the great hall of the University, where the 'Sclavonic deputies,' as the strangers were called, found themselves in conference with all the Moscow professors, with the representatives of various scientific and literary societies, and with a number of generals and high dignitaries of the empire.

The Rector of the University, M. Barcheo, opened the discussion with a harangue, wherein he maintained that the aspirations of the Sclavic world were perfectly just and natural. 'In our time,' said he, 'divided nations always gravitate towards unity, the tendency is admitted and approved in all the diplomatic circles, and has even become the leading principle of a new public law. Let us, therefore, do what has already been done in Germany and in Italy, and we shall be irresistible.'

Then followed the spokesmen of the various learned societies, each setting forth in his turn the arguments which might be drawn from his special science in favour of the conclusion propounded by the Rector. Thus the representative of natural science observed that nature had set no barrier between Russia and the other Sclaves, that the frontiers which severed them were purely conventional, that they had the same mountain ranges, the same flora, the same mineral products.

The orator of the Russian literary circle then approached the question of language. 'Out of the mass of idioms,' he began, 'which formerly covered Europe, history has fashioned but a small number of literary languages, and these few languages have become elements of conservation and of progress for general civilisation. Let us then, my Sclavonic brethren, follow in this repect the example of Western Europe. Let each one of our idioms develope itself as it will, but all must bring their local differences and their special genius as an offering to the common treasure of a Pansclavic language. One single literary language must spread itself from the Adriatic and from Prague to Archangel and to the Pacific Ocean, and each Sclavonic nation must accept that language as a means of communication with the others.'

'Yes, yes,' rejoined a Bulgarian deputy, the Sclaves ought to have a common literature, and we have one language perfectly adapted for this purpose '*the Russian.*'

The Congress was soon followed by a great banquet, given by the town in the Sokolinski forest, the Bois de Boulogne of Moscow, and on this occasion a perplexing theme which appeared to have been hitherto eschewed by a kind of tacit consent was boldly propounded and grappled with.

M. Pogochini, a professor belonging to the extreme Russian party, rose and admitted that in the affecting scene of Pansclavic unity and brotherhood which met his eye, there was one flaw 'Our banquet is not yet complete; I do not see the Poles! where are they? Alas! they alone of all the Sclaves hold themselves aloof, and whilst all the children of the same nationality are embracing each other in this place they continue to be the allies of the hereditary foes of our race. Nevertheless let us not for ever exclude them from our family, and let us hope that some time they may recover from their blindness and confess their faults. Ah! if they would but forget the past, renounce their enmity, and throw themselves upon the affection of our beloved sovereign. The joy of the Russians and Sclaves would then be complete.' The heart of the next speaker, M. Aksakov, was but little touched by these sentimental effusions; he defined the mission of Russia to be that of working out, in all liberty, the fraternity of the Sclaves,' and added that every Sclavonic people which became unfaithful to this mission, which turned away from its brethren, and denied them, denied, in so doing, its own existence, and must, therefore, perish. 'Such,' said he 'is the [immutable law of Sclavonic history.'

M. Rieges, the Bohemian *savant*, next rose. Reminding his hearers that in '63, at a time when the sympathies of all Western Europe had been with the Poles, his companion, M. Palacky, and himself had always pronounced themselves against the insurrection; he declared that however grievously Poland had sinned against Russia both in the past and in the present he yet bitterly deplored the schism between the two nations, which was a scandal to the great cause so dear to all present, and which even might become a serious danger to it. 'So long as this implacable hatred subsists, so long as one Sclavonic nation remains outside the pale of our Pansclavic Congress, so long as one Sclavonic nation persists in opposition to the rest, there can be neither concord for us nor success for our common life. If the struggle between Russians and Poles continues, what surety have we that the latter will not call to their assistance at some favourable moment the German nation, whose military power is become so formidable.'

This speech was but sorrily received, in spite of its ample and very serious acknowledgment of the manifold offences committed by Poland against Russia, it was considered to be far too lenient towards the offenders, and was even believed to advocate timidly the granting of certain concessions by the offended party, in the interests of peace and concord. This spirit was certainly not that of the audience, and accordingly a personage who had already acquired a wide notoriety in connection with the Polish difficulties, Prince Tcherkaskoi, at once rose in reply to the previous orator. He first undertook to demonstrate, statistics in hand, that the 'several Vistulan Governments of the Empire (he refused to designate the kingdom of Poland otherwise than by this term) were quite as indulgently administered as the other provinces of the Czar; they had the same tribunals, the same schools, and the same taxation, that, in one respect, indeed, they were actually privileged, as the duty on brandy was much lower than elsewhere. 'These facts will, I think, suffice to tranquillise your own conscience and that of all Russia before Europe and before our Sclavonic brethren.' As to political rights, they did not exist in Poland before 1815. In that year Russia endowed Poland with political liberty, but this benefit the Poles have for ever forfeited by their revolts of 1830 and 1863.

A perfect frenzy of acclamation was excited by the conclusion of this speech, which the orator ended in these terms :—"When the children of Poland shall of themselves return under the common roof of the family not as refractory children, bnt like the prodigal son of the Gospel—full of contrition and of lowly repentance—then we will open out our arms widely to receive them, and we will kill for that joyous occasion the fattest calf among our herds."

We will not waste time unprofitably by attempting to qualify the system of reasoning on the Polish question adopted by all the speakers at the banquet, and carried to its climax by Prince Tcherkaskoi; we will merely observe that to find any parallel to it we must go back to the well-known dialogue wherein La Fontaine's wolf propounded his grievances against the lamb he was about to devour.

This gathering, at which thirty thousand were stated to have been present, in addition to the six hundred guests invited to the banquet, formed the last incident of the Moscow Holy Week, and the strangers, after a brief excursion to Cronstadt, returned to their respective homes. The effect on their countrymen of the accounts given by them of their Russian tour must not be measured by the degree of personal and social influence possessed by the greater number of the travellers themselves: the sensation was very great; and both in Russia and among the foreign sclaves the impression desired by the Pansclavists was tho-

roughly produced. The *Moscow Gazette* was more than ever confident that all would shortly be for the best in the best possible of Sclavonic worlds; and even *La Correspondance Russe*, the intimate organ of the St. Petersburg Court, was not prevented by official reticence from publishing a very complacent estimate of the results achieved. After stating with great emphasis the self-evident historic axiom that the Russian Government had at all times desired the greatest good of the Sclavonic races "without the slightest afterthought of ambition," it proceeded as follows:—"These premises established, it cannot be expected of us that we should give a denial to our past. We must then make our guests believe that they came into the midst of a sister-people from whom they have everything to expect without having anything to fear from her. Should it now occur to them to make a comparison between their own political condition and ours, we shall not be so imbecile as to prove to them that they are in the most favourable conditions of Sclavonic development. Their condition we consider on the contrary a faulty one, and we have often said so, and we repeat it with emphasis.'

Since the date of the Congress the Russian party have filled the Austrian provinces with an active propaganda which never slackens, and whose influence has gained the capital itself. A Russian journal, bearing the significant title of *L'Aurore Sclave*, has been founded in Vienna, and the College of St. Barbe, an institution existing there for the training of priests belonging to the United Greek confession, has been partially won over to the Muscovite views, and freely used to multiply Transclavic agents. In the meantime the spirit of the new policy lately entered upon by the Emperor Francis Joseph, prevents his Ministers from employing any measures of severe coercion to counteract these tendencies.

It is, therefore, becoming more and more evident that the attitude of Russia since the Sadowa campaign has 'set a dangerous stone a-rolling,' whose course the Vienna Government has not yet been able to arrest. Its unceasing and perplexing difficulties with the Czech provinces, which have for the last years steadily refused to elect their members for the Imperial Diet, the growing tendency of the Bohemian journals to invoke the name of Russia whenever they are the least dissatisfied, and even the popularity recently gained among the Sclavonic populations by the Russian national hymn—all these are so many signs of the time which point to grave and serious peril.

The best chances for Austria, after the adjustment of her own internal crisis, arise from the changed attitude towards her of Prussia, who is beginning to feel that she has interests in common with the House of Hapsburg against the further progress of her gigantic and aggressive Northern neighbour.

The cordial understanding lately established between the Austrian and Prussian Courts will, if maintained, exercise a moral force sufficient to keep the Muscovite ambition in check for many years to come; and the Czar's acceptance of the Berlin Interview must be considered as a signal act of deference to the combined authority of the two reconciled States, still the good effects of the meeting can hardly be other than personal and temporary, as no conversion, however sincere, of the present Russian sovereign to the cause of peace could have the slightest power to bind the policy of his Empire on the next change of reign.

We may, therefore, expect that Russia will, sooner or later, raise the banner of Pansclavism in a public and official manner. This would, of course, become the signal for a gigantic and terrible war, Russia's defeat in which would result in the curtailment of her Western provinces, and would, to a certain extent, serve to throw her energies back upon Asia, whereas her ultimate victory would probably involve consequences for the Teutonic people similar to those which the day of Chaeronea had for the old Hellenic commonwealths.

We cannot conclude these reflections without remarking that the transactions described above are suggestive of an emphatic compliment, which no man of good faith can withhold from the creators and leaders of modern philosophy.

During the century which has elapsed since their doctrines first began to exert an influence over all who have directed and presided over human affairs, the dealings of these latter with those subject to them, have been marked by certain decorous refinements of form, manner and style which were utterly unknown to the coarser genius of former ages.

The Neros and Domitians of Tacitus' era, when they sought to rid themselves of a wealthy or over-distinguished citizen, contented themseives with sending to him, by a centurion, the simple message, 'It is Cæsar's will that you cease to live;' but the Jacobin dictator of the Terror, himself an accomplished and thoroughgoing adept of the 18th century school, was prevented by his principles, and by the scruples of his conscience, from emptying the prisons, till he had first procured from the National Convention an enactment forming his creatures and underlings into numerous courts of justice each of which was limited by a humane restriction to sixty capital sentences a day.

The men of the old Roman Commonwealth finding the neighbourhood of an ill-affected rival thoroughly unwelcome to them, disposed of its existence by the terse formula, '*Delenda est Carthago*;' but the Paris of '93, desiring to make an example of a city which had resisted their methods of government, gave effect to their intentions by a decree to

the effect that Lyons, now wrested from the grasp of traitors and aristocrats, and restored to the power of grand citizens, should henceforth appear on the map of France as 'Commune Affranchie.'

And finally we read that the Grand Monarch of classical times, about to annex territories that were not his, expressed his good pleasure thus 'King Artaxerxes thinks it just that the Greek cities of Asia Minor, together with the islands of the Ægean Sea, should belong to him;' whereas the great autocrat of our time, a Potentate of modern and liberal ideas, was gracious enough, when desirous of removing his neighbour's landmarks, to begin by affably taking mankind into the confidence of his motives to explain that in all he may propose doing, he is prompted solely by the most Platonic desire for the greatest good of the sclaves, and that, himself 'without the slightest afterthought of ambition,' he merely seeks to bring about 'the mighty future which Providence reserves for the great Sclavonic nationality.'

SONNETS

ON THE OCCUPATION OF ROME, SEPT. 20, 1870.

'Thou hast great allies:
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'
Wordsworth to Toussaint L'Ouverture.

I.

THIS is the day, which in Time's teeming womb
Yearned to behold the sunlight and be free;
Day at whose dawn desired the long night's gloom
Breaks, and the light leaps forth, and Italy
Stands crowned and risen beside the cloven tomb,
Her years of shame and sleep and slavery.
And with one voice this day of her new doom
Joins with the solemn sound of days to be,
And Alp to Apennine, and tide to tide,
And multitude to multitude reply:—
Alas! that in such hour her eyes grow dim,
Seeing where she hath cast her noblest down to die,
And in her soul one still voice should abide,
Her own soul's voice rebuking her for him.

II.

Fair land, fair love, to new hope born new-blessed,
What hast thou done to him who from thy dead
Cold ashes blew the fire of hope long fled?
Where is he now, the seer, the dream-possessed?
O would that for thy crown there still might rest
The sunlight of his presence o'er thee shed,
A deathless splendour for that queenly head,
Now pillowed on the adulterous royal breast!

Here is the exultation, here the light
A flame within the hearts that greet thee home;
O shame, O shame if now thou cast away
The soul that through thy long laborious night
Poured out its life to aid thee, if the day
Might see his spirit's sun and rise on Rome.

III.

But thou, though prison-bars thy feet confine,
Not Italy's own self shall separate
Her fate, Mazzini, from thy holiest fate,
Nor any power divide her past from thine;
Nor of her future disinherit thee,
Whose soul is mixed into the air that fills
Her vales, and haunts her cities, and blows free
Upon the sacred heights of all her hills.
Yea, and though she forget, if love divine
And faith immortal and life dedicate
To her, and self for her annihilate
May yet from grief and scorn thy heart release,
Still in thine eyes joy perfected shall shine,
And in thy soul the multitude of peace.

IV.

Thou that art fire within our souls, O Soul,
As fire through all the years to set men free,
One with the spirit of man indissolubly,
To fan, to inflame, to soften and control.
How should blame dim for thee the radiant goal,
For whom there sings with thunder of the sea
The voice of the regenerate years to be,
The solemn ceaseless years that onward roll?
And thee they praise, O thou whose steadfast eyes
No fear nor hope from highest heaven could bend,
Still striving till the day-star shall arise,
Still speaking hope, our father and our friend,
And set to seek the day that never dies,
And faithful, faithful, faithful to the end.

A. C. Bradley.

Modern Athleticism.

It is the fashion at the present day, amongst a certain set of people, to speak disparagingly of the age in which we live, to be perpetually instituting unfavourable comparisons between it and some previous era which these *laudatores temporis acti* have taken under their especial protection. Thus, we are for ever being reminded of 'good old days' that never existed; of the power of the elder dramatists, and the weakness of their successors; of the greatness of deceased generations of actors and the feebleness of those who now hold a place upon the boards; of the deficiency of rising statesmen; and—a comparatively new cry—of the decline of the English thoroughbred from the stamina of his progenitors. These are some of the points which are more commonly insisted on; but there are others which, though less frequently heard, strike, if true, even more deeply at the root of our national greatness. We have degenerated, we are told, from the unselfish patriotism and warlike spirit of our ancestors; we are inferior to them in courage, endurance, and physical strength. The former of these charges, serious, humiliating as it is, may possibly be well founded; there are not wanting circumstances, at any rate, which afforded it at least a colourable support; but it is difficult to understand what arguments can be adduced in favour of the latter. There never was a time since the English became a nation when out-door amusements and public games of all kinds were so thoroughly popular as at the present moment, when the opportunities of competition were so numerous, or the renown to be gained in athletic contests so wide, and when we might, therefore, reasonably look for so high a standard of average muscularity from the men of the day. Some of our knightly ancestors, doubtless, were men of mark, and proved their prowess on many a stricken field; but, after all, the tilt-yard and the tournament were mainly the prerogatives of one class, and, even in that, did perhaps more to promote a dexterity in the management of arms than a healthy physical development. Nowadays, however, cricket, football, volun-

teering, rowing, those competitions which we name emphatically athletic sports, are common passtime for all, and the muscular tendencies of the age exert a direct influence upon the physical and moral well-being of the nation.

We are not greatly concerned to answer the charge of those who maintain that what they term the 'athletic mania' has hitherto proved detrimental to the studies of the rising generation. Besides being an accusation so vague and general in its terms that it is difficult to combat it by argument, the people who make it are inclined, we believe, to forget to how great an extent the *mens sana* is dependent upon the *corpus sanum;* whilst, on the other hand, it might fairly be urged that a race of effeminate enfeebled bookworms scarcely forms, especially in these days of gigantic armaments, the most trustworthy bulwark of a nation's liberties, and that the men from whose conduct the charge derives the greatest amount of apparent support are the reverse of studious, and who, if they did not devote themselves to some athletic pursuit, would probably expend their superfluous energies in a less creditable fashion.

It is. in truth, in occasional vain attempts to combine dissipation with athleticism that one of the more specious objections brought against the latter by anxious parents and others finds its strongest support. 'Behold,' these people cry, pointing to some mere wreck of manhood, 'the ruinous results of over exertion. What guarantee have I that my son, or some one in whom I take an interest, may not pay the penalty of his folly in a similar way?' Absolutely none, my dear madam: but permit me to say that, having regard merely to probabilities, your son is far less likely to suffer in health if he plays his part in the athleticism of the day than if he ignores it. It is perfectly true that men have retired from the athletic arena with broken-down constitutions; it is equally so that, in an incomparable majority of cases, these men have taken at least as high a degree in dissipation as they have in athletics; whilst it is notorious that every *roué* who has once taken a part in his college sports, or won a pewter in a scatch eight at some insignificant regatta, considers himself entitled to ascribe every bodily ill that flesh is heir to from which he may thereafter suffer to the pernicious results of the severe training which he did *not* undergo. We do not pretend to deny that in some few instances men have been more or less permanently injured by injudicious over-exertion, and have paid the penalty in varicose veins or cardial weakness; but we do say that these cases are wholly exceptional, and that, in a vast majority of instances, athleticism gets the credit of results which are really due to a far different cause. Let us even venture to insinuate a doubt whether the evil consequences

which are occasionally directly traceable to it are too heavy a price to pay for the benefits which, from another point of view, we obtain from it. For every man whom it injures modern athleticism saves a dozen. It is not only that it serves, as a rule, to brace the nerves, strengthen the sinews, and generally preserve and improve the health of its votaries; this would be much, but it is not all. Besides this it is the relentless enemy of dissipation. That and even moderate excellence in athleticism are absolutely incompatible. Take your choice, my young friend; but rest assured that it is simply impossible that you should have both. Join in a fast set, and you must resign all idea of holding your own among the devotees of muscle and wind; choose athletic pursuits, and, whatever may be the special line which you adopt, whether you aspire to greatness in the cricket field, on the river, or on the ashen path, it will be equally above all things necessary that you should live 'soberly, rightaously, and godly.'

In opposition, however, to the good which modern athleticism has thus accomplished there is one way in which that peculiar development of it which finds its outlet in running and walking matches has exerted, and appears likely to continue to exert,—an influence the reverse of elevating upon the moral tone of the youth of the day. This unfavourable influence is to be found in the union of a system of handicapping with the practice of giving costly prizes. It seems scarcely necessary now-a-days, when the athletic meetings of the more important clubs find a record in the daily press, to explain the meaning of the term 'handicapping.' Briefly, it may be defined as an arrangement by which men are allowed in a race a certain number of yards or seconds start which bears an inverse ratio to their supposed capabilities. Some such concession to inferiority may be, and doubtless is, very necessary. It serves to bring together large fields, and without it 'athletic sports' could, perhaps, hardly continue to exist. All the prizes would fall into the hands of a select few, and those who were unable to compete with them would speedily discover their deficiency and cease to persevere in subjecting themselves to a perpetual series of defeats. At the same time there is only too much reason to fear that the system of handicapping is rapidly introducing into athletic sports those evil practices which it has so conspicuously contributed to rendering common on the turf. Everyone who has taken any interest in racing must have heard with a lamentable frequency of horses that have been 'saved' for some particular event, of animals that 'haven't tried a yard,' or that have been 'running to get off weight,' all of which simply means that in some race or races they have not been allowed to do their best with the object of misleading handicappers as to their capabilities, and when they have thus got

allotted to them in some important race a lighter weight than they ought justly to carry, and have thereby considerably increased their chances of winning, and of enabling their owners to back them for a heavy sum at long odds. In a similar way it is not an uncommon thing for men to run badly in some race for a small prize in order that they may obtain a longer start, and with it an increased prospect of success, in a race for which the prize is of greater value. It is needless to point out that the chances of detection are infinitessimally small, and that the difficulties of substantiating a charge of such a nature are almost insurmountable. After a man attains to a certain violence of effort it is next to impossible for an on-looker to decide whether he is really doing his utmost; still more, in races above a certain distance, it is difficult, after a man has reached a certain pitch of exhaustion, to judge whether he is really beaten, or only assuming to be so, whilst he can always find an excuse for his defeat in 'want of condition.' We are convinced, nevertheless, that the majority of running men will bear us out in saying that cases of suspicion are constantly occurring, and that there are many every season in which, although legal proof may be wanting, moral conviction is carried to the minds of all; and it is difficult to see in what way these endeavours to obtain an unfair advantage in some future race occupy, from a moral point of view, a different position to cheating at cards, or any of those other forms of swindling which unfortunately so seldem land those who practice them within the precincts of the police court.

Handicapping is, as we have said, probably a necessity to the popularity, or even the very existence of athletic sports; it is, at any rate, far too firmly established an institution for us to enter upon a Quixotic attempt to uproot it; and evils such as we are referring to are probably its inevitable results, as they would be the results of any system which put a premium upon incapacity, simulated or real. At the same time there can be nodoubt that the intrinsic value of the prizes offered for competition has had much to do with the existence of the present state of things. Men don't gamble with their own muscles as they do with those dice upon four legs, which they call racehorses; and the system of betting has not yet taken sufficient hold upon the athletic world to enable large or even small fortunes to be, as a rule, lost or won on a foot-race. It is the prizes that are the temptation, and every one who has served upon the committee of an Athletic Club is well aware how large and direct an influence upon the number of entries is exerted by the value of the cups offered. Men run for the sake of winning a prize worth five, or ten, or twenty guineas, and not for the sake of the honour of beating others, and the result is that they are not careful what means they employ to attain the object of their

ambition. We would not wish to be thought to imply that all or even the greater number of running men are actuated merely by such mercenary motives; our remarks apply only to a class, but to a class which is sufficiently numerous for its mode of procedure to have acquired distinct recognition. We believe that the majority of athletes are as averse to such conduct as they are to that system of 'pot-hunting' (with which, by the way, it is not remotely connected) which is common among a certain set, and which, in the athletic calibre of the men whom it sometimes induces to run at an insignificant suburban meeting, produces results not dissimilar to sending the winner of the Derby to pick up a Fifty Pound Plate at Newmarket. At the same time, there is no doubt that the present system of innumerable handicaps and costly prizes thrusts great and unnecessary temptation in the way of needy 'pot-hunters,' and that numerous class whose ideas of honour are of a slightly elastic nature, and who have a tendency to depend to a considerable extent upon the pecuniary aspect of each individual case.

What, then, is to be done? It is obvious that the existing state of things tends to foster a desire to gain prizes for the sake of their sterling value—too often, unfortunately, for the sake of the money that can be raised upon them—and that this desire and the means by which, as we have pointed out, it is frequently sought to gratify it must of necessity exercise a demoralizing influence upon those who fall within its sphere. Nor is this a matter in which those alone are interested, who being themselves competitors, suffer from the nefarious practices which we have indicated. The whole nation is concerned in preventing the currency of a degraded moral tone, a blunted sense of honour, among the youth of the day. But it is no new discovery that it is much easier to place one's finger upon a sore than to suggest a cure. The only remedy that, in the present instance, would appear to possess any claim to completeness would be to remove the temptation by discontinuing the presentation of costly prizes. Human nature, however, is after all but frail, and it is, perhaps, somewhat Utopian to hope that, under such altered conditions, athletic sports could long continue to flourish, or that men would be willing habitually to compete for honour and a mere symbol of victory. The way out of the difficulty which appears the most feasible is, as not infrequently happens, a compromise. The basis of it is to be found in the system of Challenge Cups, which is already so popular. Let every athletic club give, once for all, a handsome trophy for each distance at which it proposes that a race shall be run, and let it be understood that the winner of one of these prizes shall hold it for a certain period, say one year, and shall then return it to the club, to be again put up for competition, receiv-

in return a silver medal of comparatively small intrinsic value, but precious as a badge of victory, and we shall then soon cease to hear of amateurs emulating professionals in their 'running dark' and 'roping' propensities. We ought in reason to have one of two things. Either let an athletic contest be a strife into which men enter for the purpose of winning for winning's sake, or else let it be understood that for gentlemen directly or indirectly to derive pecuniary benefit from winning a race is an honourable and legitimate mode of supplying the deficiencies of their incomes; and if this be so, let us cast aside all subterfuge and frankly and honestly admit the fact; let the narrow line which now separates a certain class of 'gentlemen amateurs' from those who are avowedly mainly dependent for their livelihood on their strength of limb be removed; and then, by all means, let us have the prizes bestowed in coin.

W. Turley.

In Pursuit of Slavers.

By Lieut. J. A. Challice, R.N.

On the 24th June, 1868, H.M.S. N——, of which I was Second Lieutenant, quitted Aden for a cruise in the Mozambique. Other of H.M. vessels were shortly to follow us, and Jack Arab would soon, we trusted, feel our presence once more. The fact was that for the past half-year the slave trade had been almost left to itself, nearly the whole of H.M. fleet having been employed in the Red Sea during the Abyssinian business. The day before we left port a welcome addition was made to our complement in the shape of an Arab interpreter, who belonged to H.M.S. P——; but as that vessel was under orders for England, this individual transferred his services to us, in the hope of being eventually restored to his beloved Zanzibar. He bore the nickname of 'Dolly,' and measured about 5ft. 8in. He was dressed in a dirty white gown reaching to his knees, and confined at the waist by a red sash, in which was inserted an ugly-looking poignard; over this he wore a blue jacket, open in front, and garnished with a double row of miscellaneous buttons; his head was protected by a red cloth, folded turban-wise; his legs were bare, and the naked feet were inserted in a pair of old slippers. The brown visage of this individual was strongly marked, and sundry black scars about the face suggested an idea of its having been subjected to a blasting process, the nose being awry and the eyes crossed. But with all this he was an intelligent fellow, and quickly became somewhat of a favourite with us. We arrived at the lovely island of Mahé on the 8th July, and, after filling up with coal, &c., gave the men the first run ashore they had had for many months, and great was the consumption of fresh grub. The Seychelles are the sanatorium of the east coast, and the inhabitants ought to be well off, since every man-of-war leaves several hundred pounds behind her in exchange for fresh provisions, &c.

On 17th July we quitted Mahé with yet another addition, in the shape of a huge turtle, who, lying quiet all day, got particularly lively about 4.30 a.m., during the operation of washing decks, wriggling his neck and head, and playing a tattoo on the deck with his flappers, in his delight when the hose was played on him. One fine morning my friend was missing, turtle soup and steaks explaining his whereabouts.

Towards the evening of the 24th July we entered the vast bay of Passandava, on N.W. coast of Madagascar. I cannot say how many miles long and wide it is, but within it are many islands, and its shores are indented with numerous coves, and lined with villages, some of which are inhabited by Malagash slave dealers. Dhows kidnap the poor African from his native land, and, running across the Mozambique from shore to shore, land the poor wretch on the Malagash coast. whence he is conveyed inland to a fate we hardly know anything of, I had had charge of the deck since 8 p.m., and it was 11 p.m. ere we anchored, when the boat was manned and armed, and the captain sent for me to give instructions. I finally quitted the cabin, and my heart leaped with joy and excitement, as, buckling on my sword, I descended into the boat. With a 'keep silence, my lads,' I gave the order to shove off into the dense darkness that overshadowed us like a pall. I caused the man who pulled the starboard bow to lay his oar in face forward, and, keeping eyes and ears open, to pass the word aft if he saw anything. I also directed the Mid. to keep a look-out on his side, while on my part I strove to pierce the blackness by means of a powerful pair of double-barrels. About half-an-hour passed thus, when a bright light shone half-a-mile off. I directed the coxswain to steer for it, and on approaching we perceived a solitary native in a canoe. 'Ish-h-h!' sang the torch, as he, startled at our approach, extinguished it in the water, and all was again dark, our efforts to catch him being in vain. I believe he was placed there as a decoy, for the well-known sound of surf breaking struck on our ears, and as our eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, I perceived a long line of breakers which fringed the shore. Skirting the broken water, we at length entered a cove, and I was gladened by the word being passed to me 'Two Dhows at anchor, right ahead.' We boarded the first, but found her full of rice, and I gave orders to cast off and proceed to the other, on board which was some commotion. I scrambled up the side, and a dusky-looking individual seemed inclined to oppose my entrance, but, seizing him, I placed him in charge of the coxswain, and with the interpreter searched the vessel. Only five of the crew were on board, but she was fitted as a slaver; moreover, we found one little slave therein, a lad of five or six. I got the Dhow's

anchor up, and taking her in tow, we arrived on board with our prize about 8 a.m.

Passandava appears a very nest of slavers, as before finally quitting the bay we captured four, to which, after towing them out to sea and lashing them together, we gave the *coup de grace*, by steaming round them in a circle and bombarding them with our guns until sunk.

Passing over many similar events to that described above, on 20th August, the ship being hove to off the African coast, I was despatched in charge of a cutter to search Mikindany creeks, which having done, I was to rejoin my ship twenty miles further down the coast. On rounding the point, I beheld several dhows at anchor off a native village, and boarded the whole under the menacing aspect of a crowd of natives assembled on the shore. Out of the lot I secured one prize, and, by what the slave captain let drop in answer to 'Dolly,' * I suspected that her cargo of slaves was in a barracoon on shore. I accordingly landed, and forming my men two deep, marched up to demand them. A chief approached and offered me a stool to sit on, but I declined. Over a hundred wild-looking beings were congregated around us, and a false step might prove fatal. I explained my wish by means of 'Dolly,' and was met by prevarication. It was now rapidly growing dark, and the natives pressed round closer, so audibly handling my revolver, I directed the men to look to their rifles, and we edged back to the boat, which I had perceived was aground, indeed, it was regularly entangled in the branches of a submerged tree, and we all had wet jackets before we again got afloat, when I lost no time in securing my prize, and getting the anchor up, I took her in tow. It was now quite dark, and I confess I was glad to leave the place unmolested; but our adventures might yet have had a tragic ending, as in passing through the narrow entrance into the open water beyond, a regular discharge of muskets was kept up at us, though with such bad aim that we were not hit once. Being clear of the bay, I anchored my prize and the boat, and keeping one man to look out, gave my crew their suppers and grog, and after a pipe they went to sleep. I could not sleep, but smoked and watched. I had to rouse the men up once, as the tide running out, my prize began to bump on the coral; so we towed her further out, and the men again rested. At daylight I placed two men in charge of the dhow, and taking the slave captain and his head man as hostages for the good behaviour of the rest of

* This proceeding was understood subsequently to be somewhat at variance with the 'Instructions,' although we were not aware of this at the time.

the crew, I proceeded to search the remaining creeks, but with no further success; so I returned to my prize, and a breeze springing up made sail on her. The stench of the dhow made me as sick as possible.

A canoe was observed coming after us, a black thereinpaddling like a maniac. On reaching us he clambered up the side, letting his boat drift away uncared for, and dropping on his knees before me, uttered a lot of gibberish. The interpreter explained that it was a runaway slave who had been ill-treated and sought our protection; indeed, the weals on his back were all-sufficient to prove the ill-usage, so of course I took him. We got on board with our prize about 4 p.m., and I slept sixteen hours like a top, waking up all right.

In a future paper I hope to recount some further incidents of our cruise, in which we captured ten slave dhows. The liberated slaves being retained on board our vessel, the slave captains and their crews landed, and their dhows destroyed. The female slaves lived on one side our quarter-deck, the males being on the other. The poor creatures soon got over their apathetic fear, and brightened up under the influence of kindness and good food. One little girl of thirteen, found her way one night into the engine room and coiled herself on a mat, evidently liking the extreme heat, and went to sleep as calmly as possible. Poor thing she did not like being sent on deck again, where they were covered with a large piece of canvas during the night and huddled together beneath it.

The ladies were gradually clothed in odds and ends, from the spoils of our captures, and appeared to have a natural sense of decency—the males merely had a cloth round their loins, and cared for nothing so much as a drop of oil to polish their black bodies with. These poor creatures were fed regularly with boiled rice and beans; round a large wooden platter of which they squatted down, and working the rice into balls with their hands, munched with great content. Those ladies who were mothers, occasionally squeezing a morsel into the open mouths of their infants who were carried in bags on their mother's backs. I saw one child placed on the deck, and he put me in mind of nothing so much as an india-rubber doll, but he paddled about on his pins in quite a wonderful fashion. Some of the females had the right nostril pierced for ornaments, but earrings are let into the lobe level with the skin; some had a round hole in their upper lip, the white teeth glistening through, which had a horrible appearance.

Others had their faces stained with red and black lines, but the youngest were comparatively free from these disfigurements, and nothing delighted them so much as a few beads—which, with a

piece of string they would work first into a bracelet for the arm, and then into a necklace. At the completion of each operation, they would strut up and down the deck, turning their woolly heads round in search of admiration, and laughing if they thought they obtained it. I cannot say that they blushed—and by-the-bye as niggers are *said* to blush blue, I am sorry I never caught the particular tint.

A Lady's Visit to the South African Diamond Fields.

In the spring of 1873, that is the African spring, which commences in the month of September, my husband, my father, and even my mother, who all lived in Natal, became seized with what is commonly called in colonial parlance the 'diamond fever.' The success which had crowned the efforts of some of the parties from the colony already at the fields; the excitement caused by the knowledge that friends were about to try their 'luck;' and, I must own, the sneaking ambition of bettering my condition by becoming the proprietor, it might be in half-an-hour, of a brilliant fortune, all tended to increase the desire to be 'off to the diggings' as fast as possible. My father and husband both occupied offices in the colony, and so it soon became evident that neither of them could leave their posts to accompany us. They, however, had no objection to my mother and I undertaking the journey if we were willing, and promised they would find the wherewithal to fit out the means for travelling, and to provide us with the necessary provisions for a camp life for six or eight months. At one time I thought that for us to go alone would be out of the question; the journey to the fields would occupy about a month; we should have to pass through a country partly occupied by natives only; over immense unwooded plains, the habitation only of countless herds of antelopes; and when we did reach the fields we should there find numbers of persons from all parts of the globe, unawed by any authority, and fearless alike of any person or persons. How could two women, accompanied by only half-a-dozen Zulus, strangers too to the people and country, venture upon such an undertaking? We might lose all our luggage and never even reach our destination, and instead of returning the possessors of diamonds we might never see one. These thoughts made our plans flag considerably; but my mother, who possessed plenty of energy combined with great coolness and de-

termination, set about a course which finally overcame these difficulties. She had some brothers whose circumstances fully warranted them in seeking to improve them. These she exhorted to try a journey to the diamond fields, as presenting a fair chance of success. It was not difficult to persuade them. The European African of Dutch descent likes no life so much as to roam free and easy through the country, with his waggon for his castle, his vrow (wife) and children for company, and his rifle to supply the larder. It was soon decreed that our journey was to take place, and I was duly summoned to leave the coast and join my mother at Pietermaritzburg to make the necessary preparations.

On reaching Pietermaritzburg, the seat of the Governor of Natal, I found that a waggon and oxen, for the use of my mother and myself, had already been purchased, and that the former was being fitted up with every care for our comfort, being made perfectly watertight above a precaution which should not be lost sight of by any one travelling in Africa, where the sun is most powerful, and the traveller in the spring and summer is liable nearly every afternoon to thunderstorms, accompanied with very heavy rain and sometimes hail. An African ox-waggon, when properly made and fitted, is perhaps the most comfortable and most safe conveyance that can be imagined. Sugar, flour, mealie-meal, tea, salt, and all imaginable groceries were now procured and packed with a view to the saving of room in our waggon, which was to be our dining-room, bed-room, and store for six months at least. Our waggon was lined all through, on the inside, with green baize, having curtains of the same stuff at the sides and both ends; none but those who have experienced the heat of a canvas tent on a hot sunny day, can appreciate the vast improvement produced by the use of a woollen lining, or, on the other hand, its comfort on a cold or wet night. The day of our departure was fixed for the 30th November, 1870, and on that day we started, wending our way slowly up what is called the Town Hill, rendered muddy and slippery by a heavy thunderstorm and rain during the night before. Beyond our team of oxen, jibbing once or twice on the face of the abominable hill, we reached the top without further incident, and travelled on to the Umgeni River, and for the first time occupied our waggon for every purpose. The next day we reached the residence of those of my mother's relatives who were to join our party; we found them in great bustle, for, as some of them had to take with them their stock of cattle, sheep and horses, indeed, all they possessed, their proceeding required much more care than did those of my mother and myself. The result was that we were detained until the 5th December, when we got off at last, forming quite a calvacade with our five waggons, sheep, goats,

cattle, horses, dogs, and poultry. Before starting, in addition to my mother's faithful old servant, Uflatella, we were joined by four of our natives.

On the evening of the fifth we slept at Kar Kloof, a deep rivulet. The lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep and goats, and the noise of the horses, caused chiefly by the first removal from their usual place of abode, seemed to cast a confused and somewhat melancholy feeling over the scene.

On the 6th December we were up early: the sun shone out on a beautiful clear blue sky, perfectly cloudless, such as is nowhere so beautiful as in this part of Africa. Our cavalcade moved on after breakfasting on some cold buck, a dish not to be despised when properly dressed.

On the eighth we reached the grand river called the Jugela, on which stands the village of Colenso, so named in honour of the bishop of Natal. We passed a place called Moort Spruit (Murder Brook), famous in the history of the colony from the fact of its having been the scene of a most distressing and heart-rending conflict between the Dutch and the Zulus, in the year 1838. The Dutch having been the pioneers in the occupation of the country claimed by the Zulu nation, many very serious conflicts took place between them; the Zulus resisting its occupation by white people, and the latter being as determined in their object. At Moort Spruit a camp of waggons occupied chiefly by women and children, and some men to protect them, were overpowered by the Zulus, and about 250 women and children were cruelly put to death, and the waggons and other property destroyed. My mother, then a child, was not far from this scene at the time, and her father assisted to remove the bodies. The country round about the spot is very prettily dotted with mimosa trees, while here and there the ruins of native habitations of great apparent age, and built in circular form of round boulders, are to be seen. These are almost all that remain of a people evidently numerous, judging from the number of these ruins. They are said to have been exterminated by the Zulus in the reign, or perhaps before that, of "Chaka." The Jugela River being flooded we were compelled to betake ourselves to the punt or floating bridge. We found about fifty waggons waiting on either side of the river to be put across. By good luck we all got over about midday on the 9th December, after which, a thunderstorm coming on, we did not advance on our journey much farther.

Once more we partook of what we considered a sumptuous breakfast kindly provided for us by Captain Lucas at the "Dew Drop Hotel," which we reached on the 10th December. The next day, being Sunday, we halted.

On the Monday we made but little advance. Every one acquainted with African travelling knows the horrid mud holes which, after heavy rain, are found in the road. They have the appearance of a shuddering quick-sand, or rather quick-mud, and threaten to swallow up the waggon or animal that gets into them. These now became very frequent and troublesome, causing many delays. One of our waggons got into one, but was luckily soon extricated. On the 13th December we ascended the steep pass over the Quathlamba or Drakensberg. The sight from the top of the mountain-range is something one does not often see, presenting grandeur and an expanse of view as far as the eye can reach. It took us two hours and a half to get to the top of the range where we stopped. Our next journey took us over the boundary of the Natal colony into the territory of the Orange River Free State. This state was once a British settlement, and called the sovereignty, but it was given up to the inhabitants by the English as not being worth keeping. The scenery on the Drakensberg is most beautiful, the clear and cool water flowing down the brooks on beds of moss, and skirted by ferns in great variety on each side, and the grand cliffs present a most refreshing and pretty sight.

We made another start, but were soon compelled to stop, owing to eight waggons sticking in mud-holes, so as completely to impair our progress for that day. We passed the graves and monument of four men named Pretorius. These men, and another man named Smit were returning to their farms in the Transvaal Republic, from Pietermaritzburg, in 1865. At this time the Basutus and the people of the Orange Free State were at war, and the former made what is commonly called a raid, which in its course extended into the British territory of Natal, and meeting the Pretorius' with two waggons, they attacked them and soon killed them. The body of Smit was never found, and it is said that he strove to save his life by running, and was killed some distance from the others. There was one woman with the party, the wife of one of the Pretorius', who had a child. These poor creatures were not killed; they, however, witnessed the bloody tragedy, and that and their subsequent treatment would have rendered death a happy relief. They were forced to accompany the waggons and other property, which the Basutus took with them. After taking this poor woman with them and keeping her for two or three days, she was cast adrift in the wilderness with her child and left to her fate. After torture almost indescribable, she reached Harrysmith (so-called after General Sir Harry Smith). Her sufferings were very great, and her fortitude was not less. Providence, however, as if to prevent further torture by the recollection of these

dreadful events destroyed her reason, and she is now, and in all probability always will be, idiotic.

On the 14th of December we were still stopped by the sticking waggons, and in addition to this our oxen had strayed. We got off, however, at about one o'clock, and passed the first instalment of mud-holes until we reached the Wilge River (Willow River), and here we came dreadfully to grief. On the 15th of December we commenced fording the Wilge River. The waggons got over fairly enough, and so did the cattle and horses; the sheep, however, gave considerable trouble. The river was flooded to a great extent, and the sheep could not be got into the water to swim across. Several expedients were adopted without success; at last one of the men swam through with two lambs, and when they began bleating the sheep at once went into the water and got across without one being lost. We moved away from the Wilge River about one o'clock, and reached Rensburg Spruit, which we forded without delay, although our enemies, the mud-holes, were very numerous and formidable, several waggons sticking in them, and some we were compelled to unload to lighten the carriage. Rensburg Spruit is a lovely place at this season of the year. We found most beautiful wild flowers and ferns in great variety. We unteamed about mid-day at a place called Plat Berg (flat hill), and set all available hands to collect firewood, as none could be procured further on. Some of the party went out shooting, and brought a wild duck and three coote. On the 17th we had again to cross our old friend the Wilge River and found it impassable; there was, of course, no alternative but to wait until it was. The delay was of utility in one way, for it enabled us to have a "washing day." We had some nice fresh water-fish for dinner, and on the following day being Sunday we had a regular feast in the shape of roast wild duck and fresh fish. On the 19th we crossed the Wilge River for the last time, and had one or two narrow escapes from being overthrown in mud-holes. For the first time we saw two or three herds of antelopes, called the "Spring Buck." Although several attempts were made none of them could be bagged.

We reached the "Elands river" not by any means a prepossessing spot. Here we were attacked by a frightful number of mosquitoes who compelled us to sleep with gloves and cappies. The place was strewed all over with the bones of cattle, bits of hides, and old rags, so it did not present a very agreeable appearance, especially as the country here becomes very open and flat. On the 20th December being still unable to cross the Eland river, a party went out to shoot and at 2 o'clock they returned, one of them having shot a 'Wildebeest,' the animal was very fat and we had a grand feast, the two hind quarters being cut up

into what is in Africa called belltongue, a very dainty dish. The thigh is cut into flakes of flesh, the operati on being guided chiefly by the seams that divide the fleshy parts of the carcase. These flakes are then put into salt for about 24 hours, and then they are hung up to dry out of the sun if possible. In 10 or 12 days they are fit to eat, without cooking; in the mean time they can be roasted or boiled as convenient.

We now nearly ran out of fire wood and had to betake ourselves to the only substitute, namely dry cow dung, which makes a very good fire indeed, but rather smoky. The musquitoes last night were intolerable and what with them and the barking of dogs and the howling of jackals we did not pass a comfortable time of it. On the 21st we rose early to a beautiful clear morning and found, to my great joy, that the river was low enough to be forded. By 8 o'clock we were on the opposite bank in safety, and advanced our journey to a brook, where we stopped and had another attack from the mosquitoes. A beautiful springbuck doe was shot by one of the party. On the 22nd our journey was somewhat impeded by a thunderstorm. I cannot say much in praise of the village of Bethlehem which we reached on the 23rd. It boasts of 12 houses and three willow trees. We posted our letters home and after getting a fresh supply of a little bread moved on and stopped at a small brook which we reached early enough to have some clothes washed. The next day we proceeded as far as a place named Tafel Rop (Table Hill), near Hiscocks where we bought a cocoa-nut of all things in the world the most unlikely to meet with in these regions.

The 25th December was a Sunday, and being Christmas day as well, it was agreed by common consent that we should have a rest and a feast. Our dinner consisted of stewed buck, curried rice, and, if we had no roast beef and plum-pudding, we had Chinese preserved ginger and rice. Before we sat down to partake of this repast, we unpacked and re-arranged the contents of our waggon, and after I had gone to the trouble of taking off the lock of my portmanteau, under the impression that I had lost the keys, I found them in the pocket of one of my gowns. We moved on the next day, one of our party bagging a bless buck, which replenished our larder. On the 27th we saw several troops of spring buck and wildebeest; one of the latter was shot through the thigh, and we went to see it keep the dogs at bay; the animal was furious with pain, and turned fiercely upon the dogs, and one cur being more daring than the rest, got tossed in the air twice, and was a good deal hurt. Our sport was ended by the poor animal being seized, and its throat cut. We reached the residence of one of my mother's brothers. The house, or rather hut, was constructed of reeds; not a tree or a bush about it. Some of our party

went out shooting, and killed a wildebeest and three spring buck. We halted at this place until the 31st December, in order to provide provisions for our journey, the time being spent in shooting game to be converted into bell-tongue, salting down sheep and baking bread. We were kindly driven out one day in a cart drawn by two mules, to have a good view of the game. And a grand sight it certainly was, the flat, as far as the eye could reach, being literally alive with spring and bless buck, and wildebeest. The lion, wolf, and jackal follow the game, as do the vultures and other birds of prey; of the jackals and vultures we saw plenty. The latter are so voracious that when an animal is shot, it has hardly fallen when they pounce down upon it, and it is quickly devoured. We wound up our proceedings at this place with a dance on the green.

On the 3rd January we started again, and after passing through the village of Winburg on the 5th, reached the farm of Mr. A. Le Roux, where we procured apricots, peaches, and other fruit, a delicious treat for the weary travellers. The ravages to which Africa sometimes is exposed were here apparent. The earth was denuded of nearly every particle of grass by the swarms of locusts which darkened the air. The grass and small bushes were eaten down to the very roots; the country presenting the appearance of having been burnt. The locusts in their turn are a prey to a bird called the locust bird. They move in immense flocks, and although they devour millions of locusts they seem to make little or no impression on the countless swarms of the latter. The bushman in their native state convert the locusts to use. They kill and half dry them, and then press them into a kind of cake for food. The locust bird is of medium size, brown in colour with some white in the wing, and having a tail like a swallow. It has the same peculiarity as the locust itself, namely, that any food it eats passes through it almost as soon as it is eaten. What with the locusts the hail-storms, the dust, and the want of water our cattle suffered severely. We crossed the Vet River (fat river), in the bed of which we heard a diamond had been found, although the statement needs corroboration, and reached the farm of a man named Du Toit, who kindly allowed us to water our cattle without charge, and here we settled for the night. We went on again, and on the 11th we reached a small village Boshoff, so named in honour of Mr. J. N. Boshoff, who, some years ago, was elected President of the Orange Free State. It is rather a pretty spot, and may from its situation and proximity to the diamond-fields at some future time become of some importance, especially as it is fairly supplied with water. We passed after leaving Du Toit's farm over a country all more or less laid waste by the locusts. On the evening of the 13th we arrived at Diamondia, on the Vaal River, the

property of Mr. Robinson. The next day I had a view of Hebron, on the opposite side of the Vaal River. It is by no means an easy task to render even a tolerably correct impression of the scene presented to one's mind on first seeing the diamond-fields. The sheets of white canvas tents, in nearly every case accompanied by the white tops of bullock waggons, corresponding in position to the tents; the din of voices, the rattle of carts and waggons going to and fro with earth to be washed at the river to discover the diamonds. The washing of the earth, the sifting and sorting of the result after this process, and the shouts of the lucky finder of a diamond would each enable one to write a longer account than the limits of this diary will admit. One sees the plodding digger with a face denoting clearly the anxiety of its possessor and indicating that he is working, impressed with the idea that each blow of the pick-axe may find him the lucky possessor of wealth at any moment. The sharp clink of the steel pick-axe conveyed to one's ears from all directions, and the duller sound produced by the same instrument when used at a depth below the surface produce an excitement more easily felt than described, especially by those who themselves are trying their "luck."

What with constructing sieves and other machinery we did not get fairly to work until the 20th January. In the meantime we built our habitations as best we could with the materials at our command. We pitched our tent and we had what is very essential upon these occasions a good look round us. I must make some allusion to the Vaal river, on or near to the banks of which these discoveries of vast riches in diamonds have been made. It is a very large river winding its course, through a comparatively flat and open country, towards the west coast of Africa, its low banks studded with willow trees, and its course, when not in a flooded state, afford a very pleasant sight and a relief to the sameness of the surrounding country. The word 'vaal' in Dutch is merely a translation of the word 'liqua,' the native name of the same, and means in both languages that its waters are discoloured or yellow, which in fact they are. Fish and eels abound in it.

On the 20th of January we fairly started digging, and we remained at it until the 7th June, when we commenced retracing our steps to Natal. This is the only allusion I mean to make to our journey back beyond saying that we reached home in safety on the 2nd July, bringing with us several diamonds, the largest weighing $14\frac{1}{2}$ carats. As I anticipated, we found society at the diggings very mixed, and consisting of persons from all parts of the world, a great many from the Cape colony, and from Natal. The natives also had collected—the Hottentot, Korannas, Rafus, Zulus, and Bushmen—all, of course, in

the service of the European diggers. The natives occupying the diggings are called Guquas, a dark copper-coloured race much resembling the Hottentot. I shall relate an anecdote which will show the shrewdness of the African native. A gentleman observed to one of them that the coloured people were the servants of the white. The native replied, 'Yes; but the white people are our slaves, because they have to raise about £6,000 every month to pay us.' We spent nearly five months at the diggings, and I am bound to say that we were always treated by all we met with great kindness and cordiality; the diggers themselves being, as a rule, an orderly well conducted people.

Elementary Schools.

By an Inspector of Returns.

An Inspector of Returns! What may that be? I wonder how many people could have answered this question twelve months since. No doubt there are many who are not even yet familiar with this combination of words, and who have no idea of its meaning. Even if we suppose that a few of these good people care to know more of the matter, it would, I am afraid, be too much to expect them to read six consecutive sections of the Elementary Education Act, 1870. For, as far as I can make out this Act has met with the fate which some critics tell us has overtaken Shakspeare—it is a great deal talked about and very little read.

But if any one will take the trouble to look at secs. 67 to 72, he will see that the Act in question required certain "local authorities" in every district, to furnish to the Education Department "returns" containing certain particulars as to the number of children requiring elementary education, and as to the number of existing elementary schools; particulars of the character of these existing schools, to be supplied by the managers, teachers, &c. The forms, which were accordingly sent by the Education Department to the managers of the several schools, contained enquiries as to size of the rooms, the nature of the instruction, the amount of the fees, the number of children on the books, and so on. The persons employed to verify these 'returns,' and to enquire into the suitability of the schools therein referred to, and to examine the children in each such school, are (or have been) Inspectors of Returns.

During a part of the past year, one of these officers has been attached to each of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and (if he has obeyed his instructions) has acted with him and under his direction. He has been employed in visiting—

(1.) Those schools which had not previously come under inspection, and

(2.) Those schools which were already in receipt of annual grants from the Education Departments (if her Majesty's Inspector has found it convenient to call for his aid in so doing).

These last two paragraphs are given as nearly as may be in the language of an official circular issued in April last year, and are supposed to describe the duties of an Inspector of Returns. I propose to relate something of what I experienced in the performance of these duties. In order to make what I have to say more intelligible, I will adopt the following classification of schools.

CLASS A. Includes all schools which are in receipt of annual grants from the Education Department, whether 'public' *i.e.*, governed governed by managers acting under a deed, or 'private' *i.e.* by managers not acting under a deed.

CLASS B. Includes all public or private schools (as defined above) which are *not* in receipt of annual grants.

CLASS C. Adventure schools, *i.e.* conducted by the teacher at his (or her) own risk.

CLASS A. Inasmuch as a report on the schools of this class in my district (written by the inspector under whom I worked) has for some time past regularly occupied a certain number of pages in a certain blue-book published yearly, it may seem unnecessary, and perhaps presumptuous, for me to speak at any length of such schools. For conviction (as well as loyalty) compels me to admit that these reports have been so written that they cannot easily be improved upon. But blue-books, I fancy, are not much read by the public at large, who seem to have a notion that such works consist principally of long strings of dry statistics. Seeing then, that during the nine months I was employed, I examined a good many of these schools, I shall make no further apology for saying what I thought of them.

On the whole there can be little doubt that the public money devoted to the support of these schools is well spent. The character of the instruction of course varies considerably, but for every child who is being fairly well taught in elementary schools under private patronage, there are, I should say, at least five who are being well taught in schools receiving annual grants. With the teachers of these schools, I was, as a rule, very well pleased. I found some of them so earnest and successful in their work, and so courteous and agreeable in their bearing, that I felt a kind of compunction at having to enquire whether such and such regulations had been observed, and to report my opinion of the teacher. In one or two cases I felt bound to admit that I could make no better suggestion with respect to the future conduct of the school than that everything should be managed precisely as it had been. Of certificated teachers, as a class, I formed a very much higher opinion than I had had before. Not but that I found some cases where teachers had been negligent or even worse. I found, too, a few examples of men who made up for want of power

by excess of conceit; and some who spoke (not always correctly) the language which it has always been the fashion to assign to the pedagogue, who had vacations instead of holidays, who commence where other people begin, interrogate instead of asking, and respond where they ought to answer. These men I found had notions terribly large, could use in speaking of a spider words which would have been too big for an elephant, and could describe a tiger as 'a digitigrade carnivorous quadruped furnished with retractile claws.' But I cannot agree with those who think that this love of long words is due to some defect in the education of certificated teachers, for the same fault may be observed in an equal or even greater degree amongst teachers who have not been regularly trained.

In country parishes where there is a school receiving grants the parson is generally the principal manager. In spite of what Nonconformists may have to say on the subject it is quite certain that the parson is in many such places the only person who is fit to be a manager, and the only person who is willing to take the necessary amount of trouble. It is no part of my present intention to make remarks on the general character of the clergy, so often ignorantly attacked, so often unwisely defended; I will simply observe that I have seen more than one instance in which a hard-working clergyman, who had been constantly expending time, money, and trouble in providing education for the children of his parish, had also been constantly opposed by a noisy advocate of free thought and what not, who had never been known to do anything that might advance education or benefit a neighbour, whose ignorance was so complete that it might almost excuse his misdoings, and whose one boast was that he would "baulk the parson." I can readily believe that Mr. Forster has had to deal with some persons "who dislike special churches more than they like education."

There can be no doubt about the advantage which both pupils and teachers derive from having different persons come into the school from time to time for the purpose of examining or teaching a class. And I am afraid it will not be often that a member of a School Board will have the time or will take the trouble to visit a school which is managed by his Board—a trouble which forms part of the daily work of many a country clergyman.

As I said before, there is a very great difference in the attainments of the children at the various schools of the class of which I am now speaking. I examined one school at which the upper three standards did so well in geography and grammar, and even in arithmetic, that I feel certain an equal number of boys of the same age taken at random from almost any of our public schools would not have shown nearly

so much knowledge of the same subjects, whilst the style of arranging and writing out the answers could not possibly have been improved upon. The discipline in this school was perfect; the children seemed to take the liveliest interest in their work, were eager to be questioned about what they had been reading, and answered thoughtfully and promptly.

But in some of the schools I saw only too plainly the ill effects of mere mechanical teaching. The children had never been taught to think about their work. They did their sums without having the least idea *why* they performed such and such operations; and when a question was set a little different from those to which they had been accustomed they were completely at a loss. For instance:—the fifth standard were taught Practice, that being the rule appointed for them under the code 1871. In examining the fifth standard at a certain school I accordingly set two sums in Practice, which were correctly done by a fair proportion of the children. But I set also this sum:—A coach starts at eight in the morning, and travels eight miles an hour. How far will it have got at four in the afternoon? Most of the children made no attempt to find out; but one boy (who had done the other sums correctly) wrote down 8, multiplied it by 8, multiplied the product by 4, the new product by 24 (number of hours in a day), and then, having observed I suppose, that Practice sums usually have an answer expressed in £. s. d., he went on to divide by 12 and by 20, and wrote down for an answer £25 12.

A manager of a school once told me he considered it quite enough if children could perform the mechanical work required in doing their sums, and that it was not to be expected that they should be able to think at all about the way of doing them. "My idea is," he added, "that children should be taught not to think, but to do as they are told." I asked him what they were to do if told to think?

From sixth standard children I often got very good versions of different fables which were read to them, and of which I asked them to write out as much as they could remember. In many cases very amusing remarks and comments were 'incorporated with the text;' sometimes the point of the fable was utterly missed. I have beside me a curious instance of this. I had read out the fable of the crow which managed to get at the water in a jug by dropping stones into the mouth of the jug till the water was raised. The version I got ran as follows:—'A fox wanted to drink so what must he do he flew at peacture so he got some stones and broke the peacture.'

[A fox is mentioned, I suppose, because I had said I was going to read a *fable*.]

The writer told me she had been practising letter-writing, so I asked

her to write a letter to her mother describing what she had done and seen since she left home in the morning, how she came to school, what she saw and heard there, and so on. She wrote:—

'Dear mother,—I went to School and there was some maps and cards & forms & desks & chairs & a clock & lamps & 2 stoves & slates & books pens and inkwells & boys & girls & ladies & the schoolmaster & a gentleman &

'Your affec Daughter

'——— ———'

At a school near this I got the following written answers to written questions in geography, which was taken up as a special subject:—

'The top of the map is the West and the East is at the botten of a map at the left, and A Strait is a place where there are a grate many houses and A cape is a thing what we ware—A river means a great sea, A Island is a little country and a Oceans is the Sevent Trent & the Owes.'

I once went to examine a school which had been for some time in receipt of grants, though it had only just come under the supervision of the inspector in whose district I was working. The master, who was an elderly man, seemed to be uncommonly well pleased with everything about him, and to be utterly unconscious of a remarkable deficiency of ventilation and discipline, which struck me as soon as I entered the school. He informed me at once that he hadn't the least doubt the school would do well, and that he felt sure I should be very much pleased with it. When I asked him if the children were arranged according to the order of their names on the examination schedule, he promptly said, 'Yes;' and when I pointed out to him that this was not the case, he 'concluded that some of them had got mixed.' For the purpose of re-arranging the children I asked them, as their names were called over, to come and stand in order in the middle of the room. When the first eight or ten had left their seats, I called out in his turn a boy named John Green. He came very reluctantly, and before he had reached his place he uttered several piercing screams. I endeavoured to make him understand that no harm was likely to come to him, but he still continued to scream as if his success in life depended on his having his lungs exercised in that particular way. When I appealed to the master to know what was the reason of this conduct he answered, 'Well, you see, sir, the fact is he's a twin, and he's never been separated from his brother, and if you don't put them together they'll neither of them do a bit of work. It's all affection. Look at Peter, there; he's just the same.' I accordingly looked towards the desk which John had left, and observed a boy who was

sobbing convulsively, and seemed to be just going to scream. The master kept looking from one to the other, and was apparently very well pleased with their performances, for he presently turned to me with a smile and said, 'Very pretty to see such affection—very pretty it is; of course they'll have to sit together.' 'No,' I said; 'I think they are too old for this sort of thing; it seems to me that children do not come to school to be encouraged in such fancies. If you knew of this peculiarity you should have tried to cure them of it, and, failing that, you might have put their names together on the schedule.' The two boys were therefore separated, and passed the morning in a state of sullen resignation, hardly doing any of their work. In this last particular they were by no means singular; so that I was somewhat surprised when the master came up at the end of the examination, and and said, in a jaunty tone, 'Well, sir, what do you think of them now —eh, sir?' I answered that they had not done well. At this he professed himself 'quite taken aback;' said it would be a great satisfaction to the managers if I would allow him to call out and question some of the scholars, and being informed which of the standards had done worst, he remarked, 'I should have said there wasn't a boy in that standard you could puzzle.' I told him he would have made a very rash statement; that I had got all the particulars I wanted, but that if he wished it he might call out a certain boy whom I named, and question him in arithmetic. To this he rather demurred. 'Well, you see, sir,' he said with some hesitation, 'if there is a boy in the school who might perhaps fail with a stranger it is that boy.' I said, as gravely as I could, that I was sorry I had made such an unfortunate selection, and I called out the two boys who were sitting next the one 'who might, perhaps, fail.' These boys wrote down 55 for the numbers 55, 505, 550, 5005, 5500, 5050 successively—a fact which the master accounted for by saying, first, that they understood as well as he did, and then that they were 'a little fluttered.' He suggested to them that they should 'put some "oughts" in,' and this they proceeded to do at random.

At this same school a late teacher had made the following (amongst many) strange entries in the log-book—'It being my birthday I received the heartfelt congratulations of all my pupils.' 'Several boys purchased herrings, and toasted them at the school fire.' 'During the night the earth received a thick covering of snow, in consequence of which there was a thin school in the morning.' 'A boy manifested an invincible repugnance towards becoming acquainted with his A B C.' 'I received several pressing invitations to dine with parents.' 'Overheard a boy saying that his mother knew of pills for rheumatism.' The writer must have taken a liberal view of the statement (New Code,

1871), that the entries in the log-book are intended 'to specify ordinary progress, and other facts connected with the school and its teachers.'

On the whole I found the examination of schools receiving grants the pleasantest part of my work. For, as a rule, I was able to report of any such school that it was being carried on to some purpose, and where things were going badly it was a satisfaction to know that the report might be sent off at once, and would receive immediate attention.

Clause B.—The faults I noticed in the schools belonging to Class A might all be observed very much exaggerated in schools of this class, whilst the good points of the schools which had been under regular inspection were usually wanting in schools which had not had this advantage. There were certainly a few schools of this class which were much better than the worst of the schools under inspection, but there were in Class B very few schools which were really good and very many which were unmistakeably bad. I was amazed to find how little the managers in many cases knew about the schools under their care, and how strange were their ideas of what the children in an elementary school may fairly be expected to know. As an example I will mention a few facts about an endowed school which has an income of above £100 a year. It is under the management of the squire of the village, who, with his wife attended the examination. When I reached the school I found assembled about seventeen children, of ages varying fifteen to six. There were four pieces of slate in the school, until I happened to drop one piece, after that there were five. I had to wait some time before slate-pencils were brought (from the village shops), and I employed this time in hearing the children read. I found that not one of them could read so as to be intelligible to a person standing three yards off, and that they read all sorts of nonsense. This was not wonderful, for the school was furnished with one card, containing part of a story written in monosyllables, and with several books full of such words as 'reticence' and 'concatenation.' There was nothing intermediate. So when I handed a boy one of these books and asked him to read 'The little rabbit is fitted for burrowing,' he drawled out 'The little rabbit is fatted by beholdin.' I asked him what this could mean, and in order to show him what nonsense it was I explained as clearly as I could the meaning of the word 'behold,' told him the old story about boys, who, being very hungry, have been known to look at tarts, &c., in the shop windows until they think they have eaten the good things they see, and asked him if he thought such boys would be likely to grow fat 'by beholding.' With the view of

making out whether he understood what I was saying, I asked him 'What do you mean by fat?' and he somewhat confounded me by promptly pointing to the Squire, a good portly man, lately mistaken by a Scarborough mob for the claimant in the Tichborne case. After all this, however, the boy persisted in reading 'fatted by beoldin,' and two other children to whom I passed the book read the same. No child in the school knew the name of the country we live in; all failed in arithmetic, and when I asked a boy of thirteen to put down any sum he could do, and then to do it, he wrote down

$$\begin{array}{r} 20{,}072 : 27 : 12 \\ 99{,}900 : 25 : 17 \\ \hline 2{,}724\tfrac{1}{2} \end{array}$$

But he could give no further explanation of his work than by saying 'Them's pounds, and that's answer.'

When the examination was over, I asked the Squire about the mistress and learning that she might be dismissed after three months notice, I said 'The three months will begin from now, I suppose, if they have not begun already.' But the answer was, 'Oh! no; we are very well pleased with her. The school has improved very much sinee she came,'

Whilst I was at the school, the children was very quiet, but I was told by the clergyman, (who had nothing to do with the school), that it is a very common thing for them to beguile the school hours by running about the room, and having games at 'killing pig.' Whatever that may be.

Yet an indifferent Squire perhaps makes a better manager than an ignorant working man, at least I was disposed to think so after the following encounter. I was driving through a village one morning when I was stopped by a man who was cutting turf at the side of the road. He said 'Are yer coomin' about leuking' at scheules here?' I told him I was. He pointed to a chapel near and said, 'Hev yer bin i'there?' 'No, I am coming this afternoon.' 'Yer hevn't bin i'there then?' 'No, not yet.' 'Er, so yer hevn't bin i'there then?' I ventured to suggest that if he had anything to say I should be glad to hear it as soon as might be which caused him to say, 'Yer've not heerd anythink then hev yer?' I told him that I had not heard anything, and, that as it seemed that I was not likely to hear anything I did not stop any longer, Thereupon, he came close up to me and said in a confidential tone, 'Why, about measter there, i't scheule; we want to be rid of him, *so yer mun report accordinly.*'

Some of the managers of the schools I am now speaking of were

exceedingly anxious to be left alone, and regarded a visit from an inspector as something more than the beginning of evils. In one parish which I had to visit the school was under the sole dominion of the Squire (as was everything in the place apparently, except his wife). I had been told more than once that this man (whom we will call Hilton) would probably refuse to have his school inspected, so that I was agreeably surprised when I found that he not only readily consented to have the children examined, but that he undertook to make very great improvements in the premises and expressed a wish to place the school under regular inspection. At Mr· Hilton's request I went to his house after the examination in company with the clergyman of the parish. I was there presented to Mrs. Hilton, who seemed to regard none of us with any particular favour. But then her attention was aborbed by a dropsical dog which looked out of a red shawl on her lap. Whilst we were at lunch, Mr. Hilton took the opportunity of explaining how we had been employed during the morning. Thereupon, Mrs. Hilton observed, that it had always been her opinion that of the many mistakes, she might say great mistakes Mr. Gladstone had made, the Education Act was by far the greatest. As it seemed to be expected that I should say something I was sorry to hear her speak so unfavourably of the Act, and that I should be glad to hear in what way it might be improved. She replied that it was difficult to say how a thing was to be improved which was bad throughout, and turning to me said rather sharply, 'Perhaps you belong to the Government?' 'Only in the same way that a tax-gatherer or a postman does. I am just at present doing some work for the Education Department, but I am afraid that does not entitle me to say I belong to the Government.' 'At any rate,' was the answer, 'you will find it impossible to bend the stubborn minds of the ———shire people.' I then said that I had no intention of making any attempt of the kind, but that I supposed the ———shire people, like their neighbours, would find that where schools are wanted they must be built. 'Owing to Mr. Hilton's liberality,' I added, 'there will be no difficulty in this place.' I saw at once that this was very unpleasant information and I yielded to the temptation of enlarging upon Mr. Hilton's readiness to to incur considerable expense for the good of the village. When I had finished speaking Mrs. H returned to the attack with great vigour, and became so animated that the dropsical dog fell from her lap, and before it could be rescued by the butler, (himself a dropsical phlegmatic being), had got decidedly the worst of it in an encounter with a smooth terrier of Mr. Hilton's. I hoped this misfortune would give a turn to the conversation, but the lady went on 'Here at least I had trusted that the defective system of Government Education would not be

introduced. I say "defective" because as you're well aware you don't teach fundamentals. I have the authority of the church for what I am saying,' and here the good lady turned to the clergyman and said in a loud tone, 'Is it not so Mr. Curban?' Mr. Curban who had the misfortune to be very deaf, and who knew next to nothing of what had been going on, readily assented. Thereupon Mrs. Hilton, fortified by ecclesiastical approval, turned again to me and said in a reproachful tone, 'You don't teach fundamentals.' I answered that it was not my business to teach anything, but rather to find out what had been taught, or what was known; that I thought reading and writing were fundamental parts of education, and that as to religion when the country could agree what was to be taught, no doubt the country would carry out what had been agreed upon. Mr. Hilton (who had once been a Liberal M.P.), appeared to sympathise with me, and occasionally took my part in the discussion, whereupon the church was appealed to afresh and invariably sided with the lady. This sort of thing lasted until our hostess and her dog were preparing to adjourn to the drawing-room. I was thinking how I might say something conciliatory before we parted, when to my surprise, Mrs. Hilton stood up and looking straight at me in a voice which would have made me quake if I hadn't known that it was probably the last I should hear of it. 'I can assure you that whatever you may think of my opinion it has been not lightly esteemed by those who walk high in office.' She paused, I bowed slightly, meaning to intimate that I did not at all question the statement, and she continued, 'The bishop of this diocese has twice consulted me on matters of the last importance. What have you to say to that?' I might have reminded her of the lines

> But fixed before and well resolved was he
> As folks that ask advice are wont to be.

but to tell the truth, I didn't think of them at the time, so I merely said, 'As I am anxious, if possible, to be complimentary, I can only say that I think it speaks very highly for his country, as well as for his discretion.' At this Mrs. Hilton turned very red, and her lord (and master?) called out 'Ha! a blush, I believe—not seen that for a long time—capital;' and the lady retreated with less dignity than might have been looked for from a bishop's privy counselor. When she was gone, I took the opportunity of saying to Mr. Hilton that I hoped I had not given Mrs. Hilton any fair cause of offence, to which he answered, 'Certainly not; not at all. The fact is, my wife belongs to a class of things not often seen now. She is a regular preserved old Tory; relics of that kind require to be very carefully handled.' I

must confess the relic seemed to me to be quite unaware that it was in any danger of being injured by collision. Nor was it.

As regards the teachers of these schools, I must say that many of them were people who wanted knowledge as well as method.* In some of the schools, established for the purpose of qualifying children to work as half-timers. Under the Factory Act, all the mill hands who had had the misfortune to lose an arm or a leg were turned on to teach without the slightest regard to their fitness for their work.*

Others there were who, because they were sisters or nephews to a great man's gardener or housekeeper, had been enabled to bring up the great man's tenants in deplorable ignorance. Other teachers had been appointed because they were highly respectable, two or three because their parents had been so reputed. In some cases a specious, ignorant, pushing man had got a good post because the people who appointed him were more ignorant than himself. I observed, too, that many teachers in schools of this class (for the most part elderly men), taught their pupils to write a very good hand and to use red and blue ink in their arithmatic-books with some effect, yet seemed to think that education must enter only through the eye, and were quite indifferent to everything except 'penmanship.' Thus they would be quite content to have one child after another read in such a way that it was impossible to make out what was being said, and would never think of trying to find out whether the children understood what they were reading about. The 'summing-books' were filled with absurdly long examples, flanked by red and blue lines, and they contained long discourses respecting multiplicands, compound-interest, submultiples, aliquot portions, and what not, which said discourses assumed to be composed by boys who didn't seem to know that there is any difference between 2,020 and 20,002. These books were the μεγα Θαυμα of the village parents, who would say with a look of admiraion almost amounting to awe, 'Eh! he does bring them on, though, mind you, does Master Gibson.' When I went to a school of this kind, I used always to spend some time in asking questions about the most simple thing possible,* and in this way I now and then elicited answers by which I

* The following is an exact copy of a letter from the teacher of an Endowed School:

'SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the respect of your note and to say that the school will be ready for your inspection on Wedensday morning, Nov. 22, from your obdinent servent.'

* I once asked a teacher, who did not appear to be lame, whether he had had any training for a schoolmaster, or what his qualifications were, to which he promptly answered, 'A tumour on the leg.'

* I once asked five children (all seven years of age), 'How many pennies are there in fourpence?' The answers were 'sixpence,' 'fourpence,' 'four,' 'sixpence' 'threepence.'

was somewhat disconcerted. For instance, I once asked a boy how birds get about from one place to another. As I got no answer, I explained to him that I did not mean by walking or hopping, but that I wanted him, for instance, to tell me how a sparrow would get over a river, or from the ground to the top of a house- I passed the question on, and the next boy said, 'It would fly.' 'Can men fly?' I asked. 'No,' 'Well, then, tell me something which a bird can do that you and I cannot do.' The boy looked about for some time, and at last shouted out 'lay eggs.'

Before finishing this part of the subject, I will only say that I believe most people would be astonished to find what a large proportion of English children of the lower classes under fifteen do not know (1) that they live in a country called England, and (2) though they may have been learning geography a long time, that the north of a room is not the ceiling. But the adventure schools were naturally the most curious collection of schools. I will speak of them at another time.

Junis and Necklace:

A PROSE IDYLL.

I.

David Rew by prescriptive right 'wanter' or mole-catcher to the parish and manor of Sweetery, hung the signs of his calling on many an apple-tree and hedgerow elm. Wherever by marshy bottom, or cow-pasture rich in worms and beetles, lurked his under-ground game, there you might see, dependent from a conspicuous limb his bough of victory,—a hedge-withy, each of whose twigs throttled a velvetty mole.

Thus by the senses of sight and smell, and sometimes of touch too, —for they often swung where you might knock your head against them in the dark,—the farmer was reminded of an obligation to old David to the extent of threepence a head for each of these black gentry. Woe betide the field where they were suffered to rot unpaid for, never again were cunning traps set there though the moles burrowed and catacombed. and threw up their outworks till doomsday.

'Davvid Rew,' as he was locally called (the -ew being pronounced as the Geman modified ü) afforded a grand instance of the effects of early discipline. From youth to middle-age he had been a red-coated machine in a high stock, be-drilled and be-marched through various phases of glory to a well-earned pension. *Now* he was slow-going and stately as the small hand of the church-clock. Time gout had indeed changed his upright gait into an undeniable hobble, but he still set out every morning punctual to the first stroke of eight, inspected his traps with the air of nothing less than a battalion-major, and hung up the very defunct moles in an attitude of 'attention.'

But the strictest martinet has his moments of weakness; on certain occasions David Rew cast all considerations of duty to the winds, and would have seen the moles dancing hornpipes in the sun, or courting

their friends the bats with equal unconcern. This singular weakness (for he mourned over it as such) was caused by an intense love of sport which seemed to lift him on a hunting-morning out of his village-life into the tumultuous delights of the chase, filling his ear with the music of the hound, and horn, and driving him on to the moors with an irresistable magic. The 'find' in stag-hunting is no such 'touch-and-go' affair as it is where a meaner quarry is concerned; it is an excitement 'long drawn out,' but none too long for old David at his post on the hill-side, knee-deep in heather. Never since the days of Simon Lee, 'in the sweet shire of Cardigan,' has a blither huntsman sallied forth, staff in hand, to hear the music of the chiming hounds. It was his young delight before he went to the wars, now, in his crippled old age a breezy hunting morning sees him climb the hill with the heart of a boy, and boyish health glowing in his cheeks, and all thoughts of moles and discipline cast to the winds.

It was on one such morning, when early horsemen had clattered past his door to the meet, that the wanter took his ashen stick from where it stood hardening in the chimney corner, and set off up the village-street muttering to himself—

'Her be late, Davvid, her be late.'

When he had gone fifty yards, he stopped at the sound of footsteps behind him, and a voice; 'Father, I'm gwine with 'e."

A bright, rosy-cheeked girl, into the computation of whose years had entered not winters but summers only, and not more than twenty of them, had followed David out of the cottage, and locking the door after her, was running to overtake him.

'You gwine too, Unis? I'm glad o't. 'Taint a frequent thing for my little maid to come hunting along o' me. Why didn't 'e zay zo afore?'

She laughed and made some excuse about not having washed up the dishes; but this was wrong, because ever since breakfast she had been making up her mind to ask if she might come, and then running off into the backyard, or her bedroom, afraid of a refusal. She laughed when her point was gained, and altogether proved as charming and lively and dutiful a daughter as an old soldier need have.

Unice Rew trudged along at her father's side, dressed in those neutral tints that make a peasant-girl so much prettier on week-days than in the glories of a Sunday shawl. A bright ribbon, the only exception to neutrality and prettiness, encircled her neck, and this in spite of the efforts one could fancy on the part of her dimpled chin to hide it, the old soldier soon espied.

'Why, Unis, what be 'bout with that ribbony stuff? The sergeant

didn't give it 'e, did he? 'Twud be a fine regiment if they was to 'list the likes o' you.'

Unice blushed redder than the ribbon in question; if the sergeant hadn't, perhaps someone else had given it to her. Perhaps, too, she was afraid of further questioning on this point, for she suddenly found the path very steep, and asked for her father's arm, which he readily granted, receiving, however, more assistance than he gave. By the time they had reached their destination on the top of the hill David Rew was not only in the elevated frame of mind proper to a hunting-morning, but also so good-humouredly disposed towards his pretty daughter that he was in a mood to grant her almost anything she asked. This, too, was possibly part that artful young woman's design. They were standing at the head of a combe that led into one of Exmoor's romantic valleys; a green pathway led down it, across a brawling stream at the foot, and up the opposite knoll, where, clustered under knots of oak, and drawn up by stone enclosure walls were the horsemen and carriages of the meet. The sides of the surrounding hills were studded with tiny figures, mounted and on foot standing, running, galloping; and from the valley beneath came the sound of horns and hallowing, and after a breathless interval the voices of the hounds. It was after one such false alarm when the 'tufters' had roused a hind instead of the expected stag, and were called off to try another piece of coppice that David Rew found time to notice the direction in which his daughter's eyes had been turned ever since they got into position, and even through the most exciting moments of the 'find.' She was gazing at a man in the path below who, with the exception of an occasional glance towards the father and daughter seemed to be chiefly occupied in making vigorous sword-cuts at the bracken within reach.

The spectacle of this man, slashing aimlessly about him, and engrossing meanwhile so much of his daughter's attention, caused the old soldier's brow to contract, and called forth a half-uttered 'darn 'un.' He turned away, however, and fixed his eyes once more on the hunt. A few minutes later Unice, taking a side-glance at her father's face, read a change there, and guessing its cause, came to the conclusion that silence would be no longer diplomatic.

So with a quick look at the figure in the walk below, as if to draw thence inspiration, a little sigh, and perhaps a little prayer—for village girls are simple enough to pray about anything—she addressed the 'wanter.'

'Do you know, father, Necklace Milton have got regular work for certain zure at Zweetery mill?'

'Have her?' said David, in a gruff voice, that would have

discouraged anyone less resolute than Unice from continuing the subject.

'Yes, her have; and they *do* say he weren't never so bad as they thought vor; I really think he's more steady like, now.'

The poor little woman said this in such a trembling voice, and with such pleading eyes, not burying her chin in the cherry-coloured ribbon now, but holding it right up to her father's face, that the 'wanter' could hardly have kept firm, if he had not looked right the other way, and spoken very gruffly indeed to hide his feelings.

'I can't zacklee zay what Necklace may be like *noo*, but he *warn't* much o't; and—and I doan't like un, Unis, I doan't like un.'

David put so much severity into his words that the poor girl's tears which were near enough to the surface before came welling out now in a most piteous fashion, so that her father was visibly moved. But it requires a boarding-school education to know how to cry, and Unice, instead of letting her tears flow silently till her father was at her feet, asked, in a broken voice, whether she might call to Necklace; 'he's down yonder, father, and he'd like to speak to 'e.'

'I zeen 'un, child, long ago; aye, call 'un, child, if e'ull.'

So Unice, or Unis, as we may call her, adopting the prettier abreviation, sent her little voice down the hill, though hope was dying within her, and she trembled for the result.

'Necklace! father, would speak to 'e"

And Necklace sprang up as one who had been waiting for the summons, and set off towards them with a springey step. But something in the 'wanter's' stern face, and Unis's tearful eyes made him slacken his speed and lose confidence.

Nicholas or Necklace Milton was a youth of an adjoining parish who had discovered superior attractions in divine service as it was conducted in Sweetery Church, and had, moreover, been moved to prefer it to the sanctuary which claimed him as a parishioner by the sight of a pair of blue eyes, the like of which were not to be found in any organ-loft but that of Sweetery. In fact, for the last twelve months Nicholas Milton had been, in the most technical sense of the word, 'courting' Unice Rew. The first or secret phase of the courtship had passed smoothly enough; but when the talk of Necklace and Unis keeping company reached the 'wanter's' ears, and the second or avowed phase should have begun, one or two things interfered which prevented matters running so smoothly. To begin with, David Rew, having himself married late in life, after his period of service expired, and having been, to say the least, unfortunate in his choice, so that at the lady's death he was *not* left lamenting, was a general opponent of marriages in the abstract, and early marriages in particular.

DRAWN BY G. J. TARLTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'UNIS AND NECKLACE.'

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OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Then there was a certain clique of not exactly *jeunesse dorée*, but *jeunesse* with a moderate amount of spare time and cash, farmer's sons and others, who considered it a duty, one and all of them, to be more or less 'sweet' on so pretty a girl as Unis Rew. These were naturally offended when a common young fellow, six foot high, with a blonde beard, and a carpenter by trade, had the impudence to come out of the next parish, and enrol himself as Unis's accepted lover. Naturally, also, they were not going to let matters rest there: they proceeded to blacken the adventurous young carpenter's reputation, mixing together things that were true and false, and taking care that these stories should be blown eventually into the 'wanter's' ears. So when the affair of the courtship was first broached to him, old David said, 'Wait a bit,' and proceed ed with a mind already prejuciced against Necklace to ascertain what sort of a fellow he was. Well, to make a long story short, it turned out that Nicholas Milton had not lived so short a time as to do nothing amiss, and make no enemies. There were stories of his having been seen drunk at the cider-shop, and the undeniable fact that he had once taken part in an ugly affair with the keepers; and poaching, though barely sheltering itself under the skirts of the Decalogue, was in David's eyes a most heinous crime; 'If they want regular sport, let 'em want,' said he, meaning, 'let them catch moles.' Lastly, Nicholas's father was notoriously *the* drunkard of the neighbourhood, and what good could come of such a stock.

So the 'wanter,' thinking to nip the whole proceeding in the bud, put his *veto* on Necklace, and hinted broadly at one of the *jeunesse dorée* as a more eligible *parti*, if Unis wanted a young man at all. As might have been expected, this had only the effect of converting liking into love, and Necklace and Unis swore eternal fidelity that night under a cow-shed. There was only one course for the young people to take under the circumstances, and being sensible as well as in love (oh! rare combination), they took it. Necklace was to set to work steadily, and overcome her father's prejudices, and Unis was to talk as little of him, and see as little of him as she could.

Necklace was only fairly successful; trade was slack, and he met with a good deal of opposition, of one sort or another, from the farmers, who made the 'wanter's' cause their own. But Unis was so prudent and reticent that her father was almost deluded into the belief that she had given her lover up, though he was surprised at her steady refusal to take up with anyone else.

Having thus explained how matters stood between the father, the daughter, and the would-be son-in-law, we return to the moment when Necklace received the summons to advance and plead his cause.

In prospect of the interview the 'wanter' assumed a military atti-

tude, and fixed his eyes sternly on the unacceptable suitor. Necklace, as we have said, began his advance with a bright eye and a confident step, but perceiving that something was amiss, and coming at last within range of the old soldier's pair of critical organs, he lost heart; felt awkward, and didn't know what to do with his arms. All this did not improve his chances of success; David Rew liked a manly bearing and, a true soldier, despised every one who couldn't walk; he would have preferred anything to the ignominious slouch which Necklace adopted as a compromise to express his independence and yet his humility, shuffling his hands about nervously the while.

But here came an incident which passed unnoticed by two of the actors in this scene though not by the third. Necklace had been holding loosely in his hand a small gold lady's watch (no matter why, that will be explained hereafter), this he unconsciously let fall in one of his awkward attempts to look less like a prisoner at the bar. It slipped down silently, and hid itself in the heather, and only the 'wanter' who had included it in his general survey of poor Necklace, noticed its fall. On him, however, it made a great impression. The first sight of the gold trinket suggested the idea that Necklace was going to make a propitiatory offering of jewellery to his lady-love; this was certainly no more than she deserved, but on second thoughts could not the young carpenter, if he *really* wanted to marry, have spent his money more profitably than in jewellery. When, however, the watch was allowed to slip carelessly to the ground it occurred to old David to wonder how Necklace had come by it; without imputing absolute dishonesty to the man, it was at least a suspicious circumstance for a carpenter to have about him a gold watch with a piece of broken chain attached to it. It might have occurred to the 'wanter' that people who have dishonestly possessed themselves of anything that does not belong to them do not habitually carry it about openly in their hands; but this was beyond his logic.

At this precise moment, when disagreeable suspicions anent the watch were beginning to dawn on the 'wanter's' mind, Necklace began his *Apologia pro amore suo.*

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It was over; Necklace was striding away through the heather anyhow; the excitement on the opposite side of the valley was its height, the 'tufters' were actually running a stag clear of the woods, but David Rew for the first time in his life had lost his interest in the hunt and turned to go home, Unis in tears at his side.

'I tell 'e, Unis, I'm so fir-rm against un as Zweetery church-tower tied to a gate-post. So her must stop crying and love a better man.'

Unis couldn't resist saying through her tears—'Zweetery church-tower do shakie a bit when the bells do ring.'

And then remembering that it was Necklace who had told her this, she began to cry all the harder. Poor little Unis!

II.

That night there was a very sad scene in the cow-house. It had been arranged by Unis, so methodically had she laid her plans, that if Necklace failed there was to be a meeting in the evening at the cow-house to settle what was to be done.

Necklace *had* failed egregiously. He had lost his temper and made some severe remarks about the peculiarites of the late Mrs. Rew, a very sore point with the 'wanter.' David had retaliated with a sharp sentence about the advisability of young men getting some *honest* employment, 'listing as soldiers, for instance, and not drinking and poaching, and stealing. Necklace was about to reply, when, catching an imploring look from Unis, he turned tail, and retreated as we have seen.

This angry recommendation to enlist had, however, taken great hold of him. He was reckless, miserable, and in the cow-house that evening he annouced his intention of going straight off and enlisting. He was probably ignorant, certainly Unis was, of the fearful consequences of taking the Queen's shilling. Necklace had a general idea that in the army he could vent his wrath in killing his country's enemies, and return in a few years to find old David either dead or more inclined to look favourably on one of his own cloth. As for Unis she looked at the matter in much the same light, and not being troubled with namby-pamby sentimentalism she didn't tell him that she should die if he went, but that she would wait till he came back. And so they parted with a great many tears, and sorrowful good-byes, and vows of mutual affection as sincere as ever the moon has heard.

'Father,' said Unis, when she entered the house again, pale and tear-stained, but full of the confidence of having promised a man to love him through an indefinite number of years, 'father, I've just said good-bye to—him;' she couldn't quite get the name out; 'he's gwine to Farley town to list for an army soldier this very night, as you tould'un.'

David Rew gave a long whistle. It occurred to him, being not an inconsiderate man, nor unkindly disposed to Nicholas Milton, except as a son-in-law, that if by any words of his he had induced the young man to enlist, he had incurred rather a grave responsibility. But he nursed his knees over the fire, and tried to console himself with the

thought that Necklace would probably repent when he got to Farley, and come home again; and after all perhaps it was the best thing for him to go right away from his father's house, and from a neighbourhood where he had got a bad name, especially if there *were* anything wrong about that watch. He produced the watch in question from his waistcoat pocket; he had picked it up from the ground, and brought it home to see if Necklace would make known his loss.

He was dangling it in the firelight when Unis, who felt hurt that neither her candour in confessing to an interview with her forbidden lover, nor Necklace's project of enlisting had met with any response but a whistle, began again, still scolding back her tears, and feeling a hero for it.

'He wants you to look about the head of the combe where we were standing this morning; he picked up a watch and chain in the valley, and drapped 'un again thereabouts. Her'll belong to one of the hunting ladies like enough.'

David handed the watch to his daughter. 'I found 'un, zure enough; keep 'un, Unis; zummun 'll be axing arter 'un bimeby.'

So Necklace after all was honest in the matter of the watch. One suspicion groundless; perhaps the rest were. This was the tenour of the "wanter's" reflections, and he became extremely grumpy, and wished he could have that scene on the hill over again. And so to bed; where Unis cried herself to sleep, and her father had twinges of gout in the legs, and remorse in the conscience, and got very little sleep at all.

The next morning a bill was put up in the village shop offering ten pounds reward for a watch and chain, lost between such and such places; the finder to take it to the Squire's house, and be rewarded.

There came also tidings of Necklace having been seen marching out of Farley that morning with ribbons in his hat; and Unis had another good cry, which, strange to say, her father didn't reprove, but did his best to sooth, saying such comfortable things as that the regiment he had joined was a good one, a sight better than most of them, though not equal to the 52nd (his own), and that no doubt he'd come back a better man.

But at last he had to leave the poor girl to herself, and set off with the watch, almost conquering his lameness in the effort to walk firmly with the air of a man who had done his duty by Necklace. Nevertheless something whispered a different tale, and he almost expected everybody he met to tell him so to his face.

The lost watch was the property of the Squire's daughter, and that young lady, everjoyed at its recovery, would have pressed upon David Rew even more than the reward offered. But he refused to take any-

thing, saying some one else had found it; and then, not without humble apologies for his rudeness, asked if that watch wasn't given her by the young gentleman that was courting her. She replied with a blush that it was, and that was why she valued it so much. In that case he had a favour to ask. Did she know his daughter, Unis Rew? Yes, she knew her well. Would she, when it was quite convenient, come at times and talk to her of a young man, Necklace Milton, from Molton, who had courted her, and had gone and listed for a soldier? Oh, yes, willingly; but why had Necklace gone off, and why couldn't he (the father) talk about him?

'Well, you zay, Miss, it were partly along o' my fault, and partly along o' his'n; and it's my belief, though he arn't zacklee the right zort, her *'ull* be zome time; and I can't spake of 'un myself, 'cos I sent 'un off, and yet I doan't want the maid to vret herself to death, poor little varmunt. I'll have 'un back zome day, you zee,' and he flourished his stick in the air, 'but doan't 'e tell Unis I zed so.'

The 'wanter' had gone to the right quarter for sympathy. Though perhaps unaware of the depth of his wisdom, there is no such sacred repository for one woman's love-secret as the breast of another who is herself in love. The Squire's daughter, with a sly twinkle of understanding in her eye for old David, was from this time a frequent visitor at the cottage, and the 'wanter' usually contrived to 'lave the tew young maids aloan,' chuckling heartily to himself as he hobbled off to his business.

About this period too the 'wanter' became very much absorbed in letter-writing; not that he wrote many, but that their composition was a work of time, and required frequent journeys to the Hall for advice. The result of all this labour was a formidable missive 'On Her Majesty's Service' delivered one morning with great emphasis by the village postman. Unis had her own opinion that it contained an offer of a colonelcy, but as her father was silent about it, and she was rather afraid of him because her thoughts were still engrossed by the banished Necklace, this opinion was kept secret. The letter was followed by a visit on the part of 'wanter' to his banker; (and he *had* a banker thanks among other things to the late payment, some twenty years after it was due, of a considerable amount of prize-money). The result of the visit was apparently satisfactory for the 'wanter' was in high good humour, and the next morning set out on a journey from which he did not return for three days.

This piece of eccentricity was also set down by Unis to the colonelcy, and she was surprised to hear him enter the kitchen with the peculiar whistling noise made by corduroy trowsers; she had half expected to see him in glossy uniform. However, he was in such boisterous

spirits, and laughed so much when she told him her expectations, that Unis ventured to wonder in a timid voice how Necklace Milton was getting on. But this was received with grunts and sounds of disapprobation; insomuch that she resolved for the future to keep such confidences for the Squire's daughter. That young lady driving by in the pony-carriage next day had a wonderful piece of good news for Unis Rew, and finding her alone in the house, sent the pony-carriage home, and sat down to tell it in full detail.

A friend of hers had seen Nicholas Milton, and he was quite well, and hoped Unis kept heat in this cold weather, and loved her as much as ever he did. This was the substance of the message, but curiously enough, it did not transpire that the friend who had seen Necklace was one David Rew, 'wanter' and ex-soldier.

So the winter wore on and David Rew, though the gout took him at times, and he was terrible crippled up in the pin bones, waged inveterate warfare against the 'wants,' dragging them into the light, caught in his cruel gins, and hanging them where all might see their glossy velvet coats, and the pink palms of their supplicating hands. He might have been a stony-hearted man, and Unis though she loved him dearly began to sympathise with the moles. But the Squire's daughter, and some one else executing the goose-step in the barrack-yard as if his life depended on it could tell a different tale.

By some mysterious means the Squire's daughter had, from time to time, several messages to deliver from Necklace. 'He hope Unis was dutiful to her father, that Muster Rew was a fine soldier when he was young, and that she ought to love him now; that if there was any sliding she wasn't to allow any of the young men of Zweetery to hold her hand, not even Garge Ridler of the mill." She sent word back that she never so much as *looked* at George Ridler nor no one else. And so one morning, when Necklace had been gone six months, the 'wanter' paid another visit to his banker, and drew out most of his savings with particular injnnctions to the young man behind the counter not to let anyone hear of it, and disappeared from Zweetery for another three days.

After this it was noticeable that Necklace's messages as conveyed by the Square's daughter did not contain any allusions to his military life, and made no answer to Unis's enquiries as to when he would be made a colonel, and pensioned off; indeed he once mentioned that he working at his old trade of carpentering, and Unis concluded that the Queen had discovered his talent in that line, and was making use of it. The messages, moreover, abounded with exhortations to dutifulness, which, coming from her lover, could not but excite Unis's surprise.

And so the months went quickly by, until it was nearly a year since

Necklace left; and David Rew, throwing off his gout with the return of summer, went out 'wanting' as pertinaciously as ever; and one evening, when a pretty little stoat with a white stomach, who had come within the range David's stick, was brought home and nailed to the cottage wall, Unis began to think for the first time in her life that her father was a cruel man. She was going off upstairs to cry over the cherry-coloured ribbon—Necklace's last present—when the 'wanter' called her back, and began the conversation by saying—

'Do 'e think at times of marrying, Unis?'

'Ees, father; yew know I do.'

'Hout tout, mun! I 'on't have any soldier for 'e, if that's what ye reckon on.'

Unis pouted, and did her best not to cry.

'There 's a young man as *used* to serve in Her Majesty's army, but give her notice to quit, and joiners and carpenters 'new;' (somebody's heart rose a little bit!) 'He a gude friend o' mine,' (somebody's heart fell again!) 'and he gwine to stay a wake or tew in Zweetery. If yew tew could mak' it up together, I shud be 'mazing glad, sartin zure I shud.'

Unis made a shockingly ugly face, and began to cry.

'Well, little maid, I'm zorry for 'e, but I can't help it; and—and I arn't zure if he arn't at the door this instant minute—I arn't zure, indeed.'

Somebody was certainly at the door, and Unis would have escaped to hide her tears if old David hadn't put his back against the staircase door, and shouted—

'Come in, 'ull 'e—come in!'

How Unis recognised the visitor she can't imagine, for it was getting dusk, and she could hardly see through her tears; but certain it is that she found herself in his arms at the very instant old David bolted out of doors, and left them alone together.

* * * * * *

The 'wanter' laughed so much that evening, and Unis went into such fits of laughing and crying together, that Necklace, who had a good appetite, could hardly eat any supper at all, what with shaking one by the hand and kissing the other. Then there was such a deal to explain, and such a lot to talk about; how old David at his first disappearance had been to see Necklace at the training barracks, and how he had promised, on the condition of Necklace's good behaviour, to buy him out at the end of six months; how he had made Necklace keep this a secret from Unis; how at the end of six months he had fulfilled his promise, and started Necklace as a carpenter in a distant town, still exacting the promise that Unis should be kept in ignorance

how the Squire had promised last week at his daughter's request to give Necklace regular employment on the Home Farm; how upon hearing this old David had sent off at once for Necklace; and how Necklace had thrown up all sorts of profitable jobs, and had accomplished the distance to Sweetery in a less time by half a day than anyone had done it in before. All this and much besides had to be told; so that when Unis had mulled some elderberry-wine, and Necklace and old David sat before the fire drinking it, and Unis watched them, perched on a stool in the chimney-corner; then it happened that the church clock struck ten, and the ringers rang a good-night peal, for it was the Squire's daughter's wedding-day.

And Unis, looking archly in her father's face, said—

'Do 'e mind, father, zaying you was so fir-rm against Necklace as Zweetery church-tower tied to a gate-post?'

'Aye, little maid; and yew zed: "Zweetery church-tower do shakie a bit when the bells do ring."'

PERRIN BROWNE.

Arabs and Training Ships.

By R. Batson.

IV.

It had done raining, and I stood on Westminster Bridge. At hand the senate, the abbey, the wharfs, under me Thames, above me stars, behind me history, around me destitution. Dives kneels surrounded with the mocking paraphernalia of a murdered creed. Lazarus is had up on the cooked-up charge of stealing the dog which licks his sores. Dollinger and Infallibility, Pusey and the Athanasian phantasmagoria, Voysey and heterodoxy, Colenso and figures, Purchas and vestments, Priests and Levites, are all very busy. Some day—should we ever be disposed to give Christianity a trial—hosts of Peabodies and good Samaritans will stir the pulse of the world, instead of the dynamics of solemn tweedldee, and the polemics of "essential" tweedledum. Society strains at the gnat, and swallows the camel—Arab and all. Then it expectorates him in the shape of a criminal of the first, of the unholiest, water. Of course Christianity will go out into the highways and hedges, when it has time. Meanwhile it has something rather more important to do. Scented, gloved, dinner-napkined people are popping their heads out of this church in agony, into that chapel with relief. They chatter about part sectarian massacres; they sob over flame-touched cathedral piles; they postulate the Q. E. D. of the unprovable; they revel in the apotheosis of the impossible; they split the false hairs of theological chignons, after brushing them with ritualistic machinery; they compound ecclesiastical sauces, guaranteed to be equally savoury and medicinal; they frown at honest doubt, just as if he were a twin brother of honest Iago; they stray from church to church, and take return tickets from England to Rome; they are more anxious to disclaim the seven vials than to reclaim the Seven Dials; they hug the dogmas, the scaffolding

of Christianity, bequeathing love, the temple thereof, to picturesque ruins and Atheistic owls. The eclectic battle of the religious styles rages, but pauperdom rots. It is easy to forget these things over turtle and turbot, pheasant and philosophy, walnuts and wines. If to many people life's agony is only the perverted luxury of leisure, why should they bother about the many-headed, whose uneasy vegetation in this sphere, is relieved by an ugly scramble for vulgar food? A Prussian doctor put down the French losses to one circumstance. Every Frenchman thought that one soldier could be spared, and sneaked away. It is so with the army of possessors of the milk of human kindness. Everybody not only says, 'after me the deluge,' but assures himself that his philanthropic services are superfluous, particularly if you go to business in the wharfs, to club in the senate, and to church in the abbey, why should you trouble your head about the small fry paddling in the Thames? Thames is lined with mudlarks. What of it? The little sinners are rather spoiling the dairy of London, by walking about in embryonic cockney butter; but beyond that they may be forgiven for existing. Well, at all events, there are a number—so forgive.

The boys of disorder swarm. Mudlark No. 1, has fished up a bundle of bits of stick; mudlark No. 2, has amassed two or three seasonable scraps of coal; mudlark No. 3, has hauled an old bottle, and the left boot of a bather; mudlark No. 4, has picked out a 2*d*. Petticoat Lane hat, which only wants a little doing up to be almost as good as new; mudlark No. 5, is greedily fingering a bag of soaked sandwiches, the leavings of a festive steamer; and Arab No. 6, has successfully scrambled for the waistcoat of a suicide, with three sixpencies, and the best part of the remains of half a screw of baccy. These are citizens of the good city of London, and lambs of the good religion of Christ.

> O it is monstrous! monstrous!
> Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it:
> The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
> That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
> The name of prosper; it did base my trespass.
> Therefore, my son, i' the ooze is bedded; and
> I'll seek him deeper e'er plummet sounded,
> And with him there lie mudded.

I never yet knew a mudlark to patronise the eupodion boot. These mudlarks swim like the loose fish they are. Give the boy a leather-footing on a training ship. The three types of training ship in existence are all, as I shall show further on, inadequate, not only in

number but in kind. Still so far as they go. they rank among those works which a sensible world would not willingly let die. Suppose we take a loving peep at our chicks—every one of which, I am informed on credible authority. is perfectly human—that are being cooked into sailors on board the 'Chichester.' Happy concurrence of fortuitous atoms! Poor little two-footed, two-armed, two-eyed, tailess members of, at present, un-Darwinian humanity. Well, the routine on the 'Chichester' is, or was, as follows: Our interesting boys wash decks, till seven o'clock breakfast, of bread and chocolate, occasionally porridge; by eight, everything smart for divisions. At the time under consideration, young males amounted to only 200. Each presents a clean set of features, and a tidy head of hair to the eagle-eyed inspector; but this does not satisfy that officer. He strips each boy to the waist: result, the exhibition of straight lithe frames, as free from dirt as driven snow; the stuff is tough, and there is not much spare flesh, till it is filled out by fresh river air, and generous diet. Inspection over, prayers and morning hymn, 'sung in a most spirited manner, without instrumental help.' Those who have heard a piece of sacred minstrelsy, given 'in a most spirited manner, without instrumental help,' in a Sunday school, might carry away a false impression of the character of 'Chichester' ship music. The most pathetic of tenderly beautiful hymns will be sometimes rendered in a Sunday School, with a dash, a relish, and a whirl of rollicking merriment, which not only recals the 'Dashing Dunbar,' but brings into superb relief the lugubrious drilled countenances of their solemn instructors. After the morning hymn has been rendered, 'in a spirited manner,' on the 'Chichester,' the captain reads a chapter, presumably in a spirited manner also; then he says prayers. To these the boys deliver responses, some in amazingly gruff bass, caused by the remarkable climate in which their young voices have been allowed to run wild. After prayers, day's work begins—3 divisions: 1st, for schooling; 2nd, for seamanship aloft; 3rd, for the minor duties of a salt, such as heaving the lead, knotting and splicing, besides repairing their own clothes, which include neither shooting-coats, dress suits, dressing-gowns, nor smoking-caps, though sufficient for the purposes of the juvenile crew. The hours of labour necessitate no strike for the number of the muses, inasmuch as they amount to but six hours a day, from 8·30 to 11·30 a.m., and from 1·30 to 4·30 p.m., regular work. Each of the thre divisions obtain twelve hours instruction weekly. From twelve to fiiteen months is the average time of preparation for the sea; then the waves rise, and so do their wages. The captains who hire 'Chichester' boys, are always pleased with the trained waifs and salted strays. Nor is it only that the boys steer

ships heavily labouring on the China seas. One gave Sir Robert Peel every satisfaction in his yacht on the Mediterranean. System achieves these marvels. The progress of each boy is tabled on a great board, hung up on the main deck, and divided into a number of compartments, so that each boy has against his name a line of little pigeon-holes representing the classes through which he must pass. As he passes each, his pigeon-hole is filled up with a piece of wood till he reaches the last, which is filled with a gold plug, and he is then proclaimed ready for sea. Just three years ago there were about thirty gold plugs in the table, and all the 'gold pluggers' have, I believe, turned out, to the ecstacy of their gratified employers, real nuggets. Along this progress board hung a sextant, a prize for the first 'Chichester' shipboy who should pass his examination for mate. Two were neck and neck. Since then the 'Chichester' *old boy* has asked in the spirit of Ruskinian Latin—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.

or, confining himself to his mother tongue, shouts:

For none knows how to do his duty,
On the main-deck of a beauty,
Like a thorough-bred 'Chichester' Boy.

Occasionally work is knocked over sooner than usual. Music arises in festive clouds. Forte and piano expressions are given in a manner that puts some pretentious choirs to the blush; many of the voices have all that peculiar flavour of hoarsness which a fine schooling in out-door misery is apt to impart, but some beggar description. At 12, ten minutes' skylarking. Then leading hands set out the mess-tables, cut up an enormous loaf of bread, and fetch from the kitchen a tin containing the rations. The culinary department is presided over by the steward and five or six boys in full training as ships' cooks. The diet is good—meat, potatoes, bread four times a week, two days pea-soup, and first-rate 'sea-pie' on Wednesdays. On Sunday we have bread and treacle, without a bit of Squeers' brimstone. On Christmas Day and Queen's Birthday we have jolly plum pudding, and precious good it is, too; better fun than midnight slumbers under the old railway arch, or a morning dose among the hungry sparrows in the park. But, now hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings, or, more strictly speaking, the ship bell strikes for dinner. The dear boys—always equal to an emergency—bravely range at table. Again the tintinnabulator courts the Zephyr; they sing grace, roll a sonorous amen, preserve a judicious reticence while at business, and, having dined, warble a

deliberate expression of their thanks. At half-past one, buzz and activity reign, the school is rigged up, the tailor, shoemaker and carpenter summon their classes, the yards swarm with boys learning to let out and shorten sail; there you see a couple of boats with crews practising the arts of pulling and steering; here a great bath is alive with young swimmers; signal-boy reports a vessel coming down the river. These are old 'Chichester' boys off to sea; they are ripe; the officer of the watch strokes his nose thoughtfully; then he nods. Yards are 'manned,' shipmates are cheered. We are proud of each other, we public 'Chichester' boys are, as you nobs at Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Marlborough with your Balliol scholarships, and scores at Lords of a hundred, with your floreats, and your 'Auld Lang Syne.' Let every English boy stick up for his public ship, or public school, or public something, so long as it be public, above board, on board. When we are young, we use words to express our joy, when old to conceal our self-dissatisfaction; even the mudlark screams with delight, and on a certain famous piece of crowded turf I have heard emanating from Eton and Harrow pipes, whose shrillness tells the time of day, notes not of anguish. A scribe, speaking with authority has written, 'A short time ago, the night having set in, we were passing through a dark street, to the inspection of a school, when a gentleman in the company was addressed with, 'How are you, there?' He looked at the Arab, who turned from him with evident displeasure, saying, 'Oh, I thought you were teacher; if you had been, I'd have shaken hands with you.' This, the writer adds, may be a small fact in itself, but it is a mighty one to show the power of sympathy over these Arabs of the Metropolis.' It also signifies that the Arab has in his bosom the germs at all events of that serene consciousness of innate affable superiority which distinguishes the young gentlemen who wear Light Blue and Dark Blue at Lords, and are sufficiently repulsive to cause some 20,000 Londoners to go and see them. That there is a difference in blood, costume, and other particulars between the Etonian and the Arab may be admitted. Still, a boy's a boy, for a' that. Now, it came to pass, that I dreamed a dream. The poet David, the poet Pinder, and the poet Shakespeare sang 'Of all the flowers I love the lily, of all the valleys I love sweet Death, of all the boys I love sweet Willie, of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the strong lily of the valley of the Sunshine of Life.'

Beautiful Death come and love me to heaven, and love me to Death, Godlike boy. Rock me to sleep, many-wintered Death; and though, Willie, my master, my wealth, my fatherland, while all the windows of the dawn are blazing; crush me with the pure snow of thy joyful bosom, sure token of the exultant, the infinite hereafter. Sing one

more wild, sweet song, lovely boy; thou lord of the spring and the rapture of breath, thou white lily of a blameless life, thou young-eyed one answering the young-eyed cherubim, eternally quiring, beyond the valleys. Then the song of the three poets soared on spotless untiring wings fare away into the Seventh Heaven. David cried passionately, 'Absalon, my boy, my boy!' Shakespeare was 'the slave' of 'the sweet boy' of the sonets. And Pindar died in the arms of a beautiful boy. Were David, Shakespeare, and Pindar fools?

Now peep at the following facts. In the five vessels of the Royal Navy used for training boys for the service, the average number receiving instruction during the year 1870 was 2,450. The number that entered her Majesty's service in the year was 2,870; they are required to engage for long service—that is, ten years from the age of 18. Boys are eligible for entry on board the training-ships between the ages of 15 and 16½. In 1870, 124 boys were discharged on account of illness, incapacity, or misconduct. At the end of the year 2,955 were in the training-vessels; at the end of 1869, 2,421; at the end of 1886, 2,646. Now how neat all this is. What a sense of progress pervades these details. One tit-bit of authentic information follows the other, and all is trim and cosy. It is very pleasant for healthy, capable, and well-conducted people to read that, by the way, in 1870 124 boys were discharged on account of illness, incapacity, or misconduct. But this one fact makes child's play of the whole thing. The training ship, in its first intention, exists to make bad boys good, vicious boys tolerable, tempted boys safe. Ergo, the instant that your boys misconduct themselves discharge them. Send them back into the dens, sties, rookeries, and stews of infamous London. If they are likely to steal, garotte, by all means let them work out sheir destiny. The training-ship seems to be a trap for caging the harmless, and setting the dangerous at large. Now the 124 were the very boys that needed the most looking after. Illness and incapacity when leashed with destitution tend towards misconduct. The 124 were certainly not wanted on board to contaminate their fellows. But still less does society want them to prowl in the streets. It is a thousand pities that that some sterling piece of experienced manhood like Rob Roy should not lick the young cubs into shape, or superintend the machinery of their reformation. True an unattractive boy is a monster, as the *Satnrday Review* says of the unlovely exceptions to the rule of masculine juvenility *optimi pessima corruptio*. But our training-ships neither pretend nor ought directly to aim at the æsthetic. Their business is solid social reform, and purification at its tender and flexible roots. No type of training-ship comes up to the mark. Just where purification is most wanted, they throw up the sponge; just where the

reformers ought to come up smiling they shirk the combat with iniquity by elaborating a fearful moral frown. The training-ships in existence are founded upon three inadequate systems. The 'Cornwall' in the Thames, and the 'Akbar' and 'Clarence' (the latter for Catholic boys) in the Mersey, serve for the reformatory or criminal class; the 'Chichester' in the Thames, and the 'Indefatigable' in the Mersey are founded upon the voluntary principle, and are supported by voluntary contributions; the 'Havannah' at Cardiff is certified under the Industrial School Act of 1861; the 'Wellesley' in the Tyne, and the 'Southampton' at Hull are certified under the Industrial Schools Act of 1866. In other words, our training-ships either reform the boy who who has been a criminal, play at reforming the boy who is not a criminal on the voluntary principle, or they industrialise the vagrant under Government. In neither case is a boy who commits his first crime under these stately reconstructors of the fabric of society so treated that it becomes his last. No, once prove that the Arab wants being carefully looked after, and instead of being 'a brand snatched from the fire,' he is industrially thrown back into the blaze of pinched, reeling, empty-minded, skeleton-key-twisting, knuckle-duster-brandishing, round-the-corner-trick-perpetrating, Bobby-slipping, swag-hunting, police-news-devouring, bloodshot-eyed, raw, ragged, stunted, starved, lost London.

Would it not be as well to have a training-ship devoted to the Arabs who misconduct themselves on training-ships? A more recent illustration of the evil lies at hand: Canon Gregory recorded that the managers of a National School in Holborn had summarily rejected thirty rough boys, whom a Board visitor had sent into their school, on the ground that these thirty boys 'would lower the discipline and injure the teaching of the school.' The rejection is condemned out of its own voice. Indeed, the more it is to be condemned on the grounds of its justification. We certainly do not want thirty boys to lower the discipline, and injure the teaching of any school of brick. But it is precisely for this very reason that we have to apprehend serious disaster from an organized influx of bad boys into the streets, the broad, wicked school of the pavement. It might even be urged that a majority of respectable children would have more influence on the black lambs than the black lambs on them. But I am willing to cast such considerations to the winds. The power of evil is, I fear, in itself a majority, and good children may find it far easier to be bad by bad example, than bad children to be good after good models. The rough children then ought to be kept apart from the respectable. Agreed. But do not let the barrier be that awful gulf which separates children under any sort of educational and moral supervision, and those

to whom education is an undiscovered country, and the word moral presents food only for a stare.

Again, if teachers are justified in objecting to children who will contaminate their plastic innocent charges, it is only on that one ground of 'contamination.' There must be no favouritism in the solemn business of educating and reclaiming. I have spoken from the æsthetic point of view of boyhood, in order, if possible, to lend an attraction to the onerous duty of instructing boys in themselves æsthetically unattrative to a degree. Yet I can imagine no more intrinsically satisfying task than successfully coaxing a malicious little thief and vagabond, by tenderest gradations, up the steep slope to honourable citizenship. Meanwhile, by the latest accounts there is a wavering little army of known Arabs, amounting to the lively tune of 64,539 absent from school. These Abrabs, which the School Board was created to rescue, are neither respectabilities nor paupers, neither well-to-dos nor neer-do-wells. They and their belongings jog along. To add to the ugliness of this colossal social problem, many of the wealthy schools are shut up, owing, as Lord Shaftesbury points out, to the former contributors being either unwilling or unable to give contributions and also pay rates. It is urged that this is only the emigration hobby over aguin. Those who can help themselves will all rush to help. But the poorest of the poor disarm our good offices, debar us from axiliar and even eleemosynary demonstrations, demonstrations, and accept our pressing invitation to go to the devil. When therefore Mr. Reed proposes that 2,500 Arabs should be distributed over the voluntary schools and the Board schools, at the rate 15 per school—a system which is the law in New South Wales—Prebendary Thorold is sufficiently happy in saying that the managers of the voluntary schools would regard it as a great joke. The fifteen would be perfectly destitute, and the penniless are the world's horror, the by-word of all men, a shaking-of-the-head to the nation, for even our own colonists refused English paupers. Everybody will lend a little money to calls in a hired carriage and a borrowed coat to propose the loan. It is only those who, we are sure are farthingless, excite our disgust.

Well, there is another way out of the difficuity, and a very satisfactory one. The Rev. Llewellyn Davies suggests that the very best clue through the labyrinth would be to establish schools of a semi-penal character. In the teeth of this well-meant but inconsiderate proposal Lord Shaftesbury asks, "How is it consistent with Christianity, humane feeling, and common sense thus to brand myriads of these little things of the tenderest years with marks of criminality? I do not hesitate to say, and I have known them long, that for quick-

ness of understanding—warmth of heart—and docility of spirit, they equal to the best of the children of the kingdom."

Illustrations of the truth of this might be adduced as thick as blackberries. But let no one, in the case of an Arab, confound 'warmth of heart' [with courteous reciprocity of overtures. The Arab may like you when he knows you; qut, till then, ware dog, look out for squalls, and ask, 'Is this a dagger'-drawing Arab 'that I see before me?' A school was opened in the East-end. Some ladies and gentlemen appeared as teachers. These they were all perfumes, smiles, dinner-anecdote-hunting, and coudescension. They were ready to inaugurate the studies of the academy. But the ceremony could hardly be pronounced an unqualified success; because the door were drummed, the windows rattled, the pupils were lax, the air was darkenud with a shower of dirt and stones, the lamps were then put, the landlord struggled to close his doors, the neighbours were frightened out of their wits, the gentlemen required exercise and ran for their lives, and the screams of the ladies, albeit they were 'strong-minded,' in pursuit, were more hideous than any which had been heard within the memory of the oldest inhabitant in a quarter almost unique for blasphemy. East-end schools generally commence under auspices similarly startling. But, just as astronomy, with its blessings to commerce, so you cannot tame the Arab, and minnimize the police intelligence for A.D. 1900 without winning your spurs. The Arabs which will murder, commit rape, and gouge the eyes of society, hereafter are not to be tamed without a little trouble. But they are best worth taming. The sturdy little rascal on the stool there, with the clenched lip, will make a clever convict, or a clever constable.

He wants to be in the open air and use his limbs. If you don't prevent it, he'll get locked up for somebody else's crime, come out a desperado, taught by an abandoned fellow-prisoner, or he'll be told in a casual ward that thieving is better than the hospitality extended to the [pauper, both in itself, and in the comparatively comfortable prison which solaces the pickpocket's misfortunes. Sixty-four thousand, five hundred and ninety-nine possible ruffians are not a pleasing prospect. I really don't see why my graudson should be kicked to death, or have his organs of vision scooped out by a practised finger and thumb, because the School Board is morally polishing the neat children, who deserve 'a cup for a good boy,' and letting the scapegraces grow up to furnish items for unborn methodical statisticians, as instances of criminals "who, it was found, could not read and write."

Just imagine 64,559 unfettered fathers, of low-foreheaded families, in our owo country alone, while the scum of every capital in Europe

is soothing its conscience with philanthropic phrases, and crimsoning its claws with contagious bloodshed.

Our older civilisations had luxury, selfishness, and vice to sap their vigour, but the instrument that stamped them to ashes was wielded from without. The blow which threatens our social economy, is no swoop of Goth, Vandal, Gaul, from foreign forests, and of alien blood. If Bismarck found room for this island in the palm of his busy hand, we should be Bismarcked, but civilised still. If our doom comes from an outsider, one civilization will be making a friendly meal out of another civilization, and civilization that will hold its own. No, the danger of the civilization of Europe is the stench, the ignorance, the sickness, the frantic, envious destitution of its mammoth capitals and big cities. Did not the Bishop of Manchester the other day speak of its vast, unfed, and stunted population, and of the Commune of Paris, in a breath? Barbarism is not outside us. It is inside. It is at our heart. It is at the core of the glitter. I know some dozen editors of the London press. I do not know one who does not dread the future. 'Things can't go on at this rate.' Civilization used to be sent to the right-about by human animals who stared at art, and obeyed the fine raw instinct that simplifies the action of the wolf. The human animals abound now, crying with the Commune of Paris, 'I believe in no God, and no man,' loving nothing but itself, with an arch-angelic swagger, and a fiendish swoop, a thing of pruriency and guts, a neglected and dangerous monster, with none of the supreme consolations of heart and head which surrounds the destitution of scholars with a halo of large and lovely joy. Civilised Europe will never be invaded by a savage Africa. But Place is nothing, Force everything, Force everywhere, brute Force, which would pride itself on burning out local spots of poisonous misery in a universal bonfire. And what is this adult brute Force in its germ? Tell them again, my Lord Shaftesbury. It has 'warmth of heart equal to the best children in the country?' Where there is heart there is hope. I know a young lady who almost worships her cats. There must be some good in that Anglo-Egyptian lady. If the Commune had had anything to love or reverence, it would not have been the laughing-stock of disgusted Yurope. If it could have only worshipped the cat, it would not have played the wolf. Why, then, do not the warm-hearted children become cold-blooded men? Why do we waste the good thing? Warm hearts are none too common. Why do we encourage the bad thing? Broken heads are common enough. Remember how easy the change from the good thing to the bad thing must be when hunger stands up and says, 'I am your master, obey me!'—when ignorance whispers, 'There's nothing in the world of importance but

swag and beer!'—when respectable Christianity shouts, 'I thank God I am not as others are, or even as this Arab!'—and when the nucleus of our educational comet swishes 70,000 cubs out of the school-rooms with its tail. Cubs?—who made them so?—not nature, but men—Christian men.

Now, Professor Seeley remarks that it is possible to raise the question whether Christianity has done most harm or good on the whole. Gladstone says no, it is not possible. But inasmuch as his essay on 'Ecce Homo' is an effeminate chuckle of secular Mariolatry, his contradiction ranks least among the daughters of sound. Now, with the greatest respect for the constructive Professor Seeley, and the greatest amazement for the destructive Premier Gladstone, I want to know whether there were no Christians before the Founder of Christianity, who put to shame those who came after him. Were there no Pagans who with chivalrous exactitude would have obeyed the request 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven?' Were the Crusaders better Christians than the sacred phalanx of Thebes? Was the rough Luther a very much truer Christian than the pure and gentle Plato? I believe that the greatest faults of Paganism mostly exist in the imagination of effeminate Christian uncharitableness. I share the astonishment of Matthew Browne, expressed in his article on 'Modesty in Art,' which appears in the September number, of the almost typically Christian theological review, at the narrow-mindedness which in the person of Mr. Thring actually puts into print the dictum that '*all subtle und sweet emotioas* were denied to the Pagan.' Matthew Browne continues, 'Does Mr. Thring know (even by photograph merely, as it is my mislortune to do) a Cupid and Psyche, by Gerard, in the Louvre? Were 'all sweet and subtle emotions' denied to the human creatures, who, feeling after God, if haply they might find him, invented the exquisite myth which inspired that picture? And when criticism has done its worst upon the artist's work, will any sober mortal contend that the unclad Cupid—

Amor, nicht das kind, der Jungling—

has no 'expression,' because he has no bceeches? I assert that, from the top of the finger to *i bei fianchi*—what is good enough for Tasso is good enough for me—and from 'the beautiful flanks' down to the feet, the 'mere shape' of the divine boy is alive with reverence and tenderness. Quite so. And what is good enough for Tasso and Art and Matthew Browne and Modesty, is also good enough for me and my relations to—

THE BOY GOD.

I.

Where thy voice ceases, there is music's close,
And where thy smile is not, none taste the light
Bloom of the peach, aroma of the rose,
Feed all thy honey-sucking lovers day and night,
Searching the pleasant slopes with tremulous delight.

II.

Now as I see thee laving, lovely boy;
Thy white limbs shining in the sun's fierce ray,
The curves which make thy nakedness a joy
Bid all our weary creeds retrace their perfumed way,
And they will come to thee, the penitents, and pray.

III.

Pardon the worship of each water-nymph,
Whose tresses trail, knees ache, and bosom bleeds,
To wipe thy dripping form, to drink the lymph
With her most-favoured locks, to lip the sighing reeds
Beneath thee, still to follow where the boy-god leads.

IV.

Part, lord, the figure of thy precious grace
Between their kisses. Even as lambkins bleat
About the udder, so with thy loved face
Moisten their yearning eyes, and press thy rosy feet
Full on each stooping neck in pity soft and sweet.

V.

Now swoon I dumb with worship, while thy arm
Tightens around me moaning at thy breast,
Save thy displeasure there exists no harm,
Save thy compassionate embrace, there is no rest,
Now I alone—I evermore am blest.

VI.

What manna-raining tenderness is thine!
Say, hast thou found thy slave, and I my master?
Thy beauty overflows me, boy-divine;
Softer than velvet, white as alabaster,
No suckling mother e'er soothed infant faster.

VII.

Boy beautiful—thou perfect, thou supreme,
To look is life, to lose one radiant beam
Who my religion art, my shield from crime,
Death's sting. Even from the cradle to this present rhyme
I multiplied thy face, to fill all space and time.

VIII.

So that whenever I think or dream or pray,
In thee each rose, lark, vine, and rainbow dies,
Through all the ringing planets of the day,
Belts me the boundless naked crowd, young forms, young eyes,
Storms of young laughter, fresh young melodies.

IX.

Ah! Eros—for 'tis he—shakes pinions fairy,
Quick lifts his much-kissed bosom off my lips;
Flown—he has flown—light fragrance, music airy;
Some other roving bee the bright-winged flower sips,
And in far distant waves each luscious organ dips.

X.

Strange waterfalls wreathe into mist and pine,
Fresh water-lilies pale against his thigh;
Some other slave, low at the boy-god's shrine,
Kneels till he, smiling, nods 'lie down, my creature, lie"—
Lies till his languid scorn is ripe and bids him die.

XI.

See how we hate—we who are Christians born
Then mark, in holy writ Platonic, how
True men and honoured lay from eve to morn,
Proud at the doors of boys' beloved, but now
Chivalry lies entombed. Wan, weary, weeping, worn,
I dare adore, thou condescend to scorn.

Under such circumstances, it is instructive to remember that in the 19th century of the Christian era out of 1,600 children between 5 and 17, instructed in 15 ragged schools, 162 had been in prison, 116 had run away from their homes, 170 had slept in iniquitous lodgings, 263 lived by begging, 216 had no shoes or stockings, 280 had no hat or cap, 101 had no body linen, 249 never slept in beds, 68 were the children of convicts, 128 had stepmothers, 306 had lost one or both parents, a large proportion both. What has Christianity done for these boys? Do they derive any benefit from the core of the teaching of Christ—"Little children love one another"?

True, Charles Kingsley has a good dash of 'paganism' about him. Let Birmingham believe what he told her last month:—'I would accustom men's eyes to those precious heirlooms of the human race, the statues of the old Greek—to their tender grandeur, their chaste healfulness, their unconscious (because perfect) might, and say, 'There are tokens to you and all generations of what man could be once, of what he can be again, if he would obey those laws of nature, which are the voice of God.' Well, as Shakespeare said of grafting

so may it be said of training, which alone makes perfect sculpture—the Art itself is Nature. It follows that the art of training is as old as that civilisation which it seeks to heal. Indeed, in former times it used to be practised under advantages now wanting. Whereas the rival champions of the Isis and the Cam enjoy by no means an exceptional salubrity in their fogs and flats. The principal schools of the Roman athletæ were in the healthiest spot of Italy, at Capua and Ravenna—a hint for Ruskin, who wants to be useful. In those days men were men—in these days men are girls. Petticoat on the brain has been the modern disease too long, but the most melancholy symptoms are disappearing. A few more Miss Jex Blakes, and society will be dis-illusionired. "Save us!" will be the cry from this self-asserting mountain of padding and affectation, these piles of feminine heel, these neutralising Grecian bends, these synchronizing womanish struts, womanish stoops, and whiskered idolaters. Save us from this croquet lawn for a sanctuary, this mallet for a pastoral staff, and also save us from cruelty to the yearning fair, the wild majesty of whose infinite devotion is in some instances too sacred for words. God created woman to exercise man's noble organ of compassion. The ancient world knew this was healthy, lived in the open air, neither beat its wife nor worshipped her. There were giants in those days and no woman's rights. Canon Kingsley cracked up Greek statues—Canon Kingsley pitched into female affectation. The link between the eulogy and the stricture was too obvious for Canon Kingsley to mention. Let us take all the carpets up, scour the floor of society well, see if we cannot get a sniff of fresh air, if we cannot wrestle with the masculine problems of real life. Canon Kingsley observes that many people have eyes, and see not—ears, and hear not. How can they when a mountain of petticoats impedes the vision, and a chorus of feminine screams riddles the ear? In old days the croquet lawn was unknown, but athletic sports flourished tolerably. The stately-limbed Greeks had kings for their referees and poets for their reporters. The referee of the Pythian Games was Philip of Macedon, the reporter of the Pythian Games was Pindar. Every line of the burning bard, written in honour of the chaplet of wild olive was repaid in gold. Was ever 'reporter' of athletic sports more eloquent or 'liner' better paid? Well, if we do not cap the victor with laurel, we do cap the Pythian Games with a parallel. Why not reproduce the principles of the Greek gymnasia, as well as the combats of the Pythian Games? Cramped in our crowded urban hives, pale with shopkeeping, poisoned with fetid air, martyrs to the physical deterioration of great cities. I envy Lord Houghton's men of old. The young Greeks, for example, were drilled, bathed, oiled, shampooed. They were taught by accomplished professors to harden the

curves of their limbs, consolidate the knots of their muscles. and develop the beauty of their fibre. Hence they crushed the untrained multitudes of Persia. Can you imagine a Greek mudlark, a Greek croquet player? The fanciful achievement is impossible, Greek men and boys are together at the gymnasium, as they ought to be, forming friendships, organising motives for chivalry, and rooting out all the the tyrants in the world.

Well, said Russeau, 'strip yourself of your civilisation,' seeing that training is civilisation's path back to nature. 'The want of money is all men's disease,' exclaimed Balzac—disease truly. The ledger is the merchant's Bible,' exclaimed Burke—Bible, Prayer-book, and Hymn-book, too. By steam we make long purses and short men. Canon Kingsley refers to the *mens sana in corpore sano;* but the ancients, who applied that oft-quoted maxim, had not our perils to encounter. It was to counteract a tendency dangerous in all ages, but absolutely terrible in this, that Plato, Aristotle, and our own grand, healthy-minded Milton insisted on a physical basis to citizenship. The education of the Greek youth, as we have seen, would have been imperfect without them; and what was the result? It was in Greece, accordingly, that the finest, the healthiest, and the most vigorous forms were produced—forms which live in incomparable marble—forms like Dean Milman's Apollo, 'too fair to worship, too divine to love;' forms which, though dumb, yet speak, and, speaking calmly, pronounce the degeneration of our race. It was all very well, as my old friend with the largest and the warmest circulation in the world, did the other day, to harp on the strength and grace which drill and fencing lend to the figures of our boys and youths. The few who enjoy such exceptional advantages, like the rest of us, grow up into puffing Paterfamilias, pale plutocrats; into bowed human bookworms. and bowing human butterflies; into corpulent vicfims to the table, or stooping slaves to the counter. Let Phidias himself appear at Temple Bar, and how many models would he find for the statues which we so much admire? It is impossible to dismiss the question as romantic. A well-knit frame is the sign of health, the strength of units, the stay of nations. The criterion of good condition or proper training is a smooth, elastic, transparent, good-looking skin. It is a simple fact that an improvement of a nation's appearauce can only be realised co-extensively with the improvement of its physique. Indeed, the 'well-shaped' Greeks themselves made the gymnasium do the solid work of doctors.

It was Herodotus who first applied the regimen of the gymnasium to the removal of disease, which Asccleplades entirely supplanted, with exercises of his own invention and prescription. Thus was demon-

strated long before the brilliant sarcasm of Voltaire, the inadequacy of the guarantee of health and strength which consists in "putting drugs of which we know little into bodies of which we know less." Training is often more wholesome than a plethora of medicine-chests. Many sufferers from gout, obesity, and bilious complaints, would do better, instead of persisting in overdosing, to cease to under-exercise their bodies. Human nature cries for fair play for its limbs; but the whirl of machinery, the agony of competition, the concentration of oppidanism, the shriek of steam stifles.

But why should "Christianity" care for mere stunted untrained Arabs? Pert as sparrows, not so plump, they span the gutters, squat at the mouths of the courts, wear trousers, if at all, up to the knee, tailed coats that trail beneath the heels, live in an atmosphere which in summer is cacodorous, and in raw winter scream, and sing, and shiver. Thus spawn, thus perish our newts and toads, our plucky frogs that never croak, our embryo gaol birds that always warble. When your Arab is not starving, he is in the highest spirits. He may be coated with nothing more substantial than snow, but to the votaries of a civilised despair, his careless shout is as a barometer pointing to set fair, as a musical snuff-box which of itself performs lively tunes, as Punch is when good-humouredly tapping the cranium of Judy, as the man who has just come into a thumping legacy, or into parliament, or this instant won the woolsack, or the Derby. His felicity is a perpetual motion of shocks of natural self-sufficiency, only broken by empty, aggressive, inexorable craving for something to eat. When we consider his surroundings, this phenomenon is as incongruous as salmon-fishing out of the Langham windows, or a fox-hunt among the fountains of Trafalgar Square. Alleys, long and narrow, like tobacco-pipes, drains and stagnant pools, which on being touched by the silver-nobbed cane of a wandering Bacchanal, emit a mephitic coruscation, a poisonous gas like that of soda-water, which constitutes his only need, walls black with damp and slime, oozy passages squeezing the arm of the explorer, odours novel, but not of Rimmell, wardrobes picturesque, but not of Poole, a silence broken not by the twang of stringed instruments, or the tones of dreamy nightingales, but by the howls of fury, of pugnacity, and intoxication, an apartment graced by the wretched ghost of a one-legged stool, an atmosphere of sleepy headache, a common bed of rags, emulating the nastiness of the floor, for all ages and both sexes; it is among such things as these that the Arab can exult. His mercurial out-of-door life and temper prevents his taking a funereal view of things, and he manages to pick up crumbs of comfort anywhere. A penny gaff, a threepenny music-hall, shilling theatre with eel-pie supper, this is his rollicking treat of treats.

His love for these things is a delusion and a snare, as is proved by the marine stores. On one occasion an Arab coolly sold nine pounds of human bones to a marine store-dealer living at Tanner's Hill, Deptford. The discovery of the precise character of the goods was not made till after his departure. The transaction, however grotesque, is useful as bringing into strong relief a host of equivocal tradesmen who (and I am now making no personal reference) are, by stretch of courtesy, called marine store-dealers, but are, in point of fact, licensed receivers of stolen goods. The courts and back streets of our great city abound in significant notices, printed in mammoth type, an amusing but literally accurate sample of which has been published by the *Edinburgh Review*. "Do you want money? Come to the Black Doll and get it. Twopence per lb. for rags and tailors' trimmings; 1d. per lb. for rags and tailors' trimmings; 1d. per pound for paper; 6d. per lb. for horsehair; 2d. for kitchen-stuff; something for anything and everybody.' Such an announcement is, of course, the Paradise of the unfortunate, unprincipled errand-boy, who has so much to carry and pilfer from, that he ascertains to be saleable. It presents a still more terrible temptation to the poor, foodless, penniless gutter-child. Is it not natural that he should grasp at such a chance of putting something into his mouth and pocket—at so tempting a passport to some delightful hall of entertainment, glaring with gas and sensational with song? Then the apprentice thinks that 'the governor' would not miss one of his tools, and the page feels sure his master could spare a bottle. Now, in the face of such eloquent incentives to crime, as these marine stores, why does not Government enforce upon the dealers an exact register of all their purchases, and a suspension of their traffic before dusk? Take an illustration. Sydney Edward Smith, an errand-boy, in company with a porter named Pearson, was convicted at the Guildhall for stealing silk, the property of Mr. Goss, No. 64, Bartholomew Close, to the value of £40. This he handed over to an accomplished tactitian in such matters—to a prostitute living in the Goswell Road—named Polly. She sold it for £1 18s. 6d.; 13s. 4d. falling to his share, an equal sum to that of Pearson, and Polly retaining the remainder. Now while I have no wish to exonerate Master Smith, it is difficult to resist the conviction that there must be something rotten in the state of the English system of law which pounces upon him and his tribe, but takes no steps to thwart the career of criminals typified by the more abandoned Polly. Then the proprietor of the marine store, or whatever 'crib' it was, in which, on purchsing £40 of silk, a prefit was made of over £38, ought to be traced to his lair. In fact, the entire case most fotcibly points one of my suggestions touching such depositories of stolen goods. Had an exact register

of all such purchases been enforced, who would have cared to enter on his books the suspicious item of £40, precisely corresponding to a publicly known loss in a warehouse, with the prospect of its being carefully scrutinized by a Government inspector? What boy, again, would ever, for his own sake, steal such valuables as silk at all? Meanwhile, under our present system, the adult who derives nearly all the benefit of the depredation for which the child suffers, is at large, chuckling no doubt over the briskness of the trade and the inability of the law to distub him in the enjoyment of its magnificent proceeds. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that during the year 1870 there was a gallant little army of 112 men and 28 women, sappers and miners of the foundations of youthful virtue, receivers of stolen goods. But 'leading business' is not silk, so much as lead and iron. Two or three samples must suffice. More fell than Sparta, hunger, or the sea; less afraid of hidden crevasses than the best chamois-hunters in the Alps, or than such mountain-scaling tip-top guides as Croz or Anderegg, the Bow Street Committee, the metal-pilfering scourge and terror of unroofed shopkeepers—were sentenced to various terms of incarceration. Then for six weeks they glided day by day out of cells, night by night on to roofs. Two of the brighter stars of the gang stripped lead to the tune of £2 or £3 off the roof of an unoccupied house in Bow Common Lane. The bucks, rook and buck, were rooked. The adventurous rook, while soaring among skylights, 'flying the blue dove,' had been crippled before—caged in fact for six months—while three baffled swag-hunts in Bow and Poplar immortalise the again-winged high-flyer rook. The pair were incarcerated once more. *Cui bono?* Simply to oscillate from swag to prison, from prison to swag.

It is even less use 'committing' such boys, than women who have been 'committed' for drink, and to drink all their lives. If crime is habit, why should its cure be spasm? An Arab of six knows how to lay hold of any metal, lead, gold, iron, silver, or even copper reposing in a till. Now they steal very little coin, their opportunities being limited. But they can at once turn the lead and iron into money. How many respectable adults would be at once able to rid themselves of such ponderous suspicions-looking goods in this lucrative manner? Whether our disreputable juniors like Buckle 19, Rook 18, 'fly the blue dove' in Bow-common Lane, or whether, like Patrick Mahony, 14, they prefer to bag-screw from the Regent's-canal Dock, or whether, with John Chamberlain and party it pleases them to wrench up the railing from a family tomb in Victoria Park Cemetery, they one and all find a dealer in old metal 'to enable them to utilise their depredations.' Here, then, surely is the target at which the arrowy acumen of legal shafts should aim; you may roll a human whisky-tub out of a whisky shop; he rolls

back. You may cage the nimble limbs of a young thief for six months, but you do not thereby freeze the hot young blood. The longer you cage him, the more he longs to 'fly the blue dove' again. Why not aim at the roots of the evils—the desire to drink to excess of intoxicating liquors, the opportunity of selling stolen metals? It might be imagined that the quantity of base metal, which it is legal to buy, is so large as to clear the field of these petty thefts. Not a bit of it. Arabs can combine like grown-up workmen. It has been rather the habit to fancy that because the multiplicity of cyphers amounts itself to but a cypher, the amalgam of working men can not present any really very momentous opposition to such social forces as wealth, character, and education. But it is the stones, which are chipped into the minutest fragments, which form the smoothest, firmest road. It is because of their similarity of circumstances, and, comparatively speaking, of mental cast, that what society calls its simpler and lower elements aggregate into uniform masses with so formidable a facility. It is just because the apex of popular ignorance is so insignificantly minute, that it is the apex, that it acts as head to the solid pyramid, the broad basis of which is the resultant of misapplied energies and wasted force, that all the component characteristics of trade-unionism find in it a common culminating dangerous centre. The little Arabs have still less difficulty in welding themselves into a compact mass. They club together, scrape up as much metal as they can, and get a respectable-looking man to sell it. As the Arab 'flies the blue dove,' from one point of view he is sublime; he knows what he wants. Beneath the tiles which he unlooses, an adult is fast himself making a tile loose in his own upper story. The Arab is quite certain, as he moves about the roof, that he wants slate; but the man beneath him is not at all certain whether or not Biogeny always takes the form of Homogenesis, and the organism produced is the counterpart of its antecedent, or occupies a point in the cycle of life of the same species, or whether there may be Xenogenesis, or the production of animals foreign in nature and species, to those from which they received life.

The adult's brain is 'encumbered with too much serving' with too loyal a devotion to his never-to-be-appeased curiosity. The Arab on the next roof knows what he wants. Not so the man, in the chamber below, who does not know whether he prefers the German literature, that runs on daintily making pretty verses about Love and Wine, God and Virtue, Spring and Fatherland, or the iron striving after the true and beautiful, distinguishing the German iterature stamped by Lessing Winkelmann, Kant, Moser, Hamann and Herder. The Arab on the next roof knows to a T, to a tile what he wants,—slate. The man under the table n the unroofed garret doos not know whether he wants

more brandy or more beer. It is not till the next morning that these gentlemen, having desisted from their fruitless aspirations after the Great Unknown, nevertheless reach the lofty altitude of positive certainty calmly trodden by the arab the night before, and like him enjoy the absolute knowledge of what they want. It is the slate which has gone to the marine stores. It is sufficiently clear that boys who can 'fly the blue dove' are likely to be able to climb a mast. A fact which is less obvious, but equally true is that the Arab in some cases is able to fly the blue poetic bird up Parnassus. Quoth Mortimer Collins in the Marquis and the Merchant. 'People squabble over a Bishop of Exeter, who seems to tread on heresy; they do not stir a finger to rescue from poverty one street-boy, who will be a thief, but who might perchance be a Shakespeare; and, therefore, worth more than all the prelates and priests of all the churches. How can men dare to waste in this foolish fashion the imperishable blood which filled the veins of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron?" Precisely so. The loss to scienee, to art, to literature caused by destitution will never be known. But the host of our poets who have been Arabs or small tradesmen is so large that like Darwinism it points a moral and adorns a jail. The lower you go, the more lyrists you haul. For the purpose of sounding the soft, sweet places of the heart, the surface of the senate is too wide; of the cloister to severe, of the drawing-room too refined. Bards like fish often lie at the bottom of the scale. There is a striking affinity between the fire of the priceless Muse and that of the vendable fusee. How many mute inglorious Miltons are there in a million Arabs? If there's one, let's have him. How many counterparts of the white Swan of Avon have there ever lurked in the black mudlarks of the Thames? Lord Lytton says that the cleverest man meets a cleverer. But the stars have no inspiration for a clever poet's eye in a hungry frenzy rolling. You must first body forth your own shape with flesh before you body forth the shapes of things unknown. You can not give the most ætherial touch of tenderness divine a name, while your name is Nobody's Child, or a local habitation while your local habitation is a kennel. Head it above the Slough of Despond, before you paint this bank and shoal of time. And then it may be, you may show that Parnassus has been the public school of song. Yes, in spite of the heriditary genius argument, innumerable instances go to prove that genius flashes in an eccentric orbit of its own, quite independently of antecedents. Pope, Southey, John Scott, and John Byrom, who certainly did not bequeath 'the vision and faculty divine' to their children, as certainly had for their fathers linendrapers of the ordinary stamp.

Among other illustrations of nature's caprice in the teeth of the

neatest theories of man, Cowley was the son of a grocer; Cawthorne, of an upholsterer; Falcon, of a barber; Isaac Watts, of a shoemaker; Prior, probably of a joiner; Davies, though the point has been disputed by Anthony Wood, of a tanner; William Whitehead, of a baker; and Paul Whitehead, of a tailor. The male parents of Dyer, Blackmore, and Davenant agreed in being sufficiently tame nonentities, but different in their respective capacities of solicitor, attorney, and innkeeper. It was a wine-cooper whose fatherly pride was flattered by the powers of Cunningham. Chatterton was the scion of a writing usher; Dodsley, of the master of a free school; while Gray, 'the most learned poet since Milton,' was, like him, the offspring of a scrivener. Logan, Wilkie, and Beattie were the children of farmers. Keats had reason to know the secrets of the stable; Shakespeare's father was a glover and yeoman as well as, according to Rowe, 'a considerable dealer in wool,' and, according to Aubrey, 'a butcher.' Perhaps the most forcible illustration possible of the frequent contrast between the homely pursuits of a father, and the delicate sensibilities of his son may be gathered from the spectacle of a butcher's boy alternately serving his father by disburdening his head of a beef-laden tray at a customer's door, and obeying the dictates of nature in disburdening his heart of an impassioned sonnet to his mistress, or his imagination of a weird ode to the moon. The poet Akenside was such a butcher's boy. So was the scholar and poetic genius for the honour of possessing and exhibiting whose monument the chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, and the church of All Saints' parish, in that hero-worshipping city two years ago contended with so honourably keen an emulation, Henry Kirke White. When genius has opportunities and loses them, I pity genius. When genius has no opportunities to lose, I pity society. And depend upon it, when thousands upon thousands have not a crust, in the case of some of them, society loses more than a crust-worth of happiness, pathos, and wisdom. For one poor boy, whose success adorns the 'Self-help' of a Smiles, there are hundreds with brains and mental powers who cannot surmount the mountains of difficulty which intercept the pursuit of knowledge. Imagine the pain. Look you, Milton went to Cambridge at sixteen, of low parentage and all the native force it could give him. Plant him with nothing but a run of bad luck, or what is so called in the lowest slums of Whitechapel. No 'Paradise Lost,' no vigorous pamphlets, no secretaryship to Cromwell, only hunger and heart-burning. Or, never mind the question of parentage, take and pitchfork into the East End moral desert of Sahara, Bacon and Barrow, who went to Cambridge at thirteen, Hooker who was packed to Oxford at fifteen, Seldon and Hobbes at fourteen, Bentham at twelve, and Donne at ten, Berkeley, who was

planted at Trinity, Dublin, at fifteen, Burke, at fourteen, George Buchanan, who was despatched to Paris at fifteen, Hugo Grotius, who joined Leyden before he was twelve, what angry, fierce, miserable Arabs some of these would have been. We read of Grub Street, and the fraternizing brace of *literati*, who took it in turns to go out in their one pair of trousers. Burke's 'Sublime and Beautiful' would have been only an anguish if it had been crushed for want of breeches.

What an awful waste there is in human nature! There are sensitive, isolated scraps of juvenile humanity, gifted with the cream of every advantage which can belong to human body, mind, soul—but they never have a chance. In a future state they might rejoice to celebrate all the harvest moons of Jupiter. In this planet, of spiritual, mental, physical food, they scarce can boast a crumb. But the lungs must breathe, and the belly must receive, and the back must wear what looks like something if only the ghost of a rag, and the bobby must frown, and the pal must curse, and the open pocket must tempt, and the boy must be lost. The optimist shrugs his shoulders. It must be so. Yes, it must be so; and the optimist puts out his plate for the leg of a pheasant, for it must be so. And that's all he's got to say and to do all his life. Some brain starves. Some stolidity fattens. Make no mistake, however, Master Communist—don't confuse the particular with the universal. Revolution for everybody is an illogical cure for the grievances of some. Nevertheless, human nature is valuable raw material as well as cotton.

Now, why do not Dives and Company, instead of toasting Lazarus help him? So ask a piercing chorus of ladies and gentlemen, blessed with more benevolence than funds. In goes their mite. Now let Dives give his million. The answer is as clear as noon. If the world worshipped charity as heartily as it recommends it, charity would be a drug. Philanthropists would be as plentiful as plutocrats. What is esteemed will be done. Where approval is leader, action is mob. The Homeric warrior, the Roman citizen, the mediæval saint, are types called into being by the specific preference of the age. What made the sacred phalanx of Thebes heroic?—Opinion! What made the practice of the palmy days of the Roman Republic and of the French, English, and Dutch Revolutions?—Opinion! What made the martyrs?—Opinion! Fête, lionise, canonise working philanthropists. Let 'dash' mean thumping coins into worthy palms. Let 'go' mean Tom giving his shirt to Bell. Let 'roaring young blades' mean gluttons of benevolence, drunkards of kindness, brilliant debauchees in the lovely luxury of charity. Let 'the swell thing' be not to sport stud horses, carriages, estates in endless profusion, but a brilliant, eager love.

She Being Dead.

By Compton Reade.

The following is the statement of May Nutt, lately domestic servant in the employ of Mrs. Dentry, of Cleve Manor Houses, No. 2, Cleve, Thameshire. It was drawn up at the request of the late George Wainwright, Esq., and was found in his breast pocket, after the battle of Bull's Run, where he fell a volunteer in the Southern cause:—

You have asked me, Mr. George, to write the whole sad tale from end to end; and so will I do to the best of my ability, who am but a poor scholar, though I did receive the best of instruction from the writing-master that was had in years back to learn my darling Miss Florence; and likewise, having been treated from girlhood more like a friend than a servant, am able, perhaps, to enter more fully into the feelings of those who always gave me their conffdence.

You enquire how it came to pass that I, May Nutt, daughter of the Cleve blacksmith grew to be so intimate with my betters? Well, Mr. George, uow that the whole game's played out, and you are just about to leave your native land, as one may say, for ever, and they are all under the churchyard sod except one, who ought to be by rights, and should be if I had my way, and I am left to live out the rest of my days as best I can, I'll out with the whole truth. You take my word for it, people in this world never get to be loved, except they begin by loving, and people who ain't loved, ain't usually trusted. That was the case with me, I began by loving, I ended by being loved; yes, very warmly, and trusted as you'd trust your Bible, or your Sacrament.

When old Squire Cleve, of Cleve Manor, died, without a will, and his two nieces came into the Cleve Estate as next heirs, their respective husbands couldn't agree about the division of the property, so it was sold to Mr. Dodd, the builder. Well, somehow Cleve Manor-house wouldn't let. People said it was too close to the road on one side, to the river on the other. Mr. Dodd, I suppose, found he'd got a bad bargain; at all events, he felt that something must be done with

the house, and that if so be as no grandee would take it, mayhap it might suit some people who hadn't got quite such extra-fine notions. So he cuts the house in two, and a difficult job it was, and badly done. You see the big dining-room, and big drawing-room, and best bedroom, all were situate in the centre of Cleve House. Well, he runs a thin partition right through each of those rooms, battening I think he called it, and then he divided the garden and sweep, and everything by a fence, and, in short, turned the old house into Cleve Manor houses, Nos. 1 and 2. Then he advertised both to be let.

They let on the same day. Mr. Macarthy took No. 1 and Mrs. Dentry No. 2. You don't remember Mr. Macarthy? He was the handsomest man my eyes ever beheld, with just the same beautiful smile that Miss Florence had, and teeth like pearls, and the darkest blue eyes. There's no use for me, Mr. George, to tell the half of the truth. I loved him with all the love of girlhood, and I've never loved a man since. He was a bachelor in those days, and he used to come down to the forge, for he was very fond of father, and one day he fell in with me, and he did but give one or two looks with those eyes, and just one kiss—it was only fun, he had a free way with him being an Irishman—and my heart was gone. But I wasn't fit for him; no, neither by looks nor learning, nor fortune. I knew that, and I wasn't jealous, though I did have a good cry when he brought home to Manor Houses a wife, who, I learnt afterwards, to be worthy of any man's love, even of his. Time went on, and Miss Florence was born, and after a bit they wanted a nurse. I could have got many a better situation, to say nothing of Wilder, the grocer, having offered me marriage, but I chose to go and tend his child. Mrs. Macarthy soon found out that I was doing my duty by the little one, more as a mother than a hireling. She discovered later on even more—that I was spending a good slice of my wages on Miss Florence; and, though she never so much as guessed the reason why I loved the child so dearly, she did not fail to appreciate my devotion, as she called it. Then came Mr. Macarthy's sudden illness—gastric fever—and his early death. I nursed him to the very last. I almost killed myself with over exertion, and I did think, after all was over, that I should have died of grief. But I was spared, and as Miss Florence began to grow up the image of him, whom I had loved, can you wonder that I loved her so heartily?

Now I have observed that most young ladies about seventeen form violent friendships with each other. In this respect, Miss Florence differed from all others. When she was nearly eighteen, she had no friend that you could call friend. Miss Dentry, next door, who was at least twenty-two, pretended to be very fond of her. But there, you Mr. George, know Ellen Dentry only too well. Then your sister,

Miss Fanny Wainwright, at the vicarage, used to get on with her; that was about all—they were not friends. And there was Miss Lavinia Archball, the great heiress, at 'The Cedars;' well, I think she was too patronising. Indeed, of all Ellen Dentry was most in favour with Miss Florence, because she was most attentiv, and would demean herself like to ask favours, and when she got them, pretend to be ever so grateful; a bad lot is she if ever I came across one, and I hope she'll get her due somewhere or other, this, or t'other side of the grave. Thus, sir, I've got almost as far in my story as the time when you came from college, and all the girls' heads were turned round by your good looks. You were away a smart bit at your learning, and travelling, and all that, and Mr. Wainwright, he only got the living given him just about the time that Miss Florence grew into a young woman, so you don't remember her as a bud; you only saw her as a blossom. She was very lovely as both. Often I thought her too beautiful, too different like for the world—as indeed, alas! it proved.

I must not forget to mention her affection for her great retriever dog Carl. I do not think, sir, that even you could guage this. To form an idea of how deep it was, you must comprehend how comparatively lonely her young life had been, spent as it was almost wholly in the society of her mother, who was as matter-of-fact as she was romantic, and me, who at best, am but a superior servant. She would tell me that her books, her music, and her dog were all the companions she asked; but I felt that all three tended to foster in her a peculiar state of mind, anything but favourable to her real happiness. As regards the dog, she had brought him up by hand from a pup, and he had pulled her out of the river one day when she had an accident with the boat. She always said that he saved her life; perhaps he did. Anyhow she got to be very fond of him afterwards. Much as her mamma disliked it she would have this big animal in the house, indeed, he slept at the foot of her bed. The dog was a good dog, and well behaved; but she was too fond of him according to my notions.

Well, Mr. George, I've little doubt, but that when you came home from your travels to fulfil your engagement to Miss Archball, and happened to meet my beautiful young mistress, you made the mistake of thinking that she was like every other young lady in respect of common sense, and worldly wisdom, and all that. If only some kind friend could have told you what she was, you might have left her to herself, and it would have been best for you both. For you at all events; for having pledged your troth to one young lady, you ought not to have flung her over for another, however beautiful that other might be.

Forgive my freedom, sir, if I allude to one other topic. I have heard since, that years back, when she was quite a girl, you secured the affections of Ellen Dentry. As her mother would never have consented to her marrying a man like yourself, of no fortune, you could not propose marriage: so after a bit you broke off your correspondence with her, as you said, for her good. The sequel will prove to you the folly and wickedness of a young man, blessed with a handsome face, and bright manners, trifling with a girl's affections. She never was a good girl; you made of her a demon, and as it turned out, the weapon of revenge dropped into her hands, how you must now be fully aware. As I sit and reflect on the past, and see how circumstances dove-tail, I am not surprised, that when you first saw together, on Mrs. Dentry's lawn, Miss Lavinia and Miss Florence, you should have given the preference to my darling mistress. I believe that any man would have thought himself fortunate to have secured her smile. Whereas Miss Archball, for all her large fortune, seemed to me as common-place as a kitchen-maid. And yet she was not so bad looking either; but it is not altogether looks that makes beauty: its manner, and nice ways, and a sort of delicacy that none, except real ladies possess, and, as I've heard on the best authority, Miss Lavinia, though an heiress, wasn't that by birth at all events.

I've heard tell, sir, that when you jilted Miss Lavinia, your father was in a terrible state. It is no news to you that Mr. Wainwright was heavy in debt, nor that he looked to Miss Archball's fortune to help him over the stile, as the saying goes. The wonder to me is, that you made so very sure of the new love, before you were fairly off with the old. Right, however, you were, in your calculation. For Miss Florence, she flung her white arms round my neck, just after she had said her prayers—it was that night when you helped her to moor her boat to the willow tree, at the bottom of our garden—and she whispers ever so softly—

'May, dear, I've got a new sensation.'

'What's that, child?' asks I.

'I don't know,' and she falls to a laughing.

'I can guess, I think,' says I, a trifle solemnly perchance.

'Then I'd rather you didn't. Good night.' And with that she pops into bed, and I was just marching off rather vexed like, when she cries after me, 'May, come back!' Back I came: then she blushes a little, and hides her pretty face in the bed-clothes.

'Well?' says I.

'Do you think he is nice?' she asks quite suddenly, with amazing innocence too.

It was my turn to be sly now. 'Who's he?' I observed drily.

'Why, George Wainwright, to be sure.'

I forget what I said more, or how the talk went on, but I do remember this much, that comparing her feelings with mine twenty years back for her own father, I could but own a most remarkable resemblance. I know I was under an hallucination. I am pretty certain Miss Florence was as bad, or even worse, for she was much more wilful.

I think it was about a week after that—you had been more than once to our house, and by certain unmistakeable symptoms I had quite satisfied my mind as to how the land lay, when I chanced to overhear her talking to her dog. She had a way of talking to him; very odd it was, and very unlike a reasonable being I used to think, not being much given to romance myself.

'Carl!' she cries, ever so loud, as if she was very excited. 'Indeed, indeed, I do love you, Carl, better even than I do him; and you *would* like to have a master, Carl, and he will be so kind to you, because you saved my poor life, and we'll all be happy together, Carl; and you won't think me unfaithful to you, my best and first love, will you, dear?'

She was crying, I am certain, but I did not dare step in to see. In fact, I never could listen with patience to these speeches to a dumb animal, who could not understand a syllable she was saying.

That same evening she told me that you had asked her, and she had said, 'Yes.'

On the morrow, the news having spread, and Mrs. Macarthy being uncommon pleasant, having written at least twenty letters on the subject, down comes Miss Ellen Dentry upon us. To see her kiss and fondle my darling girl like she-Judas as she is, and beg to be bridesmaid, and make such a mighty fuss—I was almost disgusted at the time, and I cannot bear to think of it now. Miss Florence was taken in by her slyness. She told me that Ellen Dentry was really quite a nice, unsophisticated, unselfish girl, and a very good friend of hers. Somehow, when not with you, Mr. George, she was always next door, or else Miss Ellen was in our house, whispering and chattering nineteen to the dozen, till Mrs. Macarthy, who was sickening by degrees for her last great change, remarked to me that it was a positive nuisance.

And so it was.

'You were a good lover, Mr. George, very gentle, and smiling, and attentive, and all that. I favoured your suit right heartily, though you had played Miss Archball false. I can tell you, however, a secret, and that is that you very nearly lost her at the last moment.

You may not remember the circumstance, but one night, about twilight, before the candles came in, you and Miss Florence had been alone in the library, and as you came out, it being dark, you stepped heavily on Carl, who yelled out with pain. Now you ought to have said you were sorry, but you only laughed and ran on into the drawing-room. I was in the hall, and saw my young lady's face change to a look of cruel distress and anger as she knelt down and kissed the dog's hurt foot. You did not know her sir: not you. I may say you did not appreciate half her strange ways of thinking. You were as ignorant of the mind of Florence Macarthy as a stranger, or you would have felt uncomfortable that she was absent from the drawing-room one whole hour. Perchance too you might have perceived, when she did return, that her eyes were strangely red. She had been crying, sir, convulsively, and you may thank May Nutt for having whispered to her that she should not be ready fo take offence when none was meant. It was I who saved a quarrel. You may ask, why did she not reproach you with a disregard for her feelings? I answer, she dared not trust herself to broach the subject. So much more attached was she to that animal than was consistent with common-sense, that she was wont to be very silent about him to all the world except to me and her mamma. She did begin to prattle to you about Carl, but I'm afraid, from a hint she dropt, that you did not respond to her warm notions of affection for him. She would have dearly liked to take him on her wedding tour, and, indeed, was sorely perplexed about leaving him behind. However, I comforted her by promising faithfully to send a daily account of his health.

'But,' she said, 'poor dear, he will fret himself to death.'

I thought not: but I will own that it was an odd circumstance that the dog did refuse his food for two days, till Tim the stable-boy cheered him up with a chase after a bagged rabbit,, after which he recovered rapidly.

Ah, Mr. George, when I think on that wedding-day, I could sob my old heart out. My darling looked so radiant that I could have fallen down and worshipped her. I was proud of you too: you looked a bridegroom well worthy of such a bride. Miss Florence never shed a tear at wishing her mamma or me goodbye. I asked her if she was quite happy—I mean after the ceremony was over, and she had come upstairs to change her dress—and she gave me no answer at first. Then she whispered in a funny way, 'I am his now. I know I love him, do you think he loves me?' What put this idea into her brain at such a moment I cannot guess, but it seemed almost to weigh upon her; so much so that she was going away without wishing Carl good-

bye. I had got him quietly locked up in the store-room for fear of a scene.

She was halfway downstairs, and I could hear the horses impatiently beating the stones outside, and your voice calling to her, when she recollected the dog, and turned back. I was vexed at my manœuvre having failed, but I ran and brought him to her up the back stairs. At the sight of him she turned pale, and I thought she would faint. It was a great struggle for her, that parting with Carl; I think she must have had a good five minutes of hysterical sobbing, without a tear in her eye, ere ever I could induce her to leave him, and she came to you at the hall door, I well remember, quite a contrast to the lovely bride of three hours ago, haggard, black under the eyes, and with a strange, wild look, as of fright at some nameless fear.

In a trice, for good or for bad, you two were gone, and I saw her no more for three long months.

You were summoned home by my telegram, announcing the dangerous condition of poor Mrs. Macarthy. You arrived to find that she had breathed her last. I watched your tender care for your young wife under these trying circumstances. To do you nothing short of ample justice, Mr. George, it was everything that could be desired. You seemed to participate in her great grief, whilst I am sure you did all in your power to assuage it. Up to this moment, as far as I can form a judgment, there could have been no foundation for such a thing as a suspicion that you did not love your wife. On the contrary appearance went to prove that you had given her more than the ordinary affection a man bestows on a woman. You were certainly as much lover as husband.

Then followed those interviews with Mr. Greenway, the Cleve lawyer, and you learnt that you had not married, as you imagined, a lady of even moderate fortune. Poor Mrs. Macarthy had been living for some years on her capital. There remained only the lease of Manor Houses, No. 1, ready for occupation, and a small sum of money invested, the interest on which would be sufficient for a married couple to live upon with strict economy. You had been educated for the Church, but I was told that you didn't like the thought of that profession, and no wonder, for you were too gay and high-spirited for a parson. So it came to pass that you settled down in your wife's old home without any very definite plans for the future.

I confess, sir, that I could hardly believe my ears when Miss Florence, that is, I beg pardon, Mrs. Wainwright, came and told me that she had asked Mrs. Dentry to give me the place of her Ann, who was leaving on account of ill-health. I felt that knocked down—how-

ever, I won't speak of myself. The misfortune really was hers, poor child, not mine.

'Havn't I loved you, and nursed you, and been a mother to you?' I says, or rather sobs, for my heart was fit to break.

'It isn't me, dear May,' she answers ever so soothingly, 'Indeed, indeed, it isn't me; it's him, he says so.'

'I'll ask him the reason why,' I cries indignantly.

'No, no, no!' she begs of me, laying her little white hand on my arm, 'You wouldn't like to make ill-blood between me and my husband, would you, May?'

Sir, I was silenced, but not convinced. I took to hating and suspecting of you from that very moment. I would have slaved for you both without wage, without so much as food, if you would but have kept me on. As it was you got into your house the veriest slut of a maid-of-all-work, who made you both uncomfortable, besides robbing you right and left.

'Never mind, dear May,' says my darling, 'You won't be so far off; only next door, you know, and I shall see you every day, and perhaps some day George may alter his mind, and I may have you back again.'

'Never, child,' I replies, 'Never as long as my name's May Nutt will I serve a gentleman who has turned me out of doors without provocation. I couldn't have believed it of him. No: not if you had sworn it on the Gospel, I couldn't.'

She never answered, but she laughed in a strange, quiet way. I didn't like her laughing. It seemed so odd. However, I said nothing, and I went next door, and a fine change in my life it was, I promise you.

Mrs. Dentry was a strange, silent sort of body; so likewise was her daughter Ellen. The old lady was always a muttering about her nerves. If so much as the table creaked, or a poker rattled in the fender, she was in a fantigue. Every one in the house whispered, and as for a laugh—— There! it was the dreariest habitation, sir, my feet ever entered; an undertaker's life couldn't be much worse than mine was while I was there.

When Mr. Dodd cut the old house in two, he divided it as fairly as he could. The drawing-room made into two exact halves, but the best bed-room overhead didn't divide so even. Number 1 got two-thirds of the room, Number 2 the other third. Thus it happened, sir, that while one portion of this room was fit for gentle-folks, the detached part was always used in the other house as a servant's room, and was thus assigned to me. Hence, unwillingly, I overheard all you said after you went up-stairs, for the battening was

so thin that every word spoken above a whisper came through quite plain.

Maybe you might have found out how much you were talking in public, if it hadn't been for the unnatural quietness of those Dentrys.

But then, bless you, they heard every syllable you two used to say in the drawing-room, the cats——, and made good use of what they did hear, too. I'll prove what I assert. She, Miss Florence that was, used to call you 'Bee-bee." I don't know what could have induced her to give you such an out of the way name, but they do say that young married women are apt to be silly. Too much happiness, I suppose, turns their poor soft young heads. Now these two creatures in Number two was always making sly remarks about this word 'Bee-bee." They didn't laugh over it exactly, I'd a forgiven that, but they seemed to sneer like, especially when, my dear, owing to your absence at Oxford about degrees, or something I don't rightly understand what, used to be a goodish bit in Number 2. Now, strange to say, I could not bear to find my young mistress, and Miss Ellen Dentry, getting so marvellous confidential. It somehow seemed to bode no good. There was a nasty snaky look about that girl Dentry's eyes; besides, I'd heard before that she owed you a grudge, and, thinks I, now's her opportunity to do him a bad turn.

It's wonderful, sir, in this wicked world, how often suspicions come true. Indeed, my belief is, that if you suspect a person of your own accord, without any suggestion from any one else, you are pretty sure to be right. I think it is because nobody is disposed to suspect, and there must, therefore, be some little causes for suspicion which slip into your mind without your hardly knowing of them. That I was right in my estimate of Ellen Dentry, I now know. I only wish that I had not been so blinded by my anger at losing my place with you as to have been taken off my guard.

If Miss Florence had contrived during her honeymoon to exist without Carl, she certainly made up for her temporary neglect of her favourite by a double measure of affection after she came home, indeed, the sight of him seemed almost to make up for the loss of her poor mother, I won't be positive, but I've a shrewd notion that you, sir, were not so very fond of the old dog. You didn't seem quite to realise your wife's great love for him, nor that in her own mind she expected you, out of love for her, to honour him with a similar amount of affection. Ellen Dentry, however, was sharp enough to discover this soft corner of my young lady's brain, and a deal of mischief she made out of it. Every morning, as soon as she caught sight of my child's bright face, 'How's Carl?' was the first word that escaped her

lips. And then, she was sure to have some bones for Carl, or bits of gravy-beef or biscuits, all of which attentions were most acceptable of course. Whilst, as for you, I remember overhearing a fragment of conversation, which, at the time, made me think you very hard-hearted, not to humour your strange little wife in her curious fancies.

'Beebee,' she said, 'before I was married I used to have Carl to sleep in my bedroom.'

You answered something about dogs being smelly.

'No: but, Beebee, she continued, 'I should so like Carl to sleep up here as he used to.'

'Very well,' you answered, 'all right; and I'll go and occupy Carl's bed in the stable.'

'How unkind you are!' I heard her say. 'You might, at least, let him sleep in the house.'

Whereunto you answered that she made much too much fuss about the dog; it was really quite silly of her, and she ought have more sense. Whereupon, unless my old ears deceived me, there followed a flood of tears; at any rate I heard you apologise, and declare that the dog might sleep just wherever she thought fit, that you had no desire to be unkind, and—which amazed me most, for I had seen you from over the garden-wall kick Carl till he howled again—that you were really very fond of the dog, and wanted to make a friend of him. Ah, sir, what a wonderful value have little things in this little world of ours. The very least of them may, for all we can tell, turn out of the gravest importance.

On the following morning there was more kissing and talking than usual between my dear and Miss Ellen, and I heard the latter say, as I took some coals into the drawing-room, 'Well, it would only serve him right.' Evidently some kind of punishment was being concocted for you; nor did I feel very sorry, for I was disposed to regard you in an unfavourable light, both from my own personal grudge, and because I began to have an inkling that my darling girl was not so happy as she had expected to be.

Now that it is too late I confess my error freely enough. I own that your sole fault was an inability to appreciate all the eccentricities of the strange being whom you had taken to your bosom. Had I only had then the worldly wisdom I have now, I would have gone to you and warned you that you were stabbing where you never so much as meant to graze; that, by degrees, you were being misunderstood, and —thanks to the devilish malice, I can call it nothing else—of Ellen Dentry, misjudged.

What was the nature of *that* scheme proposed by Ellen Dentry I

cannot guess, nor do I think it fair to form an opinion from what subsequently happened. At all events a clear month had elapsed, and during that month much of the private conversation to which I entertained so strong an objection, had ceased, before matters came to a crisis. During that month you yourself began to remark a growing melancholy in our dear one. A sort of gloom seemed to oppress her, as if she was possessed with what I have heard people call a presentiment of coming misfortune. Not to mince matters, she was unhappy without anything real to be unhappy about, and that is as unwholesome a condition of mind as any young woman can fall into.

'I suppose you well remember,—you have cause enough, Heaven knows,—that lovely July morning when you and my darling went out for a day on the river. I saw you start. She was looking beautiful indeed, though a little pale. Carl plunged in after the boat as you pulled away, not being able to keep pace with you, swam to the farther bank and ran along the towing path barking to let you know where he was. When you returned, it was still warm and summery, but the stars were out, and I thought to myself as I saw you land that you had had an over-long day for some one. You did not realize how delicate she was, how easily tired. Well I happened to be sent into the garden to get some radishes, our garden at No. 2 was all vegetables just as yours at No. 1 was all flower beds and croquet ground, and it was in this way that I heard your conversation as you walked up and down the gravel path by the fence whilst your suppers were being got ready.

'Beebee darling,' she said,—I think I hear her voice now,—'Would you be very sorry if I were to die?' I could not hear your answer. 'Yes,' she continued, 'you would miss me at first. That of course. But afterwards, after the shock was over, you would marry again Beebee, and I'll tell you who she would be.'

Then I heard you protest solemnly that you could never be unfaith- to her memory, that your life would be broken, that you could only think of joining her in the far-off country where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

But she did not appear to pay much attention to your protestations. After a pause she spoke again, this time so low that I had to strain to catch each word.

'Beebee,' she said, 'when I am gone you will be kind to my dear Carl. For my sake, Beebee, you will; won't you?' She was very, very earnest now.

'Come, come,' I heard you say cheerily, 'my pet mustn't dispose of herself in such a hurry; you are young to talk so dismally about

dying, Flo!'—or something like that. But still she would not be pacified.

'No, no,' she answered, 'I am not too young to die, and, Beebee, I often think that I shall not live long. That is why I ask you to be kind to Carl. For, if I were to come back, in spirit you know, and see that you had forgotten my dog, my dear dog, my best of friends, I should know that you had never loved me, Beebee.'

'My dear child,' you said, 'you make me shudder.'

'How foolish!' she replied. 'What is there to be frightened at! I like to think of that change, and to talk of it—sometimes. But you mustn't put me in a coffin, Beebee: you must lay me in the earth just as I am, and plant violets in the spring, and roses and lilies in the summer, so that I may change by degrees into the flowers I love best. You will do so, even if—if you do marry again, Beebee?'

'Let us go indoors: it is getting cold,' was all your answer. I think you felt uncomfortable. *I* did.

On the following morning there came a telegram from your father who was in London on business. He desired your presence, in order to sign some legal documents. I remember that you left by the first train after breakfast in the morning, and straightway into our house walks my darling, and up to Miss Ellen's room.

Well, about noon, our butter not having come, I started off to the dairy, three miles away, to fetch it. Being an uphill walk and the day broiling hot I took my time, and so did not get back until nearly two o'clock. Miss Ellen, to my surprise, opened the door for me. 'Cook,' she said, 'had gone over to Lidborough to shop for her, and would be home shortly.' Now, there was a sort of confusion about Ellen Dentry as she said this, which I remember at the time struck me as very odd indeed. She was very pale too, and didn't seem to like to look me in the face. I went down-stairs to my dinner, however, and remained there, cook not having returned from Lidborough, till the bell rang for tea at five. Just as I was taking it up, I heard a fly drive into the sweep in front of the other house, and within a minute or so there was a ring at our door-bell. When I opened it you were standing on the steps.

'Mrs. Wainwright here?' you asked.

'No, sir,' I said, and you turned away with a jerk.

Almost directly after this, I heard your voice in the garden crying "Flo! Flo!' and then a strange sort of altercation ensued between yourself and the wretched girl who had supplanted me. My curiosity was excited, and I slipped out in the garden to listen. You caught sight of me over the fence.

'Mrs. Wainwright is missing,' you said uneasily.

'Perhaps she is down by the water's edge,' I suggested. It was a favourite spot of her's in hot weather.

You answered, 'No, she is not there:' but you walked down to the boat-house, as if you were not satisfied.

Soon I heard you cry aloud for help, and I ran as quick as I could, and scrambling over the fence stood beside you in your garden by the side of the river.

Then, sir, it was my turn to scream, for there floating on the treacherous waters was her shawl, and a little lower down her hat, and on the bank there were marks as if she had struggled to free herself, and had failed.

'She must be in the river!'.

These awful words burst from both our lips at once. You, manlike, instead of standing still to weep, set to work with the boat and the boat-hook to try the bottom of the river, at the same time despatching me for assistance and the drags.

The news spread like wildfire. Soon all Cleve was down by the river's banks, whilst men in boats roused by your loud spoken offers of reward were dragging the water from side to side. No Florence could be found. That she had died by her own act most people feared. The moon rose on a mass of poor bewildered faces. You were still plying the punt pole, and urging on the men, who were nigh disheartened, whilst up and down the bank ran poor Carl, moaning piteously. At last you gave it up. and as you landed from your boat the dog approached you, as if to ask, what had become of his mistress. You stumbled over him by accident, and, from some sort of impulse, I suppose, you gave him a heavy kick, which made him yelp with pain. Ah, sir, Carl was her dog. You should not have done that!

That night I did not sleep a wink. The whole world seemed peopled with ghosts. I could have sworn that I heard noises in the house, though cook did declare that it was naught but the rats in the lumber-room overhead. Well, in the morning I was too ill to work, and Mrs. Dentry gave me leave to go to my brother's for a change, until I should get over my grief a bit.

How deeply I felt for you, sir! How freely I forgave you all the wrong which I supposed you had done me. Folks came and told me that you were searching high and low for the body. One day you passed our door hap-hazard like, and your face told me plain enough the misery you were in. You left shortly afterwards for London, and then I got a message from Mrs. Dentry, asking if it would be convenient for me to return to my duties in her house.

Now I didn't feel equal to service, sir. In my own humble way I mourned the loss of my dear one as much as you did, and it told upon me. So I called upon Mrs. Dentry to ask if she could spare me a little longer. She was upstairs a-bed ill, cook said, and Miss Ellen was out. As I went up to the old lady's room, I just stepped into the drawing-room to see how it looked, and there on the writing-table lay an unfinished letter.

It was from Miss Ellen. I'd no business to read it, but I did, and I'm glad of it now, very glad, the wicked designing puss. It was to Miss Archball, and spoke slightingly of our own dear as George Wainwright's 'mad wife.' She went so far, indeed, as to say that you, sir, had been well cured of your folly, and hinted that now you were free, you would come back to her a wiser man. Could any human being have cherished a viler notion? You must remember, sir, that it was this same Miss Archball whose attentions deprived Ellen Dentry of you, so she *owed* her a turn, and this was her way of paying it.

Mrs. Dentry begged me so hard to come and nurse her, that I consented, for the poor woman was indeed very ill, and her fine madam of a daughter, gave her little or no attenfion. At first, however, I only came in for a few hours each day, returning to my brother's to sleep. After a bit, however, finding that hard work took my thoughts away from myself, I came back altogether, and occupied the spare bed in the old lady's room.

Still no discovery could be made of your poor lady's corpse. Some people said that she lay under the mill-wheel, others that she had floated down to Lidborough Bridge and got entangled in the piles. I asked Miss Ellen what she thought about the matter, and she gave a cunning sort of grin, and answered that she didn't think at all. I believe it was about six weeks after the disappearance of your dear wife that you came back from London, and, as I looked out of our staircase window, I saw you and your father walking in the garden. You seemed to be talking very earnest, and fancying I should like to hear what you said, I crept out into the garden by the tool house. 'I tell you,' said the vicar ever so sternly, 'that unless you marry this girl Archball I am ruined. Come, boy, you've had your love affair, and a foolish one it was. Now that you're cured of that nonsense, it's about time you thought of doing something for yourself and your family. I have pinched to give you a college education—I have done worse, I've run into debt. What do you say? Won't you save your old father and your sick mother from disgrace and poverty?' You were silent. Then he went on:—

'It's the last chance!' and broke off sudden.

'I'll do it,' you answered, and you turned away as one in a passion of grief more than of wrath.

Stunned by these words, I was about to go indoors when I was startled by hearing Carl howl. Mr. George, Mr. George, you didn't treat that poor beast well—no, that you didn't; and I'd say the same if I hadn't another moment to live. Suddenly, as I was mooning there and wiping my eye, a loud sob, and then a cry as of a person in hysterics, struck on my ears. Thinks I 'It's the old lady;' and I runs up to her room. But, no! there she lay, quiet as a mouse. Evidently I was under some kind of delusion, for I still heard sobs and the sound as of footsteps overhead.

That afternoon Miss Archball called on Miss Ellen, and, from the amount of whispering that went on, I've no doubt but that she came to tell of her triumph. Thank God, however, the triumph of the wicked is short, and a poor thing at best.

Now, Miss Ellen, I must say, seemed very fidgetty in Miss Archball's company, and as soon as she was gone I had orders to say that she was 'not at home' to everyone, whilst, to my great surprise, she told cook that she might go to Lidborough fair, and sleep at her relative's house in Lidborough that night. Cook quickly enough made herself scarce, being fond of pleasure. The door shut on her, Miss Ellen says to me, ever so coolly—she was in the kitchen at the time, messing as usual—'May, take this glass of wine up to the lumber-room, you will find someone there who wants it.'

Lord! how I trembled. 'Who Miss?' I contrived to get out with a deal of trouble.

'Do what you're told, and then come back to me.'

I think if I live to be a thousand I shall never experience such sensations again as I felt throughout that *journey* upstairs—for journey it was—with my heart leaping in my throat like a bird, and my legs bending under me. To reach the lumber-room I had to mount a ladder, undo a padlock, and crawl through a trap-door. As I turned the key, the trap was opened by someone inside, and that someone was—Florence Wainwright! my Florence! But such a Florence! Aged—so slim that her bones wellnigh rattled in her skin; all her pretty looks gone and her mind poisoned—yes! poisoned, sir! as much as ever anybody's mind was poisoned since the serpent entered Paradise. She had *seen* you, sir, twice strike the dog. She had been told also by that fiend that you were going to marry Miss Archball out of hand, and her heart was broken. She had tried you and you had been found wanting.

Well, I made up my mind how to act in a trice.

The error I committed was in telling her plainly that I should

inform you *at once* of her safety, whether you forgave her her deception or not, for she flung her arms round me so lovingly, and coaxed me so sweetly that at last she broke down my resolve.

'Not to-day, not to-day, I beg of you, dear May,' she cried. To-morrow he will be here, Ellen told me so, and then—you must let me make my own confession, in my own way.'

What could I answer? Fool that I was, I listened to her. I never saw the madness in her eyes, the despair in her face.

Before I could utter the warning on my lips against Ellen Dentry I was called away, and when I came back I found the ladder removed, the padlock fast.

To-morrow! How I tossed about that night, and thought that to-morrow might never come, or come too late.

To-morrow! That was to be the hour of Ellen Dentry's revenge. She would restore a mad wife to you, and at the same moment break the heart of her hated rival, Miss Archball. I see it all now. She had the cunning of Satan in her, that grey-eyed girl.

Well, the sun rose, and I slept heavily, as I have said, for I had lain awake all night. Indeed, Miss Dentry herself called me. Breakfast ready, I requested to be allowed to take some to my darling in her prison, but this request was denied. Ellen Dentry evidently did not relish the idea of a second interview taking place between us. It might spoil her plans. I believe she only sent me upstairs to her on the night previous because that from her wild talk she feared she might commit suicide, and she imagined that the voice of her oldest friend might sober her over-wrought brain, for the time being, at all events.

Now, your house was empty just then, except for Carl, and Mrs. Dentry had taken charge of the keys for you, sir, and had assumed the care of the dog. I had kept my eye on him, too, and never did I forget to give him his feed twice a day. On this very morning I had taken him his biscuit, and he had eaten ravenously. What was my surprise, therefore, about noon, to hear the old dog, bark and yell, and seem quite transported for joy. I reflected for a moment—then, putting two and two together, I came to the conclusion that—

She was out of prison.

So she was, and in her old home again, with the creature she loved so well.

It might have been one o'clock, when two carriages drove up to the Dentry's door. The first contained Captain and Miss Archball; the second you and your father. As far as you were concerned the meeting was accidental; but as I have since learnt, it was planned between the Captain, your father, and Ellen Dentry.

How Miss Archball blushed as I opened the door; how wan and broken you, sir, looked; how merry was Miss Ellen. She would not, however, at that moment have been so mirthful, if she had known, that her mother was dying fast up-stairs, having burst a blood-vessel. Soon after I had closed the door of the drawing-room, I heard them all troop out on to the lawn.

Guessing Miss Ellen's game, namely, that she was about to produce the real wife to the discomfiture of every one, I walked into the drawing-room to watch the scene, which developed only too quickly.

You, sir, were talking to Miss Archball; and the others seemed to hang back, in order to let you two come together, when suddenly there issued forth from your own house—your own house, some one dressed in white, leading Carl by a chain. I saw her, and clasped my hands with fear. Quickly she hurried down the gravel walk. Oh! why, did you not see her? There was but a hazel fence between you, and yet you could not see, you could not even hear her footfalls you were so engrossed with your heiress. On walked my darling—on, on, on, stopping every now and then to pick up something from the ground, which she seemed to pocket. But, what! what! I stood stock-still, dazed with fright and horror. Was she filling her pockets with stones? Was she mad—was she?—I held my breath as the bare thought flashed across my brain. Fascinated, my eyes followed her as the needle follows the magnet. Ere ever you and Miss Archball, followed by the rest, reached the river's bank, she had sprung into the little boat, unmoored it, and, Carl beside her, had pushed off into the centre of the river. All at once, the clank of his chain seemed to arouse your attention, and you looked about you nervously. But there was nothing to be seen.

Alas; the willow branch hid her from you. But only for a second. Then she came full upon your sight—silent, white, and awful. One wave of a small lean hand to you. Oh, sir, the tears do blind me as I write. And then gripping the dog's chain she plunged forward, and both went down without a struggle, without hardly a sound.

I heard you cry, 'the dog will save her!'

I saw you fling your coat off and swim towards her. I heard heart-rending screams fill the air; all was of no avail. She had made up her poor mind to die, and she died, she and her dog together.

That is the whole tale, Mr. George. I can write it even now, better than speak it. If only you had learnt her strange ways; if only neither of you ever met that fiend, Ellen Dentry; if only I hadn't been turned out of your house, who was the truest of your advisers; if only—but, then, there, I've no heart for reproaches.

You're going far away, where, maybe, you won't have a friend of your own to open your mind to, nor, maybe, a hand to hold your's when the dews of death lay on your brow, and the shadow of the dark valley rests upon your soul—and such is no time for raking up old grudges. So God bless you, Mr. George! is the true prayer and saying of your

Humble and obedient servant,

MAY NUTT.

DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'GUSTAVUS III.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

DECEMBER, 1872.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD OF SWEDEN;

OR,

THE STORY OF A KING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

CHAPTER XII.

*THE KING RECEIVES THE QUEEN'S LETTER.**

FINLAND lay in the depth of winter in snow and ice; the Gulf of Bothnia was coated with pieces of ice that drifted along like heavy masses of lead clashing against each other and making navigation dangerous. Commerce was stopped for a while, or at least carried on in a desultory manner; trades were dilatory, and the population rested partially on the work done in the summer months. Food had been got in where it possibly could be done for these weary winter days, and smoked fish, dried vegetables, a supply of oats for cakes, and barley for ale, formed the staple of supply. Of want and misery there were sufficient. Finland had been neglected: separated from Sweden proper by the Gulf it was the step-child of the realm, whose limbs had been torn asunder one by one, and absorbed by Russia. Catherine II. of Russia looked with greedy eyes at the last remnants of Sweden's supremacy here. What! a land so near to St. Petersburgh—the memorable monument of the powerful Czar's prophetic power—to be governed by those weak-minded Vasas that had in later years scarcely known the value of their great ancestry? Nonsense; Finland *must* fall into Catherine's share; Finland *must* become Russian *in toto;* Finland, or the land to the east of Bothnia, must be Russian, and nothing else. So Catherine

* The letters are quoted from the originals.

kept her eye on that young monarch, who had shown a new spark of Vasa fire, who had imbibed determination from his Hohenzollern mother, had been trained exceedingly well by his tutors, and had gathered new ideas in his travels. New ideas, forsooth! In Catherine's mind there was but one idea: she had become a Russian; she had adopted Russian nationality, and that nationality should, under her reign, not suffer, but go on in its conquering and subduing process, till one day it fulfilled the great prophecy of Czar Peter himself!

Catherine was not a comfortable neighbour; she had all kinds of ugly ways to make havoc in the countries she meant to devour. She spread discontent and small troubles everywhere; she had her emissaries at work in town and village; she influenced the army and navy, and fostered that opposing spirit in the Swedish nobles that cost poor Gustavus so dear. For the moment, however, Catherine was wreathed in smiles. She had invited Gustavus to her capital, and he had promised to come, and if she *did* maintain a factious spirit all the time in Finland, what of that? All was fair in love and war, and war would surely come one day!

Finland was discontented; it began to think that there was finer food in the world than smoked fish and oaten-cakes, and smarter clothing than its friezes and linens. Finland did not like its swamps and barren districts and its heavy taxes; Finland wanted to be better off; and Finland grumbled. Gustavus saw he must go himself and look with his own eyes; that little book of the old tutor's letters was his mentor, and gave him a reflected image of a sovereign's duties. 'If thou art called a king, a ruler of multitudes, then be such in truth, and know their needs, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears; know that, being a king, thou art but a servant to thy people and God!' Gustavus meant to be such, and consequently went himself to Finland to learn what was wanted.

But the king was far too wary to let Catherine have the game to herself; he meant to look after his strongholds, after his fortresses, after his *friendly* safeguards against his neighbour of the tender sex; he meant to invigorate Finland and make it more loyal; he meant to spend months here, and checkmate Catherine's move. The royal party had arrived in mid-winter and taken the Finlanders by storm; they stared with their sleepy, cunning eyes to see the great Swedish king come and trouble about them. Those Finlanders were an odd race—suspicious, sluggardly, sly, dexterous; they did not move easily, but when moved, when excited, their enthusiasm knew no bounds, their courage no obstacles. The best word to be applied to them was that they were *tough* and *sure*.

Gustavus had travelled through a portion of his province—had

inspected fortifications, marshalled troops before him, had examined civil administration and investigated domestic matters; and Gustavus came to the result of such searching inquiries, 'That the provinces of an empire need the sovereign's or the executive's special examination to be justly administered. No deputy could do it, that no sovereign had a right to rest lazily on his *divine authority*, and no executive had a privilege to dictate at home to wants of which it knew and comprehended nothing. Each portion of a realm could demand to be judged by its own idiosyncracy, given to it by its climate, its produce, and its geographical position.' Fatigued and weary, Gustavus and his party rested one night at a country inn near the little place of Vasa. Forts had been inspected near the coast, and Russian probabilities had been discussed; but no one had thought that there existed something in the world which could overturn thrones, demolish dynasties, turn the scale of the fate of nations, and bring about sudden results that had seemed to require months to be developed. It was but a little word, with a mighty power—'love'—that *will* obtrude itself into the concerns of men, and bend all that come under its sway to its own devices.

There is something in giving the details of real incidents, in depicting that which has actually taken place, and in placing before the eyes of the public the hidden motives that actuated, and the palpable feelings that swayed, the souls of men and women who lived our life and bore its vicissitudes like ourselves. That night's rest of King Gustavus was vividly described by his noble counsellor, Baron Scheffer, to the Countess Fersen, the young Queen's principal *dame d'honneur;* and from his letter the following account is faithfully given.

The royal party had made themselves as comfortable as they could in the country inn; after the plain evening meal a confidential conversation had taken place, the chess-board had been fetched, and the King had had one of his favourite games with young Rosenstein. Papers and drawings lay about the table, and officers surrounded it, when suddenly a courier from Stockholm was announced. He was led in, and reported that he brought letters from various members of the royal family, and one in particular from the Queen, enveloped in another from the Duchess of Suedermania.

The bag was opened, and the King took the Duchess's letter first. 'I,' said Baron Scheffer, in his letter to Countess Fersen, 'had witnessed the opening of letters from the same great person before, and I was not at that moment prepared for any great emotion; on the contrary, I had observed an earnestness in the first breaking of the seal turn afterwards to cold chagrin and visible disappointment.' As the King this time ran hastily over the Duchess's short letter, he repeated

to himself, '*really* from the Queen!' with emphasis; his eyes brightened, a glowing colour mounted to his face, he became breathless with impatience as he hurriedly read on, and starting up from his posture, he pushed against the chess-board, sent it flying to the other end of the room, and by his brusque movement put out one of the boards. He then called out that there were no lights in the room, and looking angrily at us, as if we were the cause of all this confusion, went into the next room. We heard him move about restlessly, and saw him return with a face radiant with delight. He noticed the smile on all our faces, and said, as if in explanation of his excitement, 'Gentlemen, if I could believe my eyes, I should be tempted to think that the Queen really loves me.' Young Rosenstein, blushing as red as a rose, went straight up to his master and ventured to say boldly, 'Did your Majesty never know that before?' The King, rather confused, aid, that he had supposed otherwise, that he had believed he had not been so happy as to gain his wife's affection; and the young champion, who had once been page in the Queen's household, again held forth, 'Your Majesty will permit me to say, that I could not doubt my own observation, which was strengthened by the communication of a relation of mine in constant attendance on the Queen; I will pledge my life, sire, that the Queen loves you as tenderly as you deserve.' The King was beside himself; he, always so reserved, positively hugged the noble youth in his delight. When he could speak he assured him of his friendship and protection, with tears in his eyes, and this feeling becoming general, my amiable pupil the King, was so overwhelmed by our dumb but evident sympathy, that he retired to his own department.

After a time he called me and handed me the Queen's letter.

'There,' he said, 'peruse this, and tell me how this has been kept from me. This delicate letter, expressing so charmingly the Queen's solicitude for my health, is very different from those stiff epistles that I received formerly. It is the Queen's own hand, and I see actually several words scratched over, as if she had written in the strictest confidence.' 'Show me the letter, your Majesty,' I answered. The King handed me the letter, and on the instant a thought struck me. 'Have these letters not been copied generally by her Majesty's confidential attendant, Madame Halme? And is she not very much opposed to your Majesty's person? Is there not reason for doubting her?' 'I have it!' cried the King. 'Let a courier prepare instantly to depart—this very hour, and take back my letter to the Queen. That vile woman copied the letters, and transposed the meaning of the words.' 'Really, your Majesty,' I replied, 'to send off a courier this boisterous evening seems terrible. Could it not be delayed till the

morning? He would scarcely go far during these few hours.' 'Very well, Scheffer,' replied the King; 'then let it be at early dawn.'

I do not think our Sovereign slept much that night. I heard his quick step in my room, and since then his manner is hurried; there is impatience in his movements. He hastens the inspection, and is settling Finland's concerns with a decision astonishing in him. Evidently the fortune of Rosenstein is made. The King does not allow him out of his sight, and calls him his young hero, who spoke out bravely for his noble mistress while she was suffering under a cloud of unmerited neglect!

'And you, my dear friend,' concluded Baron Scheffer, in his letter —'you will rejoice at this good news. There have been many enemies to the happiness of our noble King and Queen, and, not the least, a great lady who poisoned her son's mind against his wife. Ah! had the King but been open with me on the subject matters might have gone differently. I do not think we shall be long in Finland; sweet ties draw us home. May I beg of you to let me know how our gracious Queen bears this welcome news?'

The night which Baron Scheffer said was passed restlessly by the King after the receipt of his wife's letter, waned; Gustavus had again and again perused that epistle; traces of tears were on his cheeks. How could he account for having let that young girl, who had obeyed his call and left her home-circle for him, sit in her apartments of the palace, and pass her time scarcely noticed by him? His society had never cheered her, his arm never supported her; they had been separated from the very time of the wedding; an unaccountable gulf of distance had come between them from the beginning, and he now knew that he had neglected the very first duties of a husband. It was a bitter cup for Gustavus, who *meant* to do his duty in life. Had there been any other image that put his wife's in the background? Before him rose the stately figure of Christina Eckermann, as she had waved the band, as she had accepted the laurel-wreath, as she had given life to his literary efforts. Tauntingly the image looked at him, as if it had had a share in his heart, as if it had somewhat obtruded itself between him and his wife. His hand held the letter firmer; no! he felt it. Christina had had his admiration, almost his gratitude, but no other feeling had darkened his friendship for her, and even in *thought* he had not sinned.

Christina could not make his heart flutter as did that irregular handwriting—grand, silent, and noble *she* was there, a real dramatic impersonation, while Magdalena, with all her shy ways, appeared like a weak tendril winding herself round every fibre of his heart.

'Oh, my beloved! he exclaimed to himself, that I should have

ignored this for years and exposed thee to neglect and reproach; oh! let me again peruse some of these tender lines.'

'SIRE,—Ever tenderly anxious for the health of my Sovereign, I fear I did not sufficiently join in praises at his undertaking this journey—(how timidly she speaks of herself to my heart!)—it is more gratifying to behold my King occasionally; and nothing is more soothing to my ear than to catch broken sentences of his discourse while he addresses those around him. I do not justify this selfish sensation. I ought to regard the true welfare of the kingdom; but the harmony of my lord's voice, the fire of his eye, and the grace of every sentence he utters, are dearer to me. Happy am I when I behold him. I am afraid my Sovereign has not enjoyed good health; his eye's lustre seemed not so bright when I saw him, and that last glance is still on my mind. How I dreaded that voyage; but have I not a billet announcing his safe arrival, and asking for one in return? and but for this journey I might not have enjoyed the opportunity to express my feelings. Oh! when in his presence, my eyes are painfully cast on the ground and my heart trembles. Could he have seen the interior of this poor weak heart, and known that he is its absolute sovereign! But whither goes my heart? It proffers no claim, it submits to destiny—(my poor, poor wife, murmured the King, while his hand trembled!)—may a merciful Providence preserve the most valuable of men, and may a second courier return to tell us that our Sovereign will come back in health to grace the Court of Sweden as its brightest ornament.'

'The Duchess of Suedermania ran into my cabinet and asked impatiently for my letter. She is now watching to draw it from me and put it in hers.

'I can only subscribe myself, Sire, your faithful

'MAGDALENA.'

By this time, as the King had read these sentences—reading many inaudibly—tears could no longer be repressed. 'Gustavus, while thou mean'st to do thy duty to the utmost, thou didst neglect that nearest to thee. How was it possible to grieve such a gentle disposition by cold neglect? but dawn is approaching; let me answer the letter—how shall I find words to express myself?' The King sat down, and drew to himself the writing materials that were his constant companions.

'MY DEAREST QUEEN,—Do not my eyes deceive me? These sweet, tender expressions of anxious solicitude from my Queen—my wife? Am I awake? I seem roused from a long and comfortless dream to hopes of happiness, never enjoyed. Where have I

existed for ages to be ignorant of the real feelings of my lovely Princess—not to have recognized her modest regard? Perhaps I was too eager! When I first beheld her I acknowledged myself captive to her charms, and I ought to have waited till I had assured myself of hers; but I turned away, believing myself to be treated with coldness.

'Why those other formal letters? I die to know their cause. Could I but fly this instant! Were it not for my imperious duty, I should come at once. Oh, this distance, this terrible journey! impetuous fool as I am—but for this journey and this accident I should never have become happy. A tolerable article it would make for the future chronicler: "That his Majesty had been separated from his young Queen by coldness and estrangement—that he had gone to Finland on a tour of inspection, found out his error, rushed home to entreat the Queen's pardon, and returned back to his duties with equal speed."

'Forward me, adored Princess, another packet; send another courier the moment this one arrives—do not detain him; let the letter not be short. This happiness is so new it almost overpowers me. Adieu! my Princess, my Queen and Empress! May this opening bud of joy blossom for our future happiness, and may my Queen be assured for ever of the devotion of her erring 'GUSTAVUS.'

The King laid his head in very weariness of excited emotion on his arm; he felt exhausted by this new, this delicious feeling. He was beloved, tenderly beloved by her whom he had never called wife—by her who would in future reign paramount in his heart, and allow no other image to darken that sweet, ingenuous face of hers. Scheffer found him, when he came to fetch the letter, asleep in the same sitting posture.

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The young Queen was revenged; the look given to Christina had been one of admiration, that cast upon *her* letter was one of 'love.'

CHAPTER XIII.

RECONCILIATION.

THE Queen was listlessly sitting in her boudoir. Though Gustavus had never shared his life with her, still she knew him to be there, to be a star in the Court-firmament, that would protect her if necessary.

Now there was no star to be even looked at respectfully; the Queen-mother hated her and kept her at a distance; the unscrupulous members of the Court shunned her; and the few that surrounded her seemed even now to forsake her. Countess Fersen had been away a few days, the Duchess had one of her fits of despondency, and Magdalena sat in her gorgeous room more unhappy than the Swedish fish-woman, who passed outside the palace gates to take her wares to the market for sale. Without Gustavus there were no festivities, there was no pleasure at Court, and whether Magdalena would or not, she *had* listened a little to Madame Halme's words, and she no longer enjoyed Christina's representations as she had done; there was just a tinge of jealousy—though, be it said to the young Queen's honour, she thought Christina incapable of a culpable action. Madame Halme, with her stoic countenance, entered.

'A courier, your Majesty, has just arrived from Finland; he has orders to deliver his letters only to your Majesty, and is immediately to send off another. *I* am not thought worthy to bring his Majesty's letter to my royal mistress.'

The Queen sprang up. 'Is the King ill? What is the matter? Oh, bring him in quickly!'

'Most likely all this fuss will concern the play-actress,' grumbled the Danish woman.

Booted and spurred, and covered with stray flakes of snow, the officer was led in by the page in attendance.

'Your Majesty, it is the King's desire that I give my despatches only into your hands; the King hopes a courier will at once be sent back with an answer.'

'Tell me, is your Sovereign ill?'

'Oh, no, your Majesty, the King was never better in his life; I had my orders from his Majesty direct, and the King looked exceedingly well.'

What can it mean? The Queen opened the bag herself, beckoning Madame Halme aside, and took out her own parcel. She opened her husband's letter. She ran over the first lines: was it possible? The first words of love from him, after years of marriage, of wrong borne without a complaint, of hopeless despondency. She read on: every tender expression seemed fourfold so to her—her adoring Gustavus—her devoted husband. Magdalena forgot Madame Halme and the courier, and, with a great overwhelming cry of joy, she threw herself on her knees, and broke into short sobs: 'Oh, God be thanked, it has come; my prayer has been heard; oh! this joy—can I bear it?' A few moments later she recovered herself; she rose, cast a disdainful glance on Madame Halme, and, drawing herself up, handed the bag

back to the courier with more dignity than she had ever shown. The royal husband's protection already told on her; in some seconds she had become more like a Queen than she had ever been during years.

The courier was dismissed, imploring the Queen to send off at once another messenger, as these were the King's express orders. Trembling and nervous, Magdalena sat down to pen her second epistle to her lord, and this time the pen flew over the paper, and there were scarcely any erasures. As Madame Halme approached to take the letter for copying it, the Queen impatiently waved her back.

'No,' she said, 'the King, my husband, is satisfied with my scrawl and my erasures; let him have his way. Let me see you in an hour in my cabinet. Leave me now.'

Madame Halme moved stiffly away: had the day of retribution come?

The courier was gone, the second letter had been dispatched, and the Queen nerved herself for an unpleasant duty. Madame Halme attended her, as desired, in her cabinet, and the soft, pliant Magdalena, who had never been able to oppose anybody, had suddenly become determined and resolute.

The conversation between them was sharp. The Danish woman owned that she had transposed the sense of the Queen's letters to her husband; that she had done so because she considered the Queen's expressions of affection to a man who had shown so little regard for her undignified, and had meant to keep up a proper pride towards these frivolous Swedish people. She hated them all, and only wished she had never left Copenhagen.

The Queen was incensed that her attendant should have ventured to interfere in so delicate a matter, and most abruptly dismissed her at once; she must go back to Copenhagen forthwith, before the King returned from Finland, as it could not be foreseen how he might punish such vile acts.

'And me, your Majesty dismisses in that way? Me, who attended on you from earliest girlhood—who surrounded you with care—had ever a watchful eye on you, and never allowed your Majesty's name to be mentioned but with respect by your attendants? Me, who only wanted to keep up a proper standing opposite this false monarch and his unbearing mother?'

'Woman, you took too much upon yourself. I begin to understand that had the King known of my sincere affection for him, we should long have been happy.'

'I am ashamed at your Majesty's want of pride: you never were taught this at your Majesty's father's court; and I would not stay in

a place where royal dignity seems cast to the winds before any designing woman of the stage!'

The Queen felt the sting.

'Never appear again before me, madam. Your salary shall be handed to you by my secretary, and your letter of congé written. It is terrible to imagine that you dared to interfere between the life-happiness of two human beings—your own Sovereigns.'

The Queen hid her face in very agony of pain, and pointed to the door; once more the stubborn woman attempted to remonstrate, and then with a jerk left the room; within a few hours she left the palace and Stockholm for ever.

When Countess Fersen, who had suddenly arrived, saw her royal lady an hour after, and received from her lips the announcement of the good news, she was astonished to observe the mighty change this dream of coming happiness had already wrought in the Queen—how different was her carriage, how bright her smile; and when she spoke of Madame Halme's treachery, how dignified and determined her countenance!

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But a short time elapsed, and Finland's affairs were settled; couriers had kept up a continuous intercourse, and the announcement of the King's return threw the whole capital into excitement. Something had oozed out that a happy turn had occurred to conjugal affairs at the palace, and the people, who esteemed and loved both their Sovereigns, meant to express their joy right loyally.

Magdalena became more and more restless as the time of the King's arrival approached; those around her began to dread the moment when the young wife, so long ignored, should behold her husband; all kinds of schemes how to break the intense excitement and lessen the danger, that the Queen might not succumb to it, were afloat. Finally, the Duchess of Suedermania, who was supremely happy at the result of her *ruse* and embraced her sister-in-law a hundred times in the day, decided the matter; *she* would be near the Queen, and she would ward off the probable danger of the meeting.

The great day came; it was over; and when the lively little Duchess had herself recovered from the shock and become tranquil, she penned the following epistle to her own lord, who was away in Gothland:—

'My dearest Husband,—Rejoice with us all, my friend, at the happy reunion of the two most excellent persons in the kingdom. The heartfelt joy, the glow of delight, that seem to pervade every corner of the Court, cannot be easily expressed. Ought not you, who

are so closely allied by blood and affection to this amiable prince, to be an early partaker of his joy? And should not she who ought and does delight to communicate to her *graceless* partner (the little word would intrude) every pure and virtuous joy, to be the first to convey this welcome intelligence? Of the happy explanation in Finland you are already informed; the return of the King was announced on Monday, for the following day. Such was the state of anxious and trembling expectation of my fair sister during the whole of that day that I really feared for the ultimate effect on her delicate and sensible frame when the moment of arrival should come. I continued with her, at her desire, chatting and jesting upon common matters, to draw off her attention from the one idea which occupied her mind. Orders had been issued for every public demonstration of joy to be exhibited in the capital upon the return of its monarch. The whole town was illuminated at an early hour; the streets were crowded with expecting spectators, to the no small hindrance of his Majesty's progress. About eight o'clock, his arrival in the castle-yard was announced by the band striking up our favourite national air. The Queen appeared ready to sink; I cheered and supported her. Your beloved brother entered in his quickest step; his Princess rose to meet him, but sank again on the sofa. The King was at her feet. "Oh! rise, rise," she sobbed out, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, was supported by his encircling arms. "She is safe," thought I, "when words and tears find their way;" and I glided out of the room, to give relief to my own emotions, and leave them to the undisturbed enjoyment of the finest feelings the heart can prove—mutual reconcilement and renewed affection. A low, continued conversation soon convinced me they were both alive; and in less than an hour the door opened and your amiable brother led me in, affectionately embraced me, and, placing me on the sofa, seated himself between us. How touching were his expressions of gratitude to me for the little sally that had produced the happy discovery! The evening closed with a repast only shared by us three, Countess Fersen and the excellent Scheffer and the King led the Queen later to the state-apartments, which they will occupy for some time. When shall I behold the partner of my life? when shall I be able to show him that, tiresome and faithless as he is, I shall always keep for him the regard of a loving and affectionate wife?

'SUEDERMANIA.'

The day after Gustavus' arrival a solemn service at the Cathedral was held to return thanks to God for the return of the King, who was present at it, leading his Queen up the aisle, for the first time since their marriage, years ago. Festivities followed—balls, concerts, state

dinners, dramatic representations, at which the Queen Dowager did not appear, and to the latter of which there was only one drawback—the young, admired actress, Christina Eckermann did not assist at them, for she was tossing wildly on her bed in heavy sickness, and in the throes of a violent and dangerous brain fever.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTINA RECEIVES A SHOCK.

Christina Eckermann had lived in a dream, in a great vast soul-dream of her own; withdrawing herself from ordinary mortals, she had indulged this dream, till its dim outlines had almost become a certainty to her, till its sweet whisperings had appeared a reality, and its lotus-like narcotic influence had benumbed her fresh reasoning powers, lulling them into a nervous condition of helplessness. Christina was under a spell; her strong honest nature was not yet warped, but her ideas had become untrue on one object, and there was danger that that object might engross her imagination till she beheld through its hazy hues the world only in the object—the world as naught, the object as all. Blessed is the girl who can at such a time, when all that inner loving impulse opens, like the shut calyx of the blossoming natural flower—blessed is the girl who can lay her head on a mother's, a sister's, or a friend's lap, and tell by the glance of her upturned eye that it has come, this heavenly call of 'love,' that the girlish mind might be too yielding to understand the holy lesson, and might bend under an unholy power. If, when the first faint blush of love's sympathetic touch tinges the girl's cheek, she *can* seek the supporting strength of a good woman's hand, there is hope that the touch may become the firm life-grasp of worthy affection; or, should it have settled on the wrong object, be gently drawn off without danger. But if these early natural imaginings have no guiding trellis to wind their tendrils on, it becomes a chance whether they will seek the right height, or—to the grief of weeping angels—fall to the ground, and trail their soiled leaves in the moral dust of this life's unhallowed callousness. Oh, to have the love of woman recognised as what it is in truth, in reality, in humanity, in Divine godliness and spirituality, the most sacred, life-giving feeling on earth, the highest impulse existing under the sun, the most poetic aspiration of humankind—as yet but too often the most tainted, sullied, lost and forlorn spark of Divine life here below!

Christina felt the heavy burden felt by all women who really love —earlier or later; for her the sun was not so bright, nor the white crispy snow so white, nor the clear sky so blue, nor the view over the Mälar lake so grand as for others. Nature had lost intensity for her, and nothing but the indulgence of fancy could satisfy her constant craving for meditation. Whole hours she sat at her window, with her books on her knee, watching the skaters below, drifting back in thought to Tjörn, to that happy, happy time caressing her father, taunting Ulrica, and carrying her memory forward to that day when she saw the King pass before the balcony; to her first performance as Ebba Brahe; to the King's letter—ah, did it ever leave her; to his chivalrous protection later; to the enormous flattery bestowed upon her everywhere; to Rosenstein's constant affection, and to the dark future. It seemed dark to her; her soul would not wing up into the ethereal regions of hope; it dwelt below in the dark cavern of doubt, and nursed sullenly the gloomy foreboding of a sad end.

Her mother's fate, her father's name, Ulrica's whereabouts, had gone down into the cavern with her, and she had no wish to draw them to light; why, forsooth? Knowledge would not benefit her now, for darkness enveloped every future step of her existence. Where was Ulrica? Her healthful nature might have done something. Ulrica, in searching for the footprints of the dead was losing the path of the living, and believed Christina sufficiently strong to keep the right way, for all that theatrical stuff, as she had termed her artistic aspirations.

Christina lived in her dream; any sudden shock would be a rude awakening, a terrible reminder that there was something wrong in this same dream.

'Tell Christina I have got some news for her,' said Captain Liljehorn to his sister. The Captain cynically nursed his knee as he sat down by the wood-fire.

Christina appeared. Really the girl was so grand, so beautiful, so utterly out of keeping with the female forms that surrounded him daily, that the Captain started; should he drive the dagger into her heart, and thereby awaken the slumbering embers of but half-understood yearning into the bright flame of certain love? Even he hesitated, even he held back, but the devil's impulse drove him on; fate must be fulfilled, and if he had found Christina's nature above being bent to his own desires, at least it should be crushed some other way.

'There is good news abroad, Christina; the town whispers that the long estrangement between the King and his wife has had a happy solution—that the King thought the Queen did not love him,

and had proudly avoided her society. It is all out that Magdalena has the liveliest affection for Gustavus; he is enchanted at it, and will soon be back, perhaps to-day. There will be grand rejoicings, and *you*, Christina, will have to play unhappy Ebba Brahe before the royal couple.' The Captain leeringly watched her like the cat does the mouse.

Her frame quivered as with an electrical shock: she sat down.

'Really? I am very glad,' she answered.

'Are you sure, Christina?' drawled the Captain.

'Why not, sir? Am I the person to wish husband and wife not to meet and be happy?' retorted Christina, red with anger.

'Not when you think of yourself!'

'Captain, what do you mean?'

'Shall I tell?'

'No, no, no, you hideous man: what will you of me, to drive me to madness—to lose my self-respect? What have I done to you, you miscreant, that you should harrow me thus?'

'What a fury, what a fuss! I have said nothing. But if there were not something, you, sweet coz, would not be so dreadfully excited. Shall I speak and tell you? do you not know it yourself? Heavens! what a grand real queen you would make! rather more than that pretty, weeping milksop, our Magdalena.'

Christina sprang up; every maidenly nerve vibrated at this rude man's touch; she confronted him like a young tigress defending herself from his venomous serpent hisses, trying to hide that which had been untold in the innermost recesses of her heart, unknown to herself.

'Captain, Captain, beware! if you insult me you play with fire; one more word and I strike you as a coward, having no one to defend me here.'

'Do—o—o—do now, sweet coz; it would be charming; shall I tell? shall I suggest? Christina Eckermann *you love the King.*' The Captain rose, and stared at her with the bold insolence of an unscrupulous man.

'It is false! take that!' and she struck him a passionate blow on his cheek.

His cheek flamed; he had almost retorted, but he recollected himself.

'How charming, sweet coz; it doesn't alter the fact, and I am so glad that you have given me something to think of—some injury to remember—some day.'

Shouts rent the air. The proclamation was being read, by a Herald on horseback, that his Majesty would return next Monday,

and that all good citizens should show their loyalty by thei rejoicings.

They listened to the tumult, to the Herald's clear voice. Christina stood quite still, her eyes staring into vacancy, her hands tightly compressed; slowly the lids of her eyes drooped; slowly, slowly, there crept forth from them a burning, scalding tear: it fell down on her hand; she felt its scorching touch, and turned quietly and majestically to leave the room—fire in her heart, grief in her soul.

'The fiery she-devil,' growled the Captain after her. 'But the game is not played out yet, madam, and it *shall* be, some day. Funny she staid here so long.'

Christina appeared at table some hours afterwards; she was pale, but collected and civil to the Captain. Whatever had taken place in her room, she showed no outward signs of it; her conversation was somewhat constrained, and a peculiarly hard look was in her eyes, else the surface was equable and calm. So it remained; Christina followed her usual occupations daily, with one exception; she meditated no more, as if she dreaded to be left long alone.

Every hour brought more news about the royal couple, about the rejoicings, about the coming festivities. At last, Monday came; the night drew near, crowds perambulated the streets, crowds pressed on, crowds shouted; the bells rang, the air trembled with sound-waves—closer and closer they were borne to Christina's ear: one cannon-shot, and Christina knew that the King was at home in the castle, embracing his wife. She wavered not—innocence sat proudly on her brow; she did not even struggle—she was still good, brave, noble Christina Eckermann, for all that man's tempting accusations.

A carriage drove furiously to the door; some one ran into the house, and, bright and joyous, young Rosenstein rushed into the room.

'Here I am, Mademoiselle Christine—couldn't wait to be announced. Did you hear them, the people? Only think, Christine, Mademoiselle Christine, it was *my* doing. *I* brought them together. Are you not happy about it, here? Are you ill, Mademoiselle? How pale you look!'

Christina smiled and held out her hand:

'No, no, Count Rosenstein; I am quite well if I am pale, and very content at the new happiness of the royal couple.'

'Very,' chimed in the Captain, 'so are we all. Now do, Rosenstein, tell us all about it.'

'If Mademoiselle wishes?' Christina nodded; Rosenstein looked at her: 'How dull you are!'

'Am I? but I do not know it; pardon me.'

'Cousin Christina is dull sometimes *now*,' drawled the Captain, emphasising the 'now.' But Christina heeded it not.

'Go on, Count Rosenstein,' said Christina, quietly.

'What is the matter with you all? I was so happy to come; I actually drove here in the carriage that brought me, Scheffer, and the King. His Majesty permitted me, and sent his best greetings, hoping to see Mademoiselle soon with the Queen in the palace.'

'Really!' said the Captain, 'how thoughtful; happy people are always thoughtful!'

'*You* are, dear Count Rosenstein,' said Christina, very gently—so gently that the youth drew closer to her, and looked into her face with beaming eyes.

'Now you are getting amiable,' he said; then he recounted in glowing terms the whole scene in Finland, and its consequences. Evidently all this had taken a load off his mind. He thought Christina safe and out of danger, and hoped for something, he knew scarcely what; perhaps that Christina would love him as he loved her—with all his soul.

Little by little, Christina had become paler; the Captain's watchful eye was on her. He passed round towards her, and when Rosenstein, forgetful of all around him, had finished his tale, the Captain was just in time to allow Christina's fainting form to fall into his arms.

'Captain, what is it?' cried the youth. 'Who has hurt her?'

'No one, Rosenstein. Call my sister and the servant.'

'No; I will not leave her.'

'Not? It is dangerous—she is rigid!'

The Captain shouted; Rosenstein was on his knees before Christina. The women ran in, and all was confusion, till the young girl had been put to bed, had revived a little, and the doctor had arrived.

Then Rosenstein, who had wildly walked up and down the room, sat down, and, placing his arms on the table, he laid his head down on them, and sobbed like a big, broken-hearted school-boy, or like a true, trusty man who knows some great grief is waiting for him in the distance.

CHAPTER XV.

ROSENSTEIN OFFERS MARRIAGE.

NATURE had exhausted her own strength in Christina. The brain-pressure upon the young girl had been great, living as she did among discordant influences, borne down by the continual cynicism of the Captain, the cat-like watching of his sister, and uplifted again beyond

measure by her own artistic aspirations. Nature passed through a struggle, and Christina lay next day in the wild paroxysms of brain-fever—gasping for breath, fighting for the very light of reason, and approaching the gates of death, while she snatched at life.

The news of Christina's illness spread like wild-fire over the town; by mid-day it was known at the palace and at the principal places of public resort that the beautiful young actress was dangerously ill. Many smiled as if they knew the cause, others but shrugged their shoulders, and among the court-throng young Rosenstein, grieved to the heart, could hardly help calling out half-a-dozen sneerers to fight a duel. The King was much concerned when he heard of Christina's illness; he sent to the Queen's apartment to inform her of it, and both sovereigns wished to expedite a messenger for inquiries at Captain Liljehorn's residence.

'No need to inquire, sire,' said Rosenstein; 'I have been there three times this morning.' The young man spoke gruffly, forgetting half his usual respect.

'What is the matter with you, Rosenstein?' asked the King.

'Sire, Mademoiselle Christine is in danger; I cannot bear it.'

'Oh, that's it, Rosenstein; let us hope her vigorous youth will overcome it, and then we'll consult together, you and I—we shall see.'

'Oh, there is no hope that way for me, if she does get well; she will but look upon me as her boy-brother.'

'Not much of a boy, that stalwart form.'

'She does not even notice that, your Majesty,' said Rosenstein; 'if there were any hope, only a spark, I should like to fan it into a flame; but first I want to ask something of you, sire.'

'What is it?'

'You look so happy to-day, sire; you said you would be ever my friend for the help I have given to clear this misunderstanding. Can your Majesty forget that I am a subject, and a very young one, and will your Majesty look upon me as a fellow-man, and answer me a question out-right?'

'I will, Rosenstein.'

'Have you ever (Rosenstein dropped the Majesty, and went close up to the King, not speaking offensively, but harshly), have you ever spoken to Christina Eckermann of love?'

The King started and grew angry. 'Rosenstein, you, almost a boy, say that to me to-day, on my wedding-morn? Shame, young man, to insult your Sovereign, when he cannot punish you.'

'Pardon, pardon, your Majesty! your word is sufficient; your look is. I thought so—only the evil in me would doubt. Pardon again your Majesty.'

Rosenstein ventured to take the King's hand and kissed it.

The King held him gently to him. 'Poor jealous boy! fear not me; fear rather others. Christina's nature is truly noble, and I wish you were older to protect it from an unhallowed touch; do your best to protect her now, for noble natures once wounded are often over sensitive, and prone to become vascillating.'

'Thanks, your Majesty, may I go now? You will not want me to-day, sire?'

'No, no; I am ready for the service in the Cathedral, and am only sorry you will not be there.'

'Present my humble homage to Her Majesty, and believe me, sire, I shall pray earnestly for the happiness of my Sovereigns elsewhere—where I can be near *her*, my own beloved Christina.'

Half-an-hour later Rosenstein sat in Captain Liljehorn's sitting-room, and patiently watched for news from the sick chamber; weeks he sat so, spending here every spare hour, divided in body and soul by the duty he owed to his Sovereign and to his adored Christina.

* * * * * *

Young Spring, the favourite child of nature, was gambolling in frolicsome mood over the northern lands. The keen air of Scandinavia sent the child bounding over the fields, meadows, meres, and lakes of the Swedish peninsula; with its gladsome touch it brought forth under its footprint the yellow buttercup and white daisy, the pale green grass blade and sprouting trefoil, the tender leaflet and delicate early blossom. The land swam in refreshing hues, the sea revelled in bluish tints, and the sky vaulted up high into the white cloud-masses of the purest atmosphere. The very strength of the child's life showed itself everywhere; it wanted to be doing, creating, reviving, and clothing mother earth in such youthful dress as should proclaim its bright, happy, joyous existence.

All Stockholm began to throw off its wintry guise; the ice disappeared, the snow melted from housetop and church-tower, and trade and commerce became released from wintry bonds. Stretching its limbs once more for a happy renewal of strength, the northern earth was rejuvenescent everywhere, proclaiming far and wide that in its womb rested the creative essences for endless times to come!

* * * * * *

A pale, dainty girl sat at a window overlooking the Mälar Lake. Her delicate colour showed that she had just risen from a long illness; her short-cut hair proved that her brain had needed a cooling and refreshing process; her warm dress pointed to convalescence only. Christina Eckermann, inexpressibly lovely in her weakness, cast her

glance over that scene of renewed life below that had been her favourite resort ever since she came to Stockholm.

Near her stood a vase of flowers; next to her lay innumerable pretty notes, saying how glad people were that Stockholm would soon again see its brightest star on the artistic horizon and once more revel in the impersonation of Sweden's historical characters. The King had not had one of his plays performed during Christina's illness; out of respect for her talent and genius the dramatic oars had rested, and only secondary pieces had been performed at the court theatre. Great was the joy at the young heroine's recovery, and greater the expectation to see her once more as Ebba Brahe; to hear again the clear accents of her voice, and pass with her through the various phases of love, hope, joy, despair, and renunciation.

Christina, however, thought little of her dramatic career; the spark of ambition seemed to have died out in her. Her brain sought still for rest and repose, and had not even the power to form a renewed plan; the scene of actual life below had for the moment more attraction for her than all the blazing lights of the theatre, the acclamations of the audience, and the approving smile of the Sovereign. Surely Christina had passed over a great gulf, and the very effort to pass it had purified her being in a higher degree, and had cast off every selfish desire.

A comely woman entered the room: it was Ulrica. Somehow she had found her way quickly to the house, when the news of Christina's illness had spread abroad: where she had been and how she had heard of it she confided to no one, but there she was, ready to nurse 'her child,' as she called Christina. And she had nursed her to good purpose; without Ulrica's ever-watchful, motherly care, Christina had never again sat at that window, overlooking the Mälar Lake!

'My child, young Rosenstein is below; you know he was promised to see you to-day. Will you go to him?'

Christina rose; her slender figure bent like the elastic willow branches over the lake.

'I will, dear Ulrica. Give me my shawl.'

'Take care, child; do not excite yourself.'

'Oh, no; Rosenstein has been so good—so like a real brother—I must keep my promise.'

Ulrica smiled, doubtfully, at the word *brother*.

'Well, well,' she said, as Ulrica left the room; 'poor children, they do not know better.'

He heard her step, still a little unsteady, and his heart bounded within him. At the door he stood, and as she came towards him, he

grasped her hand; he covered it respectfully with kisses, and big, scalding tear-drops fell on it.

'Rosenstein, my brother, you must be good; I am not very strong yet, and must remain quiet.'

For answer she had a glance of such heavenly joy as only angels grant to man. Then she noticed how pale, how much older, he looked.

'Have you been ill too, Rosenstein?'

'No, no; not really, only sympathetically; did you think, Christina —may I call you so now?—did—did you think I should not suffer when you did?'

'Poor boy, I am very sorry.'

'Christine, I am not a boy now; don't call me so.'

For answer, she just passed her hand over his hair, as he sat below her. He looked up, his eyes swimming with delight.

'The King and Queen send you a spring bouquet and their best congratulations.'

'How good they are!'

'They are very happy together, Christina, and when good people are happy they like to see others so.'

'Do you think so? now, I should have thought happiness made people selfish. If I were happy, Rosenstein, I should like to lock it up in my own breast.'

'And if I were so, I should like to shout out to all the world. I am happy, now, to see you again my orphan-sister, for remember we are both orphans, and I could trumpet it out to all the world, like the herald did the King's arrival. Are you not happy, Christina? May I—oh! may I, try to make you so?'

'But, dear Rosenstein, you are making me happy.'

'Not in the right way, Christina; I want to make you as happy as I am.'

'As happy as you are, Rosenstein; I don't know what that means—my nature is different. I must not talk and think too much, else my head will begin to ache.'

Rosenstein answered not; he was still; he took her poor wan hand and held it, and so they sat for some time, not a word passing between them. At last, Rosenstein could bear it no longer; he put his cheek against her hand, and whispered, as if to himself:

'Christine, can you never love me otherwise than as a brother? can you never, never, never look upon me as a lover, a—a—husband, a—somebody to support you, to cherish you, to lead you through life? Oh, Christine! could you give up your dramatic career for me?' He felt how her hand trembled.

'Rosenstein, do not ask me; my brain is so tired still, I cannot tell what I shall do.'

'Can you not promise?'

She looked at him.

'Hush, brother; over my heart angels' wings have passed; they have purified it, for, without my knowing, something wrong had crept into it, I believe. Oh, let me gain strength, let me gain life and health, and I will tell you, I will try to see what I can do.'

'Christina, then, I am lost; only from your weakness have I hope—your strength I dread; in it you rise above me.'

'But I promise to love you always, always as my dear own brother.'

'I could curse the word, as Cain did.'

'Rosenstein!'

'Christina, you are cruel; for you are killing me.'

'And you are making me feel very ill.'

'Oh, forgive me! I had better die than do that. Will you promise nothing?'

'Rosenstein, I need not promise; I love you as my own, my dearest brother—as the brightest ray in my life now, as the ray I could not bear to lose.' She placed her hand in his.

'I suppose I must be content with that,' he answered, mournfully; 'oh, Christina, have you an idea what I have suffered?' He looked at her with an agonizing look.

'I think I have,' she said, slowly and quietly; and returning his look, she pressed her cold lips on his forehead.

He quivered under the touch, bent low, and covered again her hand with kisses, for he dared not venture to rob those lips of one kiss. So they sat for some time till others came into the room, smiling at the orphan couple.

Just Principles of Punishment.

By Francis Peek.

II.

The foundation of all just punishment rests upon the principle of justice—strict justice—neither respecting the person of the poor nor honouring the person of the mighty. With justice in this sense mercy must never interfere, inasmuch as to tamper with it, from any consideration whatever, would be fatal to its very existence. Let even pity influence the scales, and it is justice no longer. Justice, however, *includes* mercy, and in the struggle between society and the criminal it must take up a position from which it can give due weight to the demands of society which has been injured, and at the same time take into account the circumstances of the wrongdoer. A few striking facts will illustrate this. Out of every hundred criminals, thirty-four could neither read nor write, and only three-and-a-half per cent. could read and write well. In the Government report for last month, we find the following:—'It is painful to have to say that it is to parental neglect that by far the larger share of the grosser crimes of the present day is to be attributed. In London alone, many thousands of children are trained to thieving, dragged-up to manhood from the guilt-gardens of our great towns.'

It follows from these and similar facts that every principle of punishment that does not include mercy is unjust and cruel, while justice itself demands that, when the law has been vindicated, the nature of all punishments inflicted should be remedial and restorative; that furthermore every effort should be made to reform the criminal and to enable him to return to the community not only morally changed, but with the power of maintaining himself by honest means.

In discussing the reformation of criminals it will be necessary to examine into the causes of the crimes that are committed against society, and we shall find that the principal agent in such crimes is

either passion or covetousness. The former includes all crimes against the person, from that of murder to that of common assault where property is not so much the object but rather the gratification of cruelty, lust, or revenge; the latter includes all crimes, whether accompanied or unaccompanied by personal violence, in which the aim is to obtain the property of another. It is evident on the slightest consideration that these two classes of crimes require for their treatment a very different mode of punishment, if our criminal legislation is to be both just and remedial. Crimes of passion are of course of very unequal degrees of guilt. There are those committed in the haste of the moment, under circumstances of great provocation or temptation, and those which are perpetrated systematically or in deliberate malice.

With regard to the former we may say that justice is, on the whole, fairly administered; but when we come to crimes of malicious passion, such as assaults on wives, children, and helpless dependants, or planned attacks upon masters, fellow-workmen, and police, the case is totally different. With respect to these latter the administration of justice as well as the law itself is degraded by the inadequacy of the punishment inflicted by which no just principle whatever is satisfied. There is no retribution in the three or six months' imprisonment to which a wretch, who has nearly kicked a helpless woman to death, is condemned, nor is the deterrent principle answered any better by such light sentences. Once let the brutal portion of the community become possessed of the idea that the law lightly esteems personal security, that it counts it a greater crime to steal a few shillings than to injure a fellow-creature so long as serious consequences do not almost instantly result and, as might be expected, such offences are encouraged; and the daily police reports prove their disastrous increase.

We shall make but small progress in just principles of punishment until we entirely reverse our present ideas which have been fostered by the remnants of feudal law, according to which a man's property was more sacred than his person. It is absolutely necessary at the present time, by more stringent laws and sterner administration, to make it known that the first object of good government is the protection of the person; that he who deliberately injures another will himself have to suffer some pain similar to that which he has inflicted, and that, furthermore, he will not be permitted to mix again with the community till his savage nature has been tamed by solitary confinement and remedial treatment.

Whilst our punishments for crimes against the person are miserably weak, those for crimes against property are often equally harsh or cruel, and, in some cases, most unwise, as witness the treadmill and

the convict-gang system. The treadmill is not only unwise but unjust. Unjust because the old offenders and the strong find it comparatively easy, while the weakly either suffer most disproportionately, often meeting with severe accidents,* or escape altogether, being reported by the surgeon as physically unfit to undergo the punishment.† Unwise, because its tendency is quite the reverse of remedial. If the desire of the community was to make labour utterly distasteful, no surer means could have been devised than the monotonous, heavy, useless wheel. Its effect was fairly expressed by a prisoner, who on leaving gaol said, 'Well! I never loved work, but I hate it more now than ever.' How contrary to such barbarous and useless treatment is that which a just principle of punishment would dictate, and which our 'Old Book' prescribes: 'If a thief be taken let him make restitution.' Say to such a one—'You will have to remain in prison till you have repaid what you have stolen, as well as the cost of your living.' Let this be more firmly enforced; let the rogue and vagabond be made to feel that he must work, whether he be in prison or at liberty, and we shall need no treadmill, crank, or other barbarism.

Lest the idea of making thieves support themselves and repay their theft should appear chimerical, several prisons may be quoted as having been made partly or wholly self-supporting, and in some cases even remunerative. One of the chief prisons in the United States contributes £5000 a-year to the revenue, besides being self-supporting, while the Philadelphia City Prison is nearly so. In England, the results in different prisons are very suggestive of the imperfect way in which we are working. Thus in Stafford Gaol, the earnings are £5 for each prisoner per annum; in Wakefield Gaol, £7; and the average cost to the community of each criminal is about £32 per annum. In Rutland County Gaol, each prisoner costs £125 a-year, and earns nothing. How patient are English taxpayers!

There is no great difficulty in making criminals self-supporting to a very considerable extent, provided intelligent, earnest men are placed at the head of prisons, and the effect may be aptly illustrated by the following anecdote. A prisoner was receiving his discharge from the governor, who had during his incarceration enforced hard remunerative occupation, and now, on leaving, explained his reasons for doing so. 'Do you mean to say,' said the prisoner, 'that I have earned so much towards your salary?' 'Yes,' replied the governor; 'you have earned for the gaol nearly double the cost of your keep, and so much for me for keeping you at work.' 'Then you shall *never* see me here again'

* Twelve such accidents were recently reported to have happened in one gaol.

† About 20 per cent. of all condemned to the treadmill.

was the disgusted man's answer. There can be no doubt but that criminals reflect with a sort of savage satisfaction that at present they are making the community pay heavily for keeping them shut up.

Another most important point in the remedial treatment of prisoners is to keep them absolutely separate. In this our present mode of action is very strange. Our convicts are first subjected to solitary confinement for nine months and then are thrown together in gangs where every corruption festers and gangrenes among the whole mass. We find the same evil to some extent in many county gaols, where the prisoners work together in large rooms, and in spite of every precaution communicate with one another.

For purposes of reformation total seclusion from other prisoners is of primary importance. We do not advocate the fearful silent system, but rather one which would give every facility to persons of good character to visit criminals. Solitary confinement opens the ground, but human sympathy must put in the seed. Above all, the criminal must be kept away from pernicious contact with other criminals if that good seed is to have any chance of growth.

We noticed in a former article how public opinion has fluctuated, now leaning to extreme harshness now to excessive lenity. It is sad to see how rapidly similar transitions take place in all matters in this country. A short time ago our poor were being demoralised by the abundance of so-called charity; now, because certain classes of workmen have naturally raised prices by striking, comfortable cynics deny that there are any poor left to require help at all.

Not long since a popular novelist ridiculed the morbid feeling which felt no pity except for the convicted criminal, and then made him an object of envy to the honest poor. Now, the public mind can hardly be persuaded that crimes against society are sufficiently punished, although in one convict prison (Chatham) out of 1692 prisoners 487 met with accidents, and 24 mutilated themselves to obtain some relief, while 1725 admissions were granted to the hospital. Alas! that the hour should still seem distant when the glorious truth shall be thoroughly understood that the one thing for which all creation is groaning is Justice. Justice from the strong to the weak; from the rich to the poor and from the poor to the rich. Justice from the well-educated, well-trained Pharisee to the child of shame, bred in an atmosphere where wrong is counted right, and right is scorned. Justice, whose essence is 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye so to them likewise.'

A Sand Quarry in Winter.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., &c.

The end of November, 6.30 a.m. Wet, wet, wet! Thermometer 34 deg. A fierce wind blowing somewhere from the northwards, howling and shrieking through the trees, and, as can be seen even at that hour, tearing off the leaves that still keep their hold on the branches, whirling them high in air, and mixing them with the already fallen leaves which have been swept up from the ground, and tower upwards in spiral eddies before they again fall to the earth. No moon: the sun is not due yet, but he is trying hard to drive a few pale, watery beams through the dull, leaden, black-patched canopy, which does duty for a sky; and, as the eye becomes more accustomed to the semi-darkness, a few large snow-flakes are seen here and there amid all the flying leaves. The sash is opened for a better glance of the sky, and in rushes the triumphant wind, sending all my papers flying helter-skelter about the room, and causing great confusion among the multitudinous savage weapons, implements, and ornaments with which the walls of the room are covered. The house is situated on the top of a hill, so that the wind does pretty well as it likes, especially at this time of year when the foliage is off the protecting belt of trees in front, and nothing is left but their bare branches. Clearly, this is a day for home-work, for avoidance of the elements, and for cheerful fires in defiance of the colliers.

A letter from the editor, urgently requesting an article at once, because the Magazine has to go to press so early in November. I had looked forward to a nice bright December day for this task—one of the many wintry days when the sun shines clearly, though coldly; when the sky is blue, when scarcely but the slightest breeze is perceptible, and when the exhilarating bracing atmosphere almost takes away the sense of cold. Moreover, I had intended to write an article entitled, 'Under the Ground,' as a companion to 'Under the Bark,' but the perpetual rains of the last two or three months have rendered

such a task all but useless. There are hundreds of insects which pass their winter time some few inches below the surface of the earth, and I had thought of taking a limited area, digging it carefully, and jotting down the results; but there is nothing which does so much damage to most insects as wet. Cold they can bear well enough, provided they are not exposed directly to the elements, but wet is more than they can endure, and fairly drowns them, and it is for that reason that insects are often so rare after a very wet autumn.

Surely no one could be expected to go out in such weather and dig for insects; and if he were rash enough to do so, the chances are that no sooner did he uncover an insect than it would be blown far out of his reach. At last I bethought myself of a small, sheltered Sand Quarry, about half-a-mile from my house, and, taking with me the old familiar butcher's knife in its sheath, and some boxes, I started for the quarry.

When I visited the place in July last, it was a most lovely little spot, clothed with abundant verdure, rich in the sweet flowers of glorious summer, and musical with the twitter of joyous birds and the hum of many insects. The sky was serene and blue, with a few white clouds drifting slowly across its azure expanse, and sending their shadows travelling over the plain below. The Thames ran, a meandering blue streak, glittering here and there as the sunbeams glanced on its ripples, and bearing many a white sail and swift steamer through the valley over which it had once spread itself like a shallow lake until restrained within its limits by the mighty 'river-wall,' on which the seaweed dangles in black and green clusters.

Now, how changed is all the scene! The quarry itself is tolerably sheltered, but above our heads the wind tears its way through the wood and speeds over the country as if it meant to twist every tree up by the roots. Every now and then, as some fiercer gust passes along, a loud ruffling sound is heard, accompanied by a pattering as of hail, among the withered leaves that strew the ground. At first, indeed, I took it to be hail, but presently found that it was caused by the little hard seeds of the broom, which clung somewhat loosely to their opened and twisted pods, and were shaken out by the wind. All the broom trees above had lost their seeds long ago, but these still survived in that partly sheltered spot. The rustling sound was produced by a young sycamore tree. All the leaves had been blown off it except one large leaf at the end of each twig. These clung pertinaciously to their hold, and the noise which they made was really wonderful.

No longer bright and glittering, the Thames, a dull grey stream, reflected the dull grey and leaden sky, through which no ray of sunshine could pass, and over which the black snow clouds sped with ominous

rapidity. Not a sail visible, and only an occasional empty screw-collier, very much down at the stern, and her 'nose tip-tilted' as if disgusted with things in general. Far away on either side lie the marshes as they are still called—'the meshes' according to aboriginal pronunciation—and on the left is the identical 'mesh' where Pip encountered his grateful convict, and nearly met his death in the hut by the lime kiln. Not many years ago the bittern haunted these marshes, but its weird, booming cry has never been heard since the marshes were drained and cultivated. For all that may be seen now the bittern might yet be there, and a more forlorn looking place can hardly be imagined than that dim, misty expanse with the river winding through it, and closed in the distance by the black, tree-topped Essex hills.

As to the wind, it seems scarcely to have made up its mind what to do, or by what name it was to be called, whether Boreas, Septembrio, or Thracias. It is only determined on two points—the one, that the north should be the leading element, and the other that it had to blow its hardest.

It is quite a relief to turn into the quarry, as into harbour out of a rough sea, and to be free from that bitter, searching wind which takes away the breath when faced, and, when the back is turned, seems to force its way through all apparel as easily as if the thick overcoat were little more than chain armour. Here in the quarry, what a change is there! A few flowers still linger in this sheltered spot. The yellow ragwort is plentiful, and a few purple mallow flowers are visible among the green leaves. The soil, however, does not seem to be kindly for mallow, as the leaves, though numerous, are scarcely larger than penny-pieces; the plant crouches closely to the ground, and the flowers, instead of flaunting some three feet in the air, upborne by a stem like a walking-stick, are nestled among the leaves, and almost hidden by them. Richer colouring than the mallow is, however, there. The entrance to the quarry opens into 'Ragged Robin Lane,' and there, on the spot where the southern sunbeams can warm and the north wind cannot touch, is Ragged Robin himself, with just one or two rosy flowers yet unfaded. I suppose that the flower has held its own because, owing to its situation, nearly at the foot of a hill, the bottom of the quarry is always moist, and whatever warmth there may be it is sure to get. And in the middle of the quarry stands a solitary oat plant, tall, fair, and strong, its leaves broad and healthy, and its graceful pendulous spikelets waving gently in the slight breeze that can find its way into the quarry.

Thick and dank lie the fallen leaves, coloured with the yet unfaded reds and browns and yellows of autumn. Without moving I can

note sycamore, maple, oak, Spanish chestnut, horse chestnut, beech, birch, elm, and ash. It is worthy of notice to remark how capricious are the trees in retaining or parting with their leafage, and how, when two trees of the same species stand near each other, one will be entirely bare, while the other will be half clad with fairly green leaves. This difference is evidently to be attributed to the particular soil into which the chief roots of the tree have penetrated.

The soil in this spot is exceedingly varied, all sorts of strata turning up close to each other. For example, the eastern and southern sides of this quarry are soft, friable sand, whereas the western side is rough conglomerate. Of the latter material, indeed, our hill is mostly composed. It is very healthy, no doubt, and has the advantage of creating scarcely any mud, so that, even after a long and steady rain, a lady can safely walk in the roads, provided that her boots be reasonably stout.

Still, it has its disadvantages. The ground does well enough for trees and even shrubs, but it renders floriculture a heart-breaking business. Only the thinnest and poorest layer of soil lies on it, and even if abundant mould be added, the first heavy rain washes it all away, and a fine crop of loose stones comes to the surface. As for turf, it will not live on such a soil, but becomes covered with moss, and gradually dies off. After some ten years' experience, I have at last induced a lawn to exist; but then I had to dig away some eighteen inches of rubbish, put down a layer of good soil, then a thick layer of chalk, and then another of marl. Chalk absorbs water like a sponge, so that it retains the water which otherwise would have run to waste, and gives it out slowly to the roots of the grass in the dry weather.

Another disadvantage of such a soil is the abundance of pebbles, varying in size from a cherry to a plum, and nicely rounded for throwing. Consequently the boys, with whom this place abounds, and who, boy-like, are mostly at war with each other, and always with the rest of mankind, find themselves amply provided with weapons ready to hand. In the autumn, when the chestnuts are ripe, it is scarcely safe to turn a corner, or even to go near one, so perpetual is the fire that is kept up at the trees and between rival parties of boys.

The perpendicular sides of the quarry show this arrangement of strata very plainly. It is curious to see how the roots of the trees have restricted themselves to the shallow stratum of soil, so that they run almost horizontally. As the rain and wind beat away the upper portion of the quarry, the earth falls away from the roots, which hang down, waving loosely in the air; so when the strong wind attacks them they lash

about like ships, and cut large semicircular grooves in the sand-wall against which they are blown.

Some trees seem to be little affected by this falling away of the soil. The elder, for example, retains its leaves bravely, and in one part has formed quite a rampart against the wind; so does the blackberry; while the elms are entirely stripped, the rooks' nests coming out black against the grey sky, whilst even the oaks have parted with their leaves, contrary to their usual custom of keeping them, though withered, until they are pushed off by the young foliage of the following spring.

In July last, among the many insects which thronged the quarry, I was greatly struck with the number of sand-boring and parasitic insects that buzzed about its eastern face, and so thought that such a day as this would afford a good opportunity for digging into the bank and seeing what the insects had done.

Even the face of the quarry has undergone a great change since July, not by the hand of man, but by natural means. The rains of many consecutive weeks have been dashed against it, run down it, and cut it into multitudinous meandering channels, while at the bottom of the quarry is a large heap of mud, composed of the soil and sand which have been washed down. Indeed, the view of the quarry showed admirably, on a small scale, how vast a work water does in changing the face of the earth. The strangest point about this channelled surface was the formation of numerous stalactites and stalagmites. A stalactite of sand seems rather a strange thing, but there they are, and plenty of them. They are, of course, but small, only a few inches in length; but size goes for very little in Nature, and, when compared with the area of the whole globe, there is not very much difference between six inches and six feet. They fall to pieces at the slightest touch of the finger, and yet remain unhurt while the tempestuous wind is roaring above, and the air is full of heavy rain, whirling leaves and bits of dry branches.

A portion of the eastern face has escaped rather better than the rest, and to that I directed my attention. It was literally covered with burrows, varying in size from eighteen inches to the eighth of an inch in diameter. The small burrows are evidently owing to the insects which were so plentiful in the summer. Chief among them were the Kentish bee (*Andrena pilipes*), a very local insect, hardly to be found in any other county of England except that from which it takes its name; the Sand-wasps (*Crabro* and *Odynerus*), and the lovely Ruby-tail flies (*Chrysis*), about all of whom we shall presently learn something.

The largest is that of a fox, and a very clever contrivance it is.

After much search on the hill from which the quarry is cut, I found the other opening of the burrow. It is situated on the side of the hill, shaded by grass and bracken, and is so carefully concealed that, although I knew it must be situated within a limited area, I had some difficulty in finding it. Should the fox be run to earth, he would take refuge in this burrow, crawl by its means through the hill, slip down the face of the quarry, and be off to some other place of concealment. There are plenty of rabbit burrows; two of which are so close to each other as to bear a curious resemblance to the Thames Tunnel, especially as the rain has washed away the sand around them, so as to form a sort of arched recess, in which the two openings are seen side by side. Above them, and not far beneath the layer of soil, are a number of the sand-martin's burrows, now of course deserted, their inhabitants being in climates where they are certainly warmer, and, I hope, drier, than they would be here.

There are one or two mouse-holes; but these are of no consequence, and we proceed to those of the insects. First in size comes that of the Kentish bee. It is really a curious little insect. It bores horizontal tunnels some seven or eight inches in depth, each tunnel being about large enough to admit a common drawing-pencil. The insect itself would scarcely be recognised by those who had only seen specimens in a cabinet. Such specimens appear in their natural colours, *i.e.*, entirely black, while the bee, as it flies to its burrow, is entirely white. The fact is, that in its state of grubdom, the young bee feeds on the pollen of the thistle. The mother bee, after finishing her burrow, goes off to the fields, carrying away a quantity of the required pollen, and places it at the end of the burrow, together with the egg from which the future bee will emerge. The pollen being quite white, the bee is covered with it, just as a miller is covered with flour, so that she is quite metamorphosed for the time.

The sand being soft can easily be cut away with the knife, and, a grass-stem having been previously introduced into the burrow, there is no great difficulty in tracing it to the end. Sometimes, however, a large piece of sand breaks away and falls, carrying with it the whole of the burrow and the grass-stem. At the end of the burrow may be found, at the proper time of year, the cocoon containing the bee-grub, and if it be carefully removed and placed in a box, the bee itself will make its appearance in due time. I have hatched out plenty of Kentish bees in this way. Although so local, it is a very common insect in this part of the country, where the soil is favourable. I am quite sure that, contrary to the habits of most insects, the Kentish bee has vastly increased in numbers since Kent was brought into the high state of cultivation which distinguishes the 'Garden of England.'

Before man brought his hand to bear upon the soil, the Kentish bee must have been sorely troubled to find a suitable place for its burrows. Sand very seldom forms itself into natural banks, and it is very rarely the case that a gulf is cut through the sand by the action of water, so as to leave a perpendicular bank on either side. Now, as the Kentish bee makes horizontal and not vertical burrows, it is evident that in the days when England was in the hands of savages, who made no roads and built no houses, the Kentish bee must have been much fewer in numbers. But, now-a-days, roads are cut through the sand-hills, and the sides of the cutting are filled with the bees' burrows. Sand, too, is urgently wanted both for building and agricultural purposes, and consequently almost every sand-hill has its quarry. It is most interesting in the bright summer time to watch these places, and see the white throng of Kentish bees flying into and out of their burrows, and making the air musical with their busy hum.

In the particular quarry of which I am writing, the Kentish bee has restricted itself to the upper portion of the sand, so that its tunnels cannot be reached without much difficulty. The lower part is occupied by the small burrows of the sand-wasp, which are placed so closely together that the face of the quarry looks very much as if it had sustained a series of volleys of No. 7 shot. Not exactly so; for in one place there actually is a group of shot-holes round the entrance of a rabbit-burrow, the gun having evidently been fired at the animal as it was making its escape. Shot holes differ from those of the sand-wasps in this respect. The latter are quite circular, and their entrance is no larger than the diameter of the burrow itself, while the former are irregularly conical, the blow of the shot having always broken away a quantity of the friable sand. Not a single shot remains in any of the many holes, the heavy leaden pellets having all rolled out of their conical beds.

To trace up the burrow of the sand-wasp is a difficult task. I find that the best plan is to select a spot about a foot square, in which the burrows are very numerous, and then to pare away the sand in thin slices. If this be done neatly and carefully, the whole of the burrow can be laid open from mouth to end. Mostly they run horizontally, like those of the Kentish bee, being driven at right angles to the face of the sand-bank, but some of them make a sudden curve, when they have gone a few inches into the sand, run for a little distance parallel with the quarry face, and then resume their former direction.

Suddenly we come upon a small lump of something black and fluffy, looking much as if a small pinch of black cloth teasings had been rolled into a little cylinder and pushed to the bottom of the tunnel. We care-

fully get it out with the point of a penknife, and slip it into a box, so as to prevent it from being blown away by the wind. Presently, another and another of the black lumps is discovered and transferred to the box. Presently, we come to another lump, which is pale brown instead of black, and place it with the others. Now, having preserved as many specimens as are wanted, we make our way homeward through the rain and wind, and proceed to the microscope, in order to ascertain the precise character of the fluffy lumps taken from the burrows.

The day is much too dull and dismal to afford sufficient illumination, so the lamp is lighted, and one of the black objects placed under the half-inch glass. The first glance detects its nature. It is composed entirely of fragments of little flies. Black, shining bodies, heads, and severed wings are clustered thickly together, the wings shining out in every colour of the rainbow, amid the *débris* with which they are surrounded. The sand-grains look like lumps of sugar-candy, the withered, red-brown eyes still show their thousands of hexagonal lenses, the black, hairy legs and fragments of bodies lie about in utter confusion, while the wings, though broken from the body and mixed with sand and all kinds of miscellaneous rubbish, flash and glitter in ripples of crimson, green, gold, and azure. Gauzy and delicate as they are, they have survived the body to which they were once attached, and have not lost one whit of their former beauty. One fly presents a very curious aspect. It is a little, black, round-headed fly, quite shrivelled up and withered. It has lost all its legs, but it retains its wings, and adheres to the general mass by the very tips of those organs, projecting from the general mass as a tiny black imp sustained on bright, glittering, many-coloured wings that would do credit to a fairy. Altogether, one of these insect masses reminds me much of the 'pellets' which are found so abundantly in owls' nests, and which are composed of the skin, bones, and teeth of mice and the hard limbs and wing-cases of beetles.

The black lumps are all composed of the same materials, so we pass to one of the brown masses. No opalescent patches of colour betray the presence of wings, but projecting from it on every side are long, crooked legs, covered with sharp, brown, curved spikes, showing in a moment that they are the legs of spiders. All these brown masses are alike; the spiders are apparently of the same species, and all nearly the same size. After examining a considerable number of specimens, I can only find two materials for these masses, namely, spiders and flies, and in no instance is there a spider among the flies or a fly among the spiders. Now, why were these creatures buried in the bottom of these tunnels, and why are they so shrivelled and dismembered? They were placed there by the sand-wasp as food for her future young, just

as the Kentish bee stores her burrow with pollen. Sand-wasps in all their stages of existence are carnivorous, and so it is necessary to supply the young with the appropriate animal food.

There are very many species of sand-wasps, and each chooses some particular insect as food for its young. Many prefer flies, some furnish their young with aphides, and others choose beetles. Even the little hard-bodied turnip-beetle (turnip-fleas, as they are often called, on account of their small size and powers of jumping) are used for this purpose. How the little sand-wasp grub manages to eat them is more than I know, but perhaps the hard integuments may be softened by the damp of the burrow. This, however, is merely conjecture.

There is yet one insect to be accounted for. I have already mentioned the ruby-tail flies that in July were flitting so anxiously over the face of the quarry, their burnished crimson and blue mail flashing in the sunbeams like living jewellery. They were on a somewhat similar errand to that of the bees and wasps, but they carry it out in a different manner. They are parasites on the sand-wasps, and just as the sand-wasp grub eats the flies, so the larva of the ruby-tail eats both the sand-wasp grub and all its store of food. From observations that have been made on the habits of these insects, the larva seems at first to suck, rather than to eat, the unfortunate grub on which it feeds; but, having extracted nearly all the juices, proceeds to devour the other portions of the body.

The mother ruby-tail is wonderfully persevering in her attempts to insert an egg into some other insect's nest. Sometimes the rightful owner detects the intruder, and then the latter generally suffers for her deeds. When attacked by her angered foe, she usually tries to shield herself by rolling her body into a ball and lying motionless. Even this ruse, however, does not always save her, and she loses her life, together with her hope of providing for a future generation.

Considering the size of the ruby-tail, it can contract itself in a really wonderful manner. Some little time ago, on a bright day in early spring, I was looking at some rough palings upon a park fence, and was examining the little holes made by the Scolytus and similar beetles. The palings happened to face due south, and as the meridian sun shone on them, a ray penetrated into one of the holes and I discovered something blue within. I proceeded to cut it out very carefully, and there found a ruby-tail completely doubled up, like a hedgehog, within a hole scarcely large enough to admit a No. 5 shot. In the same row of palings I found plenty more specimens, all alive, and very much perplexed at being so unceremoniously ejected from the resting-place in which they had passed the winter.

Hacketty Farm:

A STUDY OF AN INTERIOR AFTER THE DUTCH MANNER.

It is astonishing how much mental trouble aggravates bodily discomfort. Grace Staddon felt 'hitchy' and troubled in her mind, and this made her thoroughly miserable. Thorough misery is not *only* the property of high-born dames who dismiss their maids with a tragical 'Leave me, Simkins,' sit up all night in an embroidered *robe-de-chambre*, and appear at breakfast with pale and tear-stained faces; it falls sometimes on folk in linsey-woolsey gowns and worsted hose, sitting in black-beamed, low-ceilinged kitchens, whose happy country lives are made all the happier by these flecks of gloom.

Trouble seemed to be dropping down the open kitchen-chimney of Hacketty Farm, and all about the brown hair and flushed face of the maiden who sat over the fire, gloomily nursing the ghost of a tooth-ache. Grace Staddon was an orphan; as far as kith and kin went, alone in the world; but she was not on that account predisposed to melancholy. Ten years' milking and butter-making, floor-scrubbing and driving turkeys a-field, and, above all, ten years' sojourn with Mrs. Ridler of Hacketty Farm, more as an adopted child than as a servant, had given Grace something better to think of than her orphanage. It was impossible, on a bright October day, when even the fallen leaves couldn't keep still, that troubles of ten years ago should spoil present happiness. The cheerfulness that had grown out of a ten years' life at Hacketty Farm, and made Grace Staddon the sunny West of England maiden that she was, would not yield to anything of the past; it was a trouble of to-day that attacked her, as she held a peony-blushing cheek closely over the wood embers. She was vexed at something that had happened that very morning, thought herself utterly miserable, and cried over a mere pin-prick of pain.

First she was too hot, and left the fire for the settle, a high-backed construction of blackened oak, divided into seats like the stalls in an

old cathedral. Then the cat held possession of the seat nearest the fire, and Grace, unwilling to disturb it, took the next, which was too cold; so she went back to the little arm-chair on the hearth, that opened its arms just wide enough to let her sit down. Then pussy looked so warm and comfortable that she must needs pull it off the settle on to her knee, and scold it for purring so cosily; whereupon pussy stopped purring, and rounded the pupils of its eyes, put out its claws and sheathed them again, saying, as plainly as it could, that it *hated* being disturbed like that.

Altogether Grace Staddon was so taken up with her own troubles that she as nearly as possible forgot Mrs. Ridler's pans of milk that were simmering over the fire, and just on the point of ruffling their coverlets of clouted* cream into little turbulent ebullitions which, as every maker of Devonshire cream knows, would just have spoiled the whole thing.

'Dear, dear, to think o' that now,' said the girl, as she drew them away from the embers; 'and I so near as could be, let thicce pans boil. I never done such a thing afore since I come to Mrs. Herdler.'

(Herdler, with a strong aspiration, and the tip of the tongue curled back towards the throat, was the received pronunciation of the word Ridler. It takes a great deal of breath to say the word properly.)

The pans being shifted out of danger, Grace bethought herself of examining the clock. This was no modern affair, gorgeous with ships at sea and pink cottages under green trees, but a thing of good old-fashioned construction, touching the ceiling with its apex, and glossy with a mahogany coat. It lurked in the darkest corner of the kitchen, revealing Time's secrets only on a very close inspection. Just now, however, it gave warning and, with a noise like a house on fire, struck the hour.

'Vour o'clock, zure enough. Let's zee now; "put un on at cock-crow, tak' un off at milking-time;" it's time to hawl un off.'

And brightening with the termination of her vigil over the milk-pans, Grace carried them one by one into the dairy, and began to make the butter. The exoteric lovers of Devonshire cream may not be aware that all true Devonshire butter passes through this stage, being worked up by hand from the cream as it is taken from the scalding-pans. It was this operation that Grace now set about, rolling up the sleeves from two strong and rosy arms, pulling up her gown behind through her apron strings (an arrangement of which

* I prefer to derive this word from the cloth (clout)-like appearance which the cream assumes when the scalding operation is completed. The spelling 'clotted' is more modern.

our base fashion of posterior humps is an imitation), and settling herself to forget both ailments and grievances.

The toothache had vanished, quite roasted out of countenance; but the other trouble, which we have not yet narrated, lingered obstinately. It was nothing more or less than this. A certain young man, riding an iron-grey, had trotted past the farmyard-gate that morning, where there was a bridle-hook and stone-steps to help him to mount again, without drawing rein—trotted past very fast indeed, though he must have known that Mr. and Mrs. Ridler had started for market quite five minutes before. Perhaps Richard Yearl was anxious to overtake the farmer and his wife, liking their society better than that of Grace Staddon. Certainly it appeared as if this was the case, for though he had on several previous Saturdays stopped at the door of his own accord, and seemed quite surprised to find Grace alone, and said so so often that she was forced to believe him, though he seemed in no hurry to ride off again, and though Grace happened to be looking out of the window that very morning as he passed, yet the young farmer had ridden straight on without even a glance at the diamond panes in their setting of myrtle-bushes. Whatever she might have said if you had taxed her with being disappointed, Grace had expected something different from this. Perhaps she had been pluming herself on certain attractions she supposed herself to possess in the eyes of Mr. Yearl; perhaps certain elaborations of toilet, unnecessary for a morning of household work, had been entered into for his edification. At all events, he didn't come, and Grace Staddon was vexed at herself for being vexed at him, and conjured up a toothache to help her, and all sorts of miserable thoughts, so that she was only just recovering her spirits when the clock struck four, and she began to make butter.

To use so tender a term as 'love-passages' for what had passed between Grace and the young farmer on the iron-grey horse would be an exaggeration. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a great tendency to go red in the face on the slightest provocation—often on no provocation at all, if Grace Staddon was by. The two had been mutually taken with each other on Richard Yearl's first coming to occupy a neighbouring farm about a twelvemonth back; and it was no unusual thing for the iron-grey horse to stop at Hacketty Farm on market mornings whilst its rider chatted with John Herdler, and exchanged a nod or a word with Grace as she bustled in and out of the dairy. Latterly, he had timed his visit so as to arrive just after Mr. Herdler had jogged off with his wife to market. For reasons of her own, Grace Staddon did not put this down to chance; and thus was that, Richard Yearl having neglected to call that morning, quite a

turmoil was created in her heart; and she was only now recovering herself, late in the afternoon, under the consciousness that Sunday's butter *must* be made before Mrs. Ridler came back from market.

Under these circumstances, Grace Staddon plunged her hands into the pan, and set to work with a will, singing:

> Polly was a pretty maid,
> Red and white, and wholly nice;
> Everyone who passed that way
> Saw and loved her in a trice.
>
> John he was a ——

She stopped, for there was a noise at the latch of the kitchen door, and some one stepped in, and said, in a loud voice, addressing the unseen singer, 'Farmer Herdler arn't come home yet, have her?'

Grace drew her creamily gloved hands from the butter-pan, and answered in a great flurry, 'No, Richard Yearl, he arn't.'

She couldn't make up her mind whether it would be more civil to show herself, or whether she might follow her inclination and remain hidden in the dairy; Richard Yearl, also, was in half a mind to run away when he did not find the object of his search in the first room he came to; but something in the sound of the *Richard* Yearl, in place of the usual Mister Yearl, encouraged him to approach the dairy door.

'You sure he arn't come in, Grace Staddon; I thought he must ha' started home afore I.'

'No, he arn't come, but it 'ont be long first; wull 'e tak' a seat and wait for un, Muster Yearl?'

The *Richard* had been a mistake, uttered in the hurry of the moment, and she took the first opportunity to replace it by *Muster*.

'You'll not mind me going on with the butter,' she said, plunging at it again; 'tak' a seat in the kitchen, do, Muster Yearl.'

'I'll stand, thank 'e,' said Mr. Yearl, taking up an uneasy attitude against the door-post, ready to declare himself in the dairy or in the kitchen, whichever might seem the safer place.

After this there was an interval of silence, during which Grace eyed her work so intently that some people would have said it was enough to stop the butter coming. Mr. Yearl couldn't for the life of him think of anything to say, so he repeated after a time, 'I rackon you're sure Mr. Herdler arn't come yet; but may be it 'ont be long first.'

Grace didn't feel herself called upon to reply to this, so she went on with her work, and there ensued another silence, broken only by the 'scrouging' sounds of the cream as it was being manipulated into butter.

Richard Yearl went back through the kitchen to see if his horse

was standing quietly, took the opportunity of listening for Mr. Ridler's returning wheels, seemed relieved to hear nothing but the whirr of the distant mill, entered the kitchen shutting the door carefully behind him, strode across to the dairy, dropping on the way quite a valuable collection of casts in clay of his hob-nail boots, and took up his old position against the door-post.

What Grace thought of these proceedings it is impossible to say; if she noted them with her mind she certainly did not with her eyes: the butter-making process was so extremely engrossing that she seemed quite unconscious of Mr. Yearl's presence.

There is generally a straw ready to oblige a drowning man, and in this instance Richard Yearl lighted upon a conversational one which served his purpose better, perhaps, than at the first clutch he had anticipated.

'What makes your cheek so red? Right side, I mean; it didn't oughter be redder than the left.' He spoke as if he was passing judgment on a prize ox.

'I've had the toothache terrible bad all day; maybe it's that's done it.'

'Have 'e got toothache? Darn un, it's darned worritting varmunt. I had un about a year agone most every day for a wake or more; her druv me into the cold creams and hot fumes, that her did. But I can crack un up now; I can master un.'

'What do 'e do to un, Mr. Yearl?'

'Well, I got dree or vour lawrel-leaves, and I hetted 'em up a bit, and stuck 'em on the jaw, and blessed if it didn't tak' un right away. Darned if I don't get zum for yew,' he added with a sudden inspiration, making for the door.

It was in vain that Grace shouted out that she didn't want them —that her toothache was quite well now; Richard Yearl either didn't hear or didn't attend, and was out of the house in a minute in search of the necessary laurel-leaves. He found them in the strip of garden that separated the white-washed front of Hacketty Farm from the road, where evergreens, and tree-fuchsias, and myrtle-bushes, and snap-dragon stems studded with ripe seed-vessels grew up against the house-wall. Returning with the leaves, Richard Yearl knelt down before the fire to warm them, calling out every few seconds, 'Coming dractlee,' ''Ont be long,' 'They be almost hetted up,' as if Grace was suffering the most excruciating agonies without them. When he appeared with the leaves duly 'hetted up' an unforeseen difficulty arose.

'How be I to hold 'em up?' said Grace, 'I can't put my hands to it, I'm too busy-like.'

Mr. Yearl's face displayed the deepest consternation; presently, however, it brightened up, as at a happy discovery.

'I'll succour 'em for 'e,' he said; 'yew go on with the cream.'

So with a great deal of giggling and blushing on the part of Grace, and an extraordinary amount of awkwardness on the part of Richard Yearl, the leaves *were* held against the red cheek, except sometimes when they dropped into the pan, or, having cooled, had to be re-warmed at the kitchen fire.

More than one customer complained next week of bits of green stuff in Mrs. Ridler's butter; as for the benefit Grace Staddon derived from the application, her cheeks were as hot as before, and there was not a pin to choose between them which was the redder of the two.

Of course, even an imaginary toothache must yield in time to such treatment, and in time butter must come under the most unfavourable influences. So, in half-an-hour, Grace was able to pronounce herself cured, and the butter made, and to wash her hands, and say good-bye to Mr. Yearl at the yard door, in a most decorous manner. Mr. Yearl seemed to have forgotten that he had called to see Farmer Herdler, and left no message for him when he rode away.

Not many minutes after the last foot-falls of the iron-grey had died away at the bend of Hacketty Lane, a spring-cart appeared from the opposite direction, bringing John Ridler and his wife from market. Their conversation, as they drove into the yard, would almost convey the impression that Richard Yearl had not been quite truthful in his professions of ignorance as to Mr. Ridler's movements.

'What time did Herchard Yearl say he was coming to-night?' said the farmer; and his wife answered him, 'Eight o'clock, John, and her said her'd wait till you let un in.'

'Well, what a terrible frightened man her be, to be zure; do 'e think her's been here afore us this afternoon?' But Grace's appearance in the yard prevented Mrs. Ridler giving her conjectures on the subject, and the farmer led off the horse and cart, chuckling over his thoughts.

'Why, child, what's the circumstance of your face being all a-flame like? What have 'e done to it?'

'Toothache, Mrs. Herdler; terrible bad it's been all the time you was to Dunceby.'

Perhaps it was because she had magnified this scrap of a toothache most untruthfully that Grace blushed a deeper red, and tried to escape further questioning by a retreat into the dairy.

'What have 'e done to it?'

Grace was obliged to come back and stand upon her defence.

'I struck un with brandy, and then I tried the piece of wisdom old

Margaret Cockram gave to mother long time back.' She would have gone on just to gain time, and divert any further questions, but Mrs. Herdler interrupted her in a rather contemptuous voice:

'Like enough them'll do for Margaret Cockram, but they 'ont for me, nor yet for yew, Grace.' Then she added, in a tone of sweeping scepticism, 'Robinson Crusoe, Joseph and his brethren, Beauty and the Beast; I don't believe any one o' them.'

Mr. Herdler came in at that moment, and was consulted as to the best thing to be done for Grace's ailment. Grace protested that it was cured, but the farmer insisted upon her coming to the window to see how she looked. The result of this examination seemed to tickle him amazingly; he held Grace at arm's length, and, looking first at one cheek and then at the other, began to laugh heartily.

'It's very kind of him,' thought Grace, 'to be glad it's cured; but I don't see why he should laugh and pull me about so.'

But when Mrs. Herdler began to laugh too, Grace couldn't help thinking that there was something more in it than rejoicing over a cured toothache. Was it possible that they had seen Richard Yearl riding away? She wished he hadn't been stupid enough to stay so long.

Of course there was no need to tell them that he had called, unless she was asked, and so she walked off into the back premises, without appearing to notice their laughter.

Mr. Herdler took advantage of her absence to sidle up to his wife, point his thumb to the region of her heart, and say mysteriously, 'He arn't a been here this arternoon at all—oh, no! Her cheeks arn't red at all—oh, no!' After which they laughed again, and the farmer went back into the yard, and Grace Staddon came in to lay the cloth for tea, and Mrs. Herdler went out to count her 'gooze-chickens.'

All through tea—a meal which lasted a long time at Hacketty Farm—Mr. Herdler was afflicted with a most troublesome choking fit, which seemed to be aggravated whenever he looked at Grace, so that Mrs. Herdler was compelled to say that whether he was laughing or choking she didn't know, but whichever it was, she wished he'd be quiet and finish his tea. Whereat Mr. Herdler would look again at Grace Staddon, and say, 'Oh, dear, no; not at all!' after which he would be unable to go on eating for at least five minutes. Grace felt very uncomfortable at this extraordinary behaviour. There was nothing so unusual, after all, in Mr. Yearl calling at the farm, if it was *that* that excited Mr. Herdler's amusement. Besides, why didn't Mr. Herdler ask her about it, instead of going on laughing at nothing at all? She wasn't sure, however, that she shouldn't blush if they began to talk about Richard Yearl: so, to avoid all danger on that score, it

was better not to ask Mr. Herdler the cause of his merriment, and to pass over unnoticed various insinuations which the farmer made from time to time when he had sobered down a little, and began to make serious havoc among the provisions. Finally, she was glad to escape from the kitchen as soon as tea was over, both in order to avoid any embarrassing questions, and because, it being now almost eight o'clock and quite dark, she had a mind to put in practice a certain experiment in divination which had come from that same 'wise woman,' Margaret Cockram, who had copied the potent charm against toothache into Grace's Bible.

The experiment is this. Let the maid who wishes to find out her lover dip both her hands into a mug of buttermilk, open the house-door as soon as it is dark, and stand with her back to it, holding her hands behind her back so as to let the wind play upon them. She will presently feel a finger writing some letters on her palm. She must stand quite still and find out what those letters are; they will be the first letters of her future husband's name.

Believing in part, but more than half in doubt, and chiefly for the purpose of cherishing the delightful illusion that she was 'in love,' Grace softly opened the door that led into the straw-yard, and looked out. In the faint starlight, she could discern the boundary wall in outline, and here and there a dark mass couched in the straw. She could hear the interminable munching of bullocks in their stalls, and the distant trot of a late horseman beating a sort of rhythm in the still night. Leaving the door open, she first ascertained that there were no sounds of movement in the kitchen, and then went to the corner where the pan of buttermilk stood ready for the purpose.

She had just taken up a position, with her wet hands turned behind her towards the open door, through which the night air blew coolly in upon them, when the clock in the kitchen gave warning of the hour; first a sharp click, and then, after the monotonous ticking had been solemnly resumed as if nothing were going to happen, came the noisy whirr that heralded the chimes, and then the chimes themselves tinkling out a minuet of the past century with a stately regard for time. Grace, with her hands behind her back, made the conjecture that it was going to strike eight, and wondered if it would disturb Mr. and Mrs. Herdler, whom she supposed to be asleep before the fire, when suddenly there was a most distinct sensation in the palm of her left hand as of a finger touching it. Almost at the same instant both her hands were seized and pinned to her sides, whilst something rough and hairy brushed against her neck, and she felt somebody's lips kissing—yes, kissing her left cheek.

A scream of honest fright roused the farmer and his wife from their

fireside dreams, and brought them, running, to the dairy-door, which they opened in such a hurry that the wind blew out the light in Mrs. Ridler's hand, and they were left to discover the cause of Grace's alarm as best they could in the dark. The astonishing thing was that Farmer Ridler began by bursting into a fit of laughter, and saying, as soon as he could recover himself sufficiently to speak, 'What have 'e been doing to un, Richard Yearl, to mak 'un holler like an old scritch owl?'

But Grace struggled away from Richard Yearl's arm, and ran to Mrs. Ridler, whom she followed into the kitchen, and, when the candle was relighted, sat down by her on the settle, while Farmer Ridler and Richard Yearl (the latter looking remarkably sheepish) sat on the opposite side of the fire. Mr. Ridler amused himself till the candle had burnt up with scolding Mr. Yearl for coming round to farm-houses in that way to frighten young maids at their work, to all which Mr. Yearl replied monosyllabically or not at all. At last, when the candle had recovered its sudden extinction, and had been prodded up by Mrs. Ridler's knitting-needle into a state of blaze, the old farmer, turning his merry eyes on Grace Staddon, discovered the milky condition of that young woman's hands; looking also at Richard Yearl's hands, he saw milky marks there too.

'Why, Grace, what's thicce white muck; there didn't ought to be no butter to make this time o' night, ought there, missus?'

'No, for zure, John; what have her been doing? what the matter with 'e, Grace?'

Grace's explanation did not seem to be forthcoming, and so Richard Yearl, who felt that it was time to speak if he mean't to speak at all, made a desperate effort, and told how he had ridden over that evening, with a certain purpose that Varmer Herdler knew of, and had fastened up his horse in the outer yard, and had come round to the back to see if the door was open; and how he had found it open, and Grace Staddon standing with her back towards it, and her hands behind her back; and how he had taken hold to shake hands like, and she had screamed, and he thought it was summat like milk she had on her hands; it felt a bit greasy.

This revelation cast a new light upon Mrs. Ridler's mind. She had not passed her maidenhood in that neighbourhood without learning the 'butter-milk spell,' and to Farmer Ridler's intense glee, and in spite of Grace Staddon twitching at her gown and treading on her foot, she explained its working to the two men. Under the circumstances of the case the recital caused the old farmer exquisite enjoyment, and Richard Yearl listened most intently, only interrupting Mrs. Ridler now and then to say—'Dipped her hands in; did her really now?' 'And were Grace a-looking out for un?'—not addressing his remarks

to the person most concerned in them, but to Mrs. Ridler, as if *she* knew everything that was passing in Grace's mind.

At last, when Mrs. Ridler told all she knew of the divination, as it used to be employed in her young days, holding Grace's arm with one hand and stroking her brown curls with the other, then Richard Yearl said—'And are you most zure, Mrs. Herdler, Grace were a doing of it now?' And Mrs. Ridler said—'Mr. Yearl, you must stop and sup along with we, and then you can ask Grace yourself about un. John'll see to putting your horse right. John, go to un this minute, and don't sit giggling there; and you'll please to excuse me, I'll not be long, but I've got a sight of linen to look over upstairs.'

And ever since that night Grace (who is Grace Yearl now, with a dairy all to herself) has been a firm believer in spells; and she never makes butter now without thinking of her butter-milk wooing.

PERRIN BROWNE.

A First 'Representation.'

By Camille Barrère.

Hippolyte Lampion, the illustrious dramatist at whose feet the theatrical managers of Paris crouch in submissive postures and depose their prayers and money-bags, is reputed the luckiest dramatic author of the Boulevard in his intercourse with the Government censors; his *confrères* dart envious and even venomous glances at the great Hippolyte, as he swaggers past the marble tables of the Café de Madrid, and sits in state in the particular sanctified corner (on the right hand side of the counter) reserved for his levées. This Lampion, they say in whispers, is the dramatic quack in essence; what would he now be but for the official lifts that raised him to exalted pre-eminence and forced him on the public? One remembers the slovenly Lampion when he used to wait for hours in the antechamber of the Gymnase for a favourable look from the *jeune premier*, in a threadbare coat out at the elbows, and boots he used to blacken over carefully in order to conceal the colour of his socks, too apparent between the gaping cracks of the leather; another enviously dwells on his adulatory treatment of the *chef de claque* when his first comedy was given at the 'Délassements Chorégraphiques;' and a third shows with stern logic how this contemptible Lampion paraphrased Molière, Beaumarchais, and even Scribe, without the two former's wit and a bidding over the latter's catchpenny ingenuity; in truth, if these disinterested critics were taken *au sérieux*, there would remain of Hippolyte Lampion's capacities just enough to make a very inferior shoeblack; for he has no conceptive power, no vocabulary, no invention, no gaiety; his grammar is of the Jacques Bonhomme style; he cannot spell, and at the most his intellectual aptitudes qualified him for the supervision of a crossing. What these disinterested censors would be qualified for themselves, if their criticisms were true, it would be indiscreet to hint. Be it as it may, Lampion has another piece 'on' at the Gymnase. The first 'representation' is announced for the

morrow; the public is already in a fever of excitement. Seats for the 'première' have attained fabulous prices; the *service de la presse* has to fight a hand-to-hand battle for the maintenance of its traditional rights; the Place du Gymnase and the neighbouring *cafés* resound with the lamentations of those who cannot ensure an admittance for the next day at the price of gold; and Hippolyte Lampion is pulled to pieces as soon as he appears in public by herds of friends, claiming the rights—were it only a humble '*bonnet d'évêque*'—of devoted friendship. (The said friends were probably running him down five minutes before.) The critics prepare their good Toledo pens, and, in the soft velvet-like lines peculiar to the oracular demonstrations of Parisian journalists, extol enthusiastically what they will cut up in next Monday's *feuilleton*.

Poor Lampion! *La gloire est un martyre*, of which the palm is evidently not in this lower world. A king has his obtrusive courtiers; a minister, his untiring solicitors; a supreme poet, his numberless letter writers; a princely philanthropist, his eternal petitioners; and sometimes Hippolyte Lampion surprises himself in a fit of regret for his gaping shoes, white-black coat, and airless attic on the sixth floor of a quartier latin house of the Rue de Seine; and the winter, when the cold wind that penetrated between the slates of the roof, and the absence of wood obliged him to burn a manuscript to warm his frost-bitten fingers; and the fifteen-sous dinners at a Pension, beside which Balzac's 'Maman Vauquer' fare was a sumptuous repast, and the five centimes a line grudgingly given for his verses by the 'Avenir Poétique,' and Bohemia with its painful gaieties and good-humoured sufferings. This 'première représentation' has well-nigh driven the brilliant and envied Lampion to the Morgue. When he had finished the five acts asked of him by the Gymnase, he had to defend every word of the piece with the Censure, until he seriously meditated the wholesale destruction of this respectable institution by some Lucrezia Borgia-like device. The Minister of the Interior could not allow *this* allusion to pass; the Minister of Fine Arts considered *that* satire too bitter; and there was a dangerous phrase, running thus: 'Joseph, give me hunting boots!' which evidently contained some attack on the form of government, though what the attack was, all the ministers and censors put together could not tell for the life of them. After an exchange of private letters, recriminations, disputes, official despatches running thus, 'Sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that the State Minister authorises the maintenance of the words, "Pardon, après vous, monsieur!" in your new comedy,' Hippolyte Lampion was at last clear of the clutches and scissors of these incorruptible censors; not without, however, having rehandled two acts of his piece completely, and

taken off the keenest edge of his witticisms; and the diplomacy expended by the brilliant author on this comparatively happy result would have seriously entitled him to the ambassadorship of Berlin.

But the Censure was only a foretaste of an interminable sequel of harassing eventualities. That test that sends every Parisian dramatic author into a fit of trembling—the distribution of parts—must follow. How Hippolyte Lampion can conciliate the two rival actors, both inscribed for his piece—Trognon and Pipobec—is a mystery; and there is the famous actress, Mademoiselle Turlupinette, whom Lampion has selected for his heroine, to the detriment and exquisite rage of Mademoiselle Léontine, her deadly foe, who has only the fifth important part of the comedy—the part of a soubrette, without diamonds, or Brussels lace, or emerald necklaces, or satin dresses, to make up for Léontine's dramatic nullity. On the first day after the 'distribution' was known, poor Hippolyte Lampion received the two following notes:—

Mon petit chéri,—If you don't wish me to scratch your eyes out, you will send that blockhead of a Turlupinette about her business, and give me her part. Now, be *gentil*, my dear Hippolyte, only for once.—Your foe or friend, LEONTINE.

The second note ran thus:—

Mon petit ange,—I hear you actually contemplate giving my part to that idiot of a Léontine. If you don't wish me to scratch your eyes out, leave her to vegetate in the mire.—(Signed) TURLUPINETTE.

The following day brought two angry epistles from the great actors Pipobec and Trognon, immediately followed by their persons, and a scene of tragedy and comedy agreeably mingled, after which Hippolyte was fain to invoke the interference of a sergent de ville. And then the two enraged rivals went to shed tears in the manager's bosom, and to lament on the insignificance of their parts; and the manager came to Hippolyte and beseeched him to spare the feelings of the two pillars of his theatre. The rehearsals began, and so did the following scene, repeated no less than six times a week: the author sat down at his little deal table with the MS. before him and the *régisseur* on his flank; Trognon, Pipobec, Turlupinette, Léontine, and the others began, all rolling inflamed eye-balls at each other, and especially at Hippolyte Lampion; out of spite against the author, all, with truly touching solidarity, muddled through their parts and did everything to raise Lampion's nervous irritability to a pitch bordering on delirium tremens. 'Pardon me, my dear M. Trognon,' said the author with unimpeachable suavity, you pronounce this phrase, "Madame, je vous aime et n'ai jamais aimé que vous," in the tone of an undertaker under the influence of potato-brandy not of a passionate lover; pray begin again.' Trognon

mutters that it is the actor and not the author who is to judge, and speaks the phrase more lugubriously than ever, Mademoiselle Turlupinette forgets her answer, and laughs outright, and Hippolyte Lampion's blood begins to boil. Then Léontine falls out with her rival, and then follows an exchange of invectives which interrupts the progress of the rehearsal very materially. But when Pibobec flatly refuses to take up a position on the stage the author assigns to him, the cup of bitterness overflows, and Hippolyte, throwing up his MS., rushes out of the theatre, declaring that he withdraws his piece, and followed by the perplexed stage manager, who tries to soothe him. A reconciliation is effected, and the same dissensions are repeated on the morrow and on the following days, until the actors perceive that Hippolyte has had his fill of vicissitudes, and may, once for all, send them about their business.

The rehearsals are finished: the great '*première représentation*' is at last posted up. Needless to dwell on the steeplechase after Lampion for tickets; the list of his mortal enemies is increased every day by his impossibility to satisfy countless demands; needless also to speak of the fight for the composition of the bills. Trognon and Pipobec contend for the first rank; Turlupinette weeps because the letters of her name are not big enough. She wants the 'vedette;' and a cabale, headed by Léontine, has prevented her from obtaining it from that monster Hippolyte. '*Allez au diable!*' is the general cursory answer this much-tested individual now invariably gives to masculine and feminine supplications. Hippolyte has even had *démêlés* with the *chef de claque*. This worthy took upon himself to indicate certain parts of the MS. that were to be rehandled, whereupon Hippolyte sent him to the other side of the Boulevard, and thereby deserved his malignant hatred; and as the *chef de claque* was a power, and may-be held the success of the piece in his hands, Hippolyte was compelled to make *amende honorable*, and beg this warrior's pardon. The warrior was magnanimous and granted it, subject to certain pecuniary promises and vile flattery.

But it is eight o'clock; the curtain rises, and the *première* begins. Lampion is behind the scene, ready for all emergencies; he looks through the loophole of the curtain, and espies with terror some of his direst enemies in the stalls. But no matter. The first act is given and received coldly. Everyone—actors, critics, manager, figurants—cold-shoulder the author. 'It is not astonishing,' exclaims Pipobec, who has not yet made his *entrée:* 'my part is insignificant; if I had been there I might have saved the act; the piece is idiotic!' Turlupinette and Léontine are impertinent: 'Eh bien, Monsieur Lampion, que vous disais-je?' Even the prompter is

sardonic. At the second act the public warms; Pipobec's tirades are received with tremendous applause; his superbly put challenge to Trognon turns out a splendid triumph; Mademoiselle Turlupinette brings down rounds and rounds of applause in the love-scene; and when the curtain falls, the radiant Pipobec presses Lampion in his arms, congratulates him, thanks him, and shouts that the piece is magnificent. Turlupinette is all smiles and mellow words for Lampion; the figurants salute him respectfully, and the manager will not let him off until he has promised him his next three comedies. The third, fourth, and fifth acts are, if possible, better received than the second. The battle is won; Lampion has not one enemy, and a thousand more friends. He is the hero of the night—the great, the admirable Lampion. His admirers would almost unharness his cab-horse and drag him home, but Lampion receives these universal congratulations with a sarcastic smile, and wonders where all these worshippers would be if his piece had failed.

Between Moor and Main:

An Autumnal Sketch.

By H. Schütz Wilson.

She is coming—my dove, my dear;
She is coming—my life, my fate.

Between sea and moor there is, on the wild coast of Chalkshire, a space of fair English landscape which comprises roads, and woods, and fields. A few miles inland, the great wide moors stretch away in a prairie of billowy hills; hills purple in the golden sunlight, darkly indigo when great, grey cloud-masses gloom the noble waste. On the other hand, the sea, ever varying in ceaseless change of aspect, spreads far and wide to the distant horizon. A strip of homely beauty extends between the unmoving moor and the ever restless sea.

Within this nobly-bounded strip stand stately mansions, olden halls, quaint and ancient farm-houses, and many of those lovely cottages which form one of the chief beauties of our dear old English land. A ruined abbey lends the charm of picturesque association to the soft fair valley which lies very close to the little country town called Silverspring—a town which doubtless owes its pretty name to a deep old well, and to the crystal spring which still bubbles and sparkles from out the kindly earth. On the coast, close under the high cliffs, nestles a little fishing village, which sends out boats that darken the bright waves with burnt sienna sails. Not very far from the ivied ruin and from the quiet town is Fernside, the fair country-seat of a Chalkshire country family.

Fernside was and is the charming residence of the Poyntons. Every year, so soon as 'the Long' commenced, which set their son free, they assembled a few guests, and those who had once visited at Fernside were glad to come again. The father was a stately white-headed old gentleman, polite and punctilious, and with a touch of the manner of the old-world school, which is now beginning to pass away. Though sixty

years of age, he was hale, upright, active; his eye still bright and his cheek ruddy. The mother, slight and delicate, often in bad health, was exquisitely kind and graceful as a hostess. She was deferentially attached to her husband; devotedly attached to her children. The three children, to whom we are about to be introduced, were Charley, Clara, and Lotty.

Clara Poynton was nearly twenty. Though only by a very little above the standard height of woman, her fine figure was so upright and so well carried that she seemed to be tall. Her complexion had that tender delicacy of colour which suggests the dawn of a blush, and the shape and contour of the face were of that perfect oval which involves the most delicately graduated outline of softly-rounded cheek and chin. Her clear shining hazel eyes looked at everything steadily and directly. Her manner had that calm composure and sweet self-possession which indicate a nature never yet stirred to its depths. Her step was quick, springy, and decisive; her attitudes were well poised and always graceful. The thick braids of bright golden hair, and the faint brilliancy of *teint* made her eyes seem very large. The character expressed through the physiognomy of the whole being was equable, well poised, noble charm; but the romance latent in her nature would be suggested only to a fine observer who had some opportunity for study. This latent romance was subtly indicated by a trick of the voice; clear and bright in the morning, it sank to a soft hush in twilight or in moonlight. She had some instinctive power of obtaining well-fitting dresses, which revealed smoothly the perfect outline of a glorious form; and she had, moreover, the happiest talent for always choosing the colours in which she looked best. She played and sang well, but would seldom play or sing before strangers. Destitute of vanity, she despised display. She would dress as carefully, in compliance with her own inner sense of the fitting and the beautiful, when alone, as she would for 'society;' and I never heard her sing so well as she did on occasions when she was alone and fancied herself unheard. She was singularly truthful and honourable, and held in great contempt the common wiles of womanhood. Her character, though not fully developed, was full of tender force and translucent clearness.

Clara's great female friend was a great contrast to herself. Mrs. Seymour was an extremely pretty little woman, with dark rippling hair, and dark eyes surmounted by extraordinarily long eyelashes. A brunette, she had a beautiful glow of colour, and Clara frequently called her, as a pet name, 'Carnation.' Her real name was Juliet. The little lady did not dislike moderate flirtation, but pursued the occupation solely as an amusement. Her manner was usually very

quiet and subdued; but the elvish little witch was full of quaint, merry mischief, and she had singular powers of satire. At times she said, dropping them out very gently, quietly humorous things. She read a great deal, and was much cleverer than was commonly supposed. Her little low laugh was a delicacy, and her eyes could fill and brim with humour and with merriment. She was warm-hearted and very constant in her friendships; but towards people that she did not know well, or did not much like, she turned outside the lightest and most frivolous side of her quaint and piquante character. She liked to be petted and made much of, and openly expressed a preference for male society. Women, she said, did not amuse her until she quarrelled with them. She was quick to resent, but generous and kindly, and had the faculty of worshipping, from afar off, men of mark and power. With her own sex she was not very popular, though between Clara and herself existed a long-standing, hearty, frank friendship. Men were always attracted by her, but stupid men became gradually rather afraid of her. She kept them off with little sharp-pointed porcupine quills of irony and sarcasm. Carnation was a great charm in a country house. In order, as she said, to preserve propriety, and to keep order among them, she went out attended by a small circle of her male admirers; and it was irresistibly amusing to see her sketching composedly while three or four eager but jealous gallants rendered her, blunderingly, all the services she required, and amused her, as she remarked, 'sometimes for a whole morning.' Her husband was a tall, lymphatic, handsome blond, older than his wife, whom she teazed and charmed in her peculiar way. Before strangers, she always treated him with an absurd assumption of distant coldness, as if she had only just been introduced to him, but she was really attached to him, and he was hugely fond of her. They agreed very well. He was fond of yachting, while Juliet detested the sea; so she had given him leave to go on a cruise, and was spending the time of his absence with her friend Clara.

There was a very High Church young curate in the parish, who was strongly attracted by Mrs. Seymour, and was always dangling after her. She used him for her mirth—yea, for her laughter, and always bantered him unmercifully; a fact of which the curate, who was a person of no great intelligence, was happily unconscious.

Clara sometimes remonstrated with her friend about this treatment of her sacerdotal butt.

'Clary, dear,' asked Mrs. Seymour, solemnly, 'do you think it irreligious to chaff a curate?'

Clara knew that Mrs. Seymour's solemnity of manner did not always cover solemnity of thought, and therefore only laughed in reply.

'Because,' continued the fair tormentor, 'the fellow is such a donkey, and donkeys were surely made for our amusement and delight, Clary? If I didn't teaze him—he never sees it, you know—I couldn't stand him at all. He is such a bore. We women have a hard lot with respect to bores. They can always find us in our dens, our hutches, our homes. We can't escape them; we can't fly; we are tied to a stake, and, bear-like, we must fight the course. I try to fight a good fight with them. Men can avoid each other, but women can't avoid men. What do you think, Clary? I suggested to my clerical friend to intone his sermons!'

'Take care, take care, Carnation,' responded Clara, in dismay; 'he'll really do it, I think.'

'I hoped so,' replied Mrs. Seymour, 'especially as he chortled in his joy, and said that it seemed to him a sweet Catholic idea. But he's sure to consult some one, and he'll be told that he mustn't do it. Pity, isn't it?'

At this instant they heard his thin, unvirile voice, and then the lank black figure of the curate was seen approaching the window, and the ladies had to retire to compose themselves before meeting him.

There were two other young lady guests, Laura and Fanny Graham. They were the nieces of Miss Northcote, who accompanied them as their protectress and manageress. They were pretty and popular girls, fond of amusing and of being amused, and were always ready to play croquet or the piano. They enjoyed picnics, and revelled in dancing. As in magazines there is usually some 'padding,' which fills space and supplements more attractive articles, so, in a country house, or in any other chance assemblage of human beings, one often meets with persons who subserve a useful purpose and yet have no very distinctive character or charms. So it was with Laura and with Fanny. As they were in the house they must be mentioned, but they need not be described. They were so inferior to Clara and to Juliet that art, which always selects, passes lightly by such minor flowers to linger lovingly with the carnation and the rose. There was also one other guest, whose portrait, like that of Marino Faliero in the long gallery of Doges, can only be indicated by a blank space.

Another guest stopping at Fernside was Percy Nugent. He was wonderfully smart, brisk, lively, invariably cheerful, and very pleasant in manner. He had an immense amount of practical tact in life; could always reach a railway station at the very last moment, and yet obtain the very best place; was remarkably clever in arranging picnics and other pleasure parties, and was generally liked. He dressed well, and was singularly neat in all his ways. Able men liked him because he was an agreeable companion for their lighter hours, and

because his tact in all the minor affairs of existence was valuable. He was usually good-natured, and was never out of humour. Percy never read or thought. His character was an utter blank on the side of art, literature, religion; but he danced well, was full of small talk and small jokes, could carve, and shoot, and play billiards. He was rather good-looking, about thirty years old, and was incessantly alert and active. He amused Clara when he first joined the little circle, and Carnation was greatly taken with him during the first week of his stay, though the shrewd little lady afterwards cooled in her liking, explaining to Clara that she had been studying Percy to find out what there was behind so much superficial pleasantry, and had found 'nothing in him, my dear; nothing at all in him.' The elder ladies found him of the greatest use and comfort. They consulted Percy on all matters connected with domestic management, giving parties, and the like; and he gave them decided, clear counsel, and ever ready help. He improved the cookery, and suggested alterations in the house and garden. Everyone invited him, matrons trusted him, and young ladies generally admired. He was invulnerable to satire, and Carnation's occasional arrows fell off him as harmlessly as duck-shot does from the armour of a very large crocodile. No gift is half so valuable for winning popularity as high animal spirits. No other quality or charm is needed by the fortunate possessor of this efficacious endowment. Wit, wisdom, beauty, nobleness are comparatively worthless. They may win slowly a few admirers, but animal spirits secure at once general liking. Is it that the doubts, the sorrows, the sadnesses of life create so much depression that men generally are grateful to the man who, without thought, and without sign or symptom of ever feeling the pressure of life, presents a tonic spectacle of constant, hearty, animal gaiety? Whatever the cause may be, the result is certain. A man who is always radiant with temperamental cheerfulness is universally attractive. He may be selfish as well as shallow, but his popularity will not therefore be diminished. Men with mastery over themselves, self-possessed, and well-balanced, are commonly considered selfish; men, on the other hand, who are effusional and loose of nature, that is, full of self, are popularly looked upon as unselfish. Percy was selfish as well as shallow, but, being himself comfortable, he was ever cheerful, and was looked upon as an unselfish and delightful man of the world.

Mrs. Seymour's cousin, Fred, came down to stop for a short time before going on to Scotland to shoot. He was a handsome young fellow, slightly and finely built, with a smooth cheek and a small dark moustache. His fine silky hair, cut short, was parted in the middle, and he had something of Carnation's brilliancy of complexion, with

the addition of the healthy brown caused by exposure to sun and air. Fred was a soldier. He might, ultimately, turn out a fairly competent one, but was at present in the puppyhood of subalternism. He looked down upon civilians, and measured all things by the standard of 'ours;' but his chief attractions in the army were the hunting, the balls, the betting, the games, and gaming. He gave as little time as might be, and less care than he ought to have done, to the study of his noble profession. He was something supercilious in manner, and had a sense of sulky injury when a civilian presumed to attempt rivalry in the way of flirtation. He thought that ladies were created chiefly for the solace and amusement of officers, and was both surprised and annoyed when 'd——d impertinent fellows' not in the army presumed to make play when he designed to please. He had not a touch of wit or humour; an unfortunate circumstance for him when he tried to flirt with his bewitching but perplexing cousin. His simple talk on the few subjects that interested him was soon exhausted. Carnation liked him, laughed at him, and lectured him; and he confided to her his joys and sorrows, his triumphs, his annoyances, and his debts. He wore an eye-glass in his right eye whenever he remembered to put it up, but always carefully employed this weapon when first he was introduced to strangers. He used to smoke a large meerschaum about the garden; he wanted a B. and S. in the morning; and he was trying to induce his cousin to study billiards.

Oliver Winwood, who had been invited by Clara's brother Charles to visit the family at Fernside, was about eight-and-twenty. After leaving Cambridge, he entered himself at a German university, and thus obtained the two cultures of the two great lands of action and of thought. Having completed his studies in Germany, he resolved, before settling down to a career in England, to travel for a year or two; and a love of adventure, coupled with an old longing for Eastern scenes and sports, impelled him to India, to Australia, to China, Japan, and all the far lands and seas of remote romance. His character was curiously compounded of the contemplative and the active. To borrow Mrs. Seymour's expression, he 'knew Kant and could shoot a tiger.' He was shy and bashful towards women, whom he held in the highest chivalrous respect; but when he became intimate and at his ease with ladies that he liked, the grave and reserved manner which was the ordinary disguise of his sensitive shyness wore off, and they found him fluent, eloquent, impassioned, enthusiastic. Light brown hair curled round a noble head, and a small sunny beard was closely trimmed round a firm yet mobile mouth. He was moderately tall, spare and slight though strong and active, and, like many men who have seen much of danger, he had a kind of self-possessed majesty of

bearing. The face, naturally fair, was darkly burned with the branding suns of many a clime and many an Eastern sea. When in repose his features had something of the calm of an Egyptian statue, but when he became excited they lighted up curiously: the entire expression altered: the grey eye flashed with its inner light, and the whole face became instinct with life, with fire, with emotion. He had the emotional temperament which makes poets, actors, orators. He was a proud man, and his manner towards strangers was held to be even cold; but he was very gentle, frank, gay, and cordial with friends. Clara's brother Charles was one of Oliver's most intimate friends; but Charles had had some little difficulty in inducing Oliver to accept an invitation for a domiciliary visit amongst strangers in a country house.

Another guest was Mr. Prendergast, a literary man. His distinguishing characteristic in literature had been an effort to reconcile physiology with psychology. His 'Romance of the Rectum' had excited a good deal of interest in certain circles, and his second work, 'The Minnesänger of Mincing Lane,' had been successful. He had also written 'Some Thoughts concerning the Biliary Secretions of Marat,' and projected an exhaustive work, in quarto, 'On the Toenails of the Ancient Egyptians.' He was now engaged on the 'Penny Python,' and contemplated starting a new journal, to be devoted to the advocacy of his peculiar views. Moving a good deal in literary and legal circles in London, he had made the acquaintance of Charles Poynton, and had rather insisted upon an invitation to Fernside. Charles thought that he would amuse Carnation and Clara, and had written to his sister a full description of his literary friend; but when announcing his invitation to Oliver, he had merely mentioned, casually, an 'old friend' of his, and had given the ladies no intimation of the manner of man they were to meet. This reticence rather excited their curiosity, because Charles was usually very full and minute in his sketches of new friends. Mr. Prendergast was vain, a little noisy, and could never refrain long from his special hobbies; but he was shrewd, well-informed, and his manner towards strangers had a certain pleasant ease and currency which soon won conventional good-will. He liked to be a 'lion among ladies,' and arrived rapidly at a conviction that pretty Mrs. Seymour thought much more highly of him than she really did. He held the singular opinion that women were the fittest disciples for his distinctive views.

One day, just before the visit to Fernside, Oliver was spending the evening, as he sometimes did, in Charley's chambers. Amongst their bachelor talk, the subject of love and marriage cropped up, as it always does crop up when bachelors are together. Charley gaily

asked his friend why he did not marry? and Oliver, standing with his back to the fireplace, delivered himself as follows, after his impassioned manner when excited:

'Those women, now, that we read of in romance and poetry—where are they? do they really exist? Did any man ever meet an Imogen, a Di Vernon, a Dorothea? I never saw a woman who was at all like an ideal. Where am I to find the heroines of literature? If I could find such an one I would marry her directly, if she would have me; but I believe, Charley, that it is all humbug. The poets draw women out of their own imaginations, and render our life miserable because we can't find divine things which have no real existence. If you urge me to marry, I say, show me one of the great, noble, lovely, lofty women of true poetry. Introduce me to her, and I am her knight, her slave, her lover! But you can't; and that's the pity of it, Charley.'

'Well,' said Charley, smiling, for he thought that he had found *the* young lady; 'well, I call that a torrid torrent of rhetorical rhapsody; but I believe that such women do exist. By the way, you go down to Fernside on Thursday? Good; I shall be there a day or two before you, as you can't go with me.'

Charley had never vouchsafed to his friend any description of Clara, of Carnation, or, indeed, of any of the party that he was to meet at Fernside.

'Yes,' said Oliver, 'I shall come down on Thursday. I can't get away earlier. I am glad you will be there. I hate going into a strange house without meeting some friend to get me well through my first shyness. Have you heard from Chalkshire?'

'Oh, I am always hearing something from the dear old county,' returned Charley. 'We are very clannish there. Everybody knows everybody, and somebody is always wanted to help anybody who is in a scrape. For instance, here's a letter from America. A young fellow in our parts went very wild; went to the bad very badly, and disappeared, it was supposed to America. The supposition was right. He now writes to me, begging me to communicate with his friends. He is doing well, it seems: has struck "ile," and has become eminent in the religious world as a Doubly Seceding Little Tunker. You see we Chalkshire people hold together. But where are you going, Oliver? why go so early?'

'I am only going round to the club,' said Oliver, 'to hear the late news. A club is an omniscience-box of oral current history. Good-bye! I shall see you next at Fernside, Charley.'

'Good-bye! I hope you won't fall into the clutches of that bore Fletcher. How I hate his greasy, coaxing way, and affectation of knowing everything. He is always toadying any big man. Some

parks are closed for a month in the year because its "fawning time," but *his* fawning time extends over all the year. Take care of the step. Good-night! Remember, next Thursday at Fernside. I shall expect you to dinner.'

On the Thursday named, Oliver started for Fernside. Leaving the train, and sending on his luggage by the vehicle sent to meet him, he resolved to walk the three or four miles which separate the house from the railway. It was a lovely afternoon, radiant in golden splendour, towards the end of August. The triumphant sea, stirred to ecstasy by the merry breeze of morning, was still leaping and tossing its sunbright, foamed-ridged waves, wild with playful will, turbulent in its own fierce joy. The glad billows leaped upwards to the smiling sun, until, vexed by the barrier of the confining land, they dashed and fretted against the sturdy coast of dear old Chalkshire.

Oliver strode along, with a springy, rapid step, sometimes looking round at sky, and sea, and scene, and sometimes slashing the roadside grasses with his stick, as he recited half aloud—

> Ho! for the brine and the breeze; ho! for the breeze and the brine;
> For the wild waves leap, and the fierce winds sweep,
> As they meet ——

At this stage of his recitation Oliver stopped suddenly, astonied by a Vision. He had for some time been walking uphill, and had reached an abrupt turning in the road. His footsteps on the short grass which fringed the path were noiseless, and, himself unseen, he paused, then slackened his pace, while he gazed with heart and eyes, and with a delight which brought a flush into his cheek, at this vision of a lady.

On the brow of the hill which Oliver had mounted stood an old farmhouse, and there the Vision had drawn bridle, and waited, talking in the gate with Mary Rivers. Behind the fair rider stretched the far off blue sky, and her figure stood out in distinct relief against that immense background of splendour and of light. Her horse stooped down his head to crop the grass by the gate, while the lady, half turning in the saddle, rested one hand on the glossy, sunbright, bay coat behind the saddle, while the other white-gloved hand, with that ineffably graceful bend from the wrist which is so distinctive of a beautiful woman, held lightly the bridle and the whip. The bend and the half turn of the magnificent figure, tightly clothed in the well-fitting dark blue riding-habit, showed the rare beauty of suave and sinuous line from neck and bust to waist. The heavy strands and coils of the thick cable of golden shining hair gleamed under the little hat, and crowned the regal head rising from a shapely neck set in the little

white collar which surrounded the round and slender throat. A neck riband gave one touch of colour to the dark mass of dress. One small foot pointed delicately from out the habit, as sometimes she swayed it to and fro. Her fair, clear-cut, oval face, flushed with a tender rose hue from her rapid gallop through the fresh air, looked nobly lovely as she leaned it down to talk to Mary; and her large hazel eyes, now drooped, now lifted, were bright with the clear, soft light of pure and lofty womanhood. She was, as Oliver instinctively felt, emphatically a lady, and her style of distinguished beauty was distinctively English. In order to avoid needless mystery, I may as well state at once that Oliver's vision was Clara Poynton. Some women look particularly well on horseback. Character has something to do with this suitability to riding; and certainly Clara was a lovely vision as, in her youth and health and beauty, she rode the favourite horse which knew her firm seat and her light hand so well.

Oliver passed on, his whole fancy stirred and occupied by the graceful apparition. He no longer recited as he walked; he ceased to regard the landscape. His thoughts were absorbed by the dream of a fair woman. He thought that he had never seen a woman half so fair; he felt that she was good and noble. He wondered who she was, and whether he should ever see her again. Then came the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and the Vision, with head bent downwards, and without a look towards the wayfarer, flew by him. He caught a last glimpse of the flying skirt, as the fleet horse swept round a wooded corner, and left him lonely with his fancies and his dreams.

Arrived at Fernside, he was heartily welcomed by Charley, who introduced him to everyone in the house.

'Oh, here's Clary!' cried Charley, as a step was heard upon the gravel; and, holding up its habit, the Vision appeared. Oliver could not repress a start and a blush. Charley looked surprised. 'Why I thought you two had never seen each other before,' he said.

'Never, I think,' said Clara, with a smile of sweet unconsciousness.

'Oh, yes, we have met,' returned Oliver, with a slight flush, 'tho' I saw you and you did not see me.'

Pressed for an explanation he became shy and turned the subject; but I have reason to believe that, when sitting next her at dinner, Oliver told Clara of what he termed his adventure of a vision. He always, when strongly moved, spoke with a simple directness, and he did not attempt to conceal the effect which the vision had upon him.

I do not know whether Clara were pleased; but Mrs. Seymour who soon heard the little narrative (she heard everything, always) began to call her friend—Vision.

Oliver, when with Clara and Juliet, lost his shyness. He never remembered to have felt so quickly at his ease with any ladies.

The next day opened with a beautiful summer morning, and the garden of Fernside sparkled gaily in the early sun. A verandah shaded the cool morning room, in which breakfast things stood on the glossy white cloth, colour-gemmed with china and bright with shining metal.

Miss Northcote, who was usually the first to appear, was sitting sewing something when Mrs. Seymour, in her morning bloom and freshness, looking purely cool in a white dress, entered, and began smelling the flowers on the table, and playing with the parrot.

Miss Northcote was considered to possess some facial resemblance to this bird. When these two ladies met alone there was usually a little sparring between them.

Precise Miss Northcote disliked anyone who, like Juliet, went flitting about a room like a humming-bird, and she worried Mrs. Seymour to 'sit down quietly' by the window.

This little fussy piece of annoyance aroused in Carnation one of her naughty provoking moods.

'A parrot, my love, is a very sagacious bird,' observed Miss Northcote. 'It is wonderful to me how they can talk. Sometimes they swear. I don't understand it.'

'I think a parrot looks like a Methodist eagle,' responded defiantly impatient Juliet. 'But how late they are! Why don't they come down to breakfast?'

'My love,' said Miss Northcote, impressively, for she meant the question to lead to others, 'have your heard from your husband lately?'

'Heard from Hugh? How should I? The *Psyche* is somewhere on her way to the Mediterranean, I suppose, and yachts don't post their morning letters regularly.'

'No, I daresay they cannot; indeed, I can see difficulties,' responded Miss Northcote, who was easily satisfied with anything that appeared like an explanation. 'But, my love, do you like your husband to be away from you in that manner?'

'When he goes yachting,' replied Juliet, 'I would sooner that he went without me than with me; because I hate the sea and am always ill. And then Hugh *must* yacht, you know.'

'It is dangerous for a young married lady to be left too much alone,' remarked Miss Northcote, who held a strong private opinion that Juliet flirted much too much. The poor lady could not comprehend that wives may be merry and yet honest too. She had a horror of 'impropriety,' and no conception of the honour, or humour, of her

bright antagonist. 'My dear,' (this was said with great meaning) 'do you think it is right to let your husband go alone?'

'I always assume,' returned Mrs. Seymour, composedly—(she was getting a little nettled)—'I always assume that everyone is always wrong in everything they ever do. By assuming this little postulate, we attain to perfect freedom of action when we want to do right, or to do what we like, which is much the same thing.'

'I really don't understand you, my dear,' said Miss Northcote, dropping her sewing with a puzzled air; 'but it seems very shocking!'

Mrs. Seymour looked simple and grave, but her eyes smiled. The spinster's direct attack was beaten off.

'My love,' resumed Miss Northcote, 'when last I saw your husband, I thought I noticed a little white in his whiskers. Is it so?'

'I trust I know my duty as a wife too well to observe such things,' returned Mrs. Seymour. There was just the least little nasal, religious inflection in her voice as she said this. 'Besides, you know, Miss Northcote, that the chestnut and the hawthorn are never in their fullest glory of beauty until they blosom into white. So, you see, it doesn't matter. Ah, here's Clara!' And the little lady jumped up and kissed her friend with a feeling to which a sense of relief added warmth. Then ensued between the two the low ripple of silver laughter and the murmur of musical voices.

How remarkably pretty women look on a sunny summer morning! Clara and Juliet were pretty women; and this summer morning was sunny.

'What are you reading, Carnation?' asked Clara, as they sat together after breakfast.

'Oh, "Do you Consider her Guilty?"' replied Mrs. Seymour.

'Miss Northcote says she has heard it is a bad book,' remarked Clara.

'Miss Northcote is a stupid person,' returned Carnation.

'Yes; but a stupid person may be right sometimes,' pleaded Clara.

'Quite so; as a clock that has stopped is right for one second in the day,' said Juliet, sharply.

'But really, Clara, the book is just the sort of thing that publishers and the public seem to want now from lady writers. It is immoral, but not outspoken; intrinsically foul, but filmed with decorum. But, Clara, I want to ask you a question—how do you like our new guest?'

Here Mrs. Seymour looked at her friend with large interrogative eyes.

'I think I like Mr. Winwood very much,' replied Clara, dreamily.

'It's a fortunate thing for me, Clara, that I'm married,' remarked Mrs. Seymour, with emphasis; 'I like him too.'

'You forget, dear,' answered Clara, in a tone of injury, 'that I am almost as bad. You know, Juliet, that I consider myself half engaged.'

'Heigho! Clary,' said Juliet; 'when a man *is* a man—but they are very rare—why, he is almost irresistible.'

'Is he? I suppose so,' returned Clara, absently. 'Juliet, I heard from Mr. Mainwaring to-day.'

Here Lotty came running up, with flying mane, to show her sister and Mrs. Seymour the effect of some new striped stockings and Molière shoes. The talk was interrupted for the time.

The next morning found the fair friends together at the after-breakfast hour.

'Clara, I like your friend, Mr. Winwood.'

'My friend!' exclaimed Clara.

'Yes, dear, I like him,' continued Mrs. Seymour. 'Do you know, Clary, he has never made love to me at all.'

'Come, Carnation, be reasonable,' returned Clara, smiling; 'you must give the poor fellow time. Remember, he has only been here a day.'

'Oh, my love, I've known men begin quicker than that,' said Mrs. Seymour. 'But, seriously, I think Mr. Winwood is too much in earnest ever to flirt. You are well-named, Santa Chiara; your nature is as clear as your name. You never flirt, or do naughty things, as I do.'

'No,' said Clara, slowly, with introspection in her tone: 'I don't think I ever flirt. But that is no merit: I never feel any temptation.'

'Only think how absurd that Fred is!' resumed Mrs. Seymour, gaily; 'I gave him yesterday, when I was out sketching with my flock, my heavy camp-stool to carry for at least two or three miles, and yet he wasn't satisfied. Jealous of Mr. Prendergast and of that curate! It's too amusing, Clara.'

'Charley thinks very highly of his friend, Mr. Winwood,' said Clara, who was very grave and tender in manner that morning. 'He often praises Oliver to me. I am glad to make his acquaintance. I think I shall like him as a friend. I am very glad, Carnation, that Mr. Mainwaring is not here.' This was said with a blush.

'The train that backs is on the wrong rails,' responded Mrs. Seymour, enigmatically and sententiously. Here she hummed:

> Go back, my lord, across the moor;
> You are not her darling.

'But I see Mr. Winwood. He seems as if he were looking for some one. Let us go into the garden. Oh, Clary! what a distraught air

he has. I declare that, like a modern Dante, he looks like a man who has seen a vision.'

'Nonsense, Juliet,' said Clara, severely. 'But we may as well go into the garden.'

And they went.

Clara and Juliet were fond of talking with Oliver.

'Like two Desdemonas, my dear, listening to a fair Othello,' remarked Mrs. Seymour one day when Oliver, at Clara's request, had been telling, eloquently, of moving accidents by flood and field.

They generally got him into their favourite garden arbour after breakfast. With sweet and sympathetic women he felt poetry and he talked poetry, or impassioned truth. He was full of rare and delicate enthusiasms, of that strain of feeling which finds its truest response in the high and tender nature of pure and noble women. It was *seiner Rede Zauberfluss* that first attracted Clara to Oliver. The two ladies soon found that if others joined the trio in the arbour, Oliver ceased to talk. He relapsed into his coldly-polite and rather absent manner. He said a few stiff words on indifferent subjects, and generally stole away from the circle, leaving the field open to the other admirers of the two beauties. Now, conversation with such a man as Oliver is a deep delight to women such as Clara and Juliet—women who, in the common social intercourse of life, so seldom have the imagination excited or the heart touched. They therefore manœuvred to get Oliver to themselves when they could, and they often succeeded, especially in the summer mornings when country guests disperse in search of country amusements. Our liking for strangers is dependent upon the degree in which they satisfy our secret ideal of excellence; and it had never yet happened to Clara to meet with a man who had at all realised the ideal in her own mind which, though she was unconscious of its existence, yet lay latent in her nature. In Oliver she found the completion of her ideal. She had drifted into a half-engagement with Mr. Mainwaring, scarcely recognising the fact that she did not love. In the absence of a true love she had yielded passively to circumstance; but she had within her the capacity of a great and noble love, and when her true mate appeared, love woke in her in glory and in strength.

Oliver gradually and slowly became rather popular among the male members of the little Fernside community, although they, I fancy, liked him rather for his physical excellences than for his spiritual qualities. He was the best shot, the best rider, the best fencer and boxer at Fernside, and he could endure more fatigue than any other man there. Men always have a tendency to admire genuinely physical

supremacy in strength, skill, and courage; and Oliver, in his many wanderings, had acquired a coolness in danger which enabled his valour to act in safety and with success. Fred was not a little elated when he found that he could beat Oliver at billiards, and Percy Nugent rejoiced exceedingly when he could get a hit of Oliver with the foils. Mr. Prendergast considered him 'a dangerous man to tackle' upon literary subjects; but he did not like Oliver the better on that account. Charley was always a warm admirer of his friend, and enjoyed generously any triumph which he could induce Winwood to achieve. It was characteristic of Oliver that he was generally unwilling to engage in any contest for supremacy; but, once in and once excited, his temperament impelled him to the efforts which ensured success. For women with whom he did not desire to become intimate his high-bred courtesy had an unfailing charm, but they generally regarded him as rather cold and unapproachable. By a necessity of his nature, he had two lives: the one in which he realised sympathy and felt at his ease—cordial, hearty, impassioned; the other in which he stood upon polite reserve—punctilious, courteous, but distant.

The growth of great things is gradual. Clara loved Oliver before she suspected that she loved, and time alone ripened in her the consciousness of love. When she knew that her fate had come, she was tormented by the sense of a hampering engagement which she felt at once that she could never keep. Having once known love, she could never marry unless she loved. The charm of the vision seen on his way to Fernside had struck so strongly upon Oliver's fancy that it seemed to him but a natural consequence when he found that, with intimacy, his heart opened wide to receive its new and great delight. Proud, diffident, and reserved, he hesitated for a time to speak of love; but Mrs. Seymour knew his secret soon and well, and Clara, too, knew that she was loved, though she would not admit to herself the knowledge of the truth. Her father was a man who, Clara knew, would oppose a breach of the half-engagement with Mainwaring; and her mother also looked with great favour upon the match. Charley alone had always opposed it, and had stoutly maintained that Mainwaring, though a good fellow enough, was not worthy of their Clara. He might be relied on; but Clara had a still more valuable—indeed, an invaluable—ally in her friend Carnation, who was an invincible, irresistible little woman, and who soon made up *her* mind that Clara should have Oliver.

So things went on for many days at Fernside, until a chance occurrence brought about an irrevocable step.

The Poyntons had, as it happened, amongst their neighbours a very musical family, and this family was addicted to giving musical

evenings, to which everyone of its acquaintances was imperiously bidden.

One of these evenings was about to occur, and the Poyntons were driven into promising to attend and to bring their guests.

This promise was announced by Mrs. Poynton at breakfast, who expressed a hope that everyone that could go would be kind enough to attend.

Mrs. Seymour made a wry face. She did not appear to like the musical family, or to anticipate much pleasure from their music or society. Pressed by Fred and Percy Nugent, she gave one of her wicked satirical sketches of the two ladies who had called with the invitation.

'The eldest daughter—you know, the one with the rather hollow cheeks—in addition to her mastery of the piano, and her admitted excellence on the triangle, beats the drum, and can play a symphony on the trombone.'

'Oh, let's go,' cried Percy; 'there's sure to be some fun.'

'Sure to be some nice girls there,' remarked Fred. 'Those Howard girls are stunning, and are very rich.'

'I need not go,' said Oliver; 'the invitation can scarcely have been meant to include me.'

'Yes, yes,' replied Mrs. Seymour, dictatorially; 'you must go, of course, Mr. Winwood. They want all the audience they can get. Besides, if it's dull, Clara and I will want you to amuse us.'

So it was settled that Fernside should 'assist' at the *soirée*, and after dinner they started. The house to which they were going was about a mile from Fernside, and Fred kept the men so long over the after-dinner cigar in the garden before starting that they arrived rather late, and when the music was in full flow.

They entered the room of the musical family just as the curate had completed a *fantasia* on the flute. The mother, a very stout elderly lady, with a mottled face surmounted by a reddish-brown 'front,' was busy distributing the music for a glee. A daughter presided at the piano. The mother, a thin young lady with a red aquiline nose, a long gentleman in spectacles, and a light-haired, spoffish young fellow, who sang bass, arranged themselves round the instrument, and commenced the cough of preparation. A little rustling of leaves, one or two inquiries, 'Are you ready?' and the piano was off. They sang the well-known glee expressive of woman's devotion to a gentleman of the bandit persuasion, and popular, with music to correspond, under the title of—

And my soul shall love thee ever,
With the blood brand on thy brow.

They stumbled a little at first, owing to the circumstance that the bass commenced at the second page, but he harked back, and they then got on reasonably well together. They were soon lashed up into the dramatic fury and passion proper to the inspiration of the scald. The large watch outside the silk dress of the very stout lady was violently convulsed, and flapped up and down like a knocker played upon by 'spirits.' The bass, though slow in his delivery, was individually noticeable; and the voices rose and fell, more or less together, as the fervid words healed and rang. The piano got excited, being of a feverish temperament, and forged a little ahead. The glee proceeded—

> And my so-wo-wole shall l-h-huve thee e-ver,
> With the blood brand o-o-o-n thy brow—

and just at its close, Mrs. Seymour, complaining of heat, went into the garden, into which she was followed by Clara and Oliver. *They* heard no more of the concert.

Several of the Fernside party walked home. The night was warm and beautiful, and a nearly full moon made silver light and tender shade on grass, on tree, on winding road, while a broad path of glory streamed upon an ocean track of weltering waves. Somehow, Oliver and Clara walked with lingering steps together. Mrs. Seymour collected her followers, and their merry voices and laughter rang thro' the still and shining night. The lovers were alone. The scene, the hour, the solitude, all combined, until the heart's great impulse broke love's first tender silence, and Clara knew woman's great happiness at hearing, in passion and in poetry, that she is loved by him she wholly loves.

The musical party which had at first excited the irony of Mrs. Seymour had resulted in furthering her views and in expediting the declaration which she so much desired.

After that happy evening—an evening which would have and hold its distinct place thro' life in the memories of both—there came for Oliver and for Clara the happiest time that human life can know. In the fair summer season, in that charming scenery, and in that pleasant country house, with the time a holiday, and with the whole day to spend together, the lovers were intensely, deeply happy. Then, in that dream-time of first noble love, for them :—

> A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
> A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

All life becomes ideal, higher, holier. But why describe? Imagination transcends description. If once we know and realise their

characters, then it is easy to imagine the love between woman and man. Love is the highest outcome of the highest beings; and if we can gauge the height of natures, we can fancy the silent rapture of their first romance of love.

Just at this juncture, Oliver was summoned to his father, who was seized with a serious illness. He left Fernside unwillingly, because his relations towards Clara, tho' clear enough with Clara herself, were not on a quite clear footing with her relations. He had hoped himself to have fought out the fight and to have saved Clara, but his anxiety in leaving at such a time was greatly lessened by his reliance upon the zeal and the promises of Mrs. Seymour.

There is always something valueless and uninteresting in the narrative of any course of action which resembles intrigue; and I shall, therefore, touch but very lightly upon the measures (which, indeed, are but imperfectly known to me) which Mrs. Seymour adopted to attain her end. The indomitable little lady worked with unflagging zeal and with an almost feverish activity. She was not likely to fail. She had great difficulty with Mr. Poynton, but he ultimately succumbed to his fair antagonist. Mrs. Poynton resisted while her husband opposed, but approved when he yielded. The matter was a delicate one as respected Mainwaring. He had been away from home for some time, and so soon as Clara received an announcement that he would return on a certain day, she told Mrs. Seymour that she should ride over to Braxton and see him alone. This line of conduct was like frank and fearless Clara, but Mrs. Seymour knew well that her friend was nerving herself for a terrible effort. She approved Clara's proposal; but when she heard Miss Poynton ordering her horse to ride over to Braxton, Mrs. Seymour procured Pegasus to be attached to the pony carriage, and, without telling anyone of her intention, determined to see Mr. Mainwaring before Clara should arrive. She knew that Mainwaring was, in the main, good-natured and generous; she did not believe that he was really capable of love, and she had an unlimited belief in her own capacity for fascinating diplomacy. She herself held the belief that she would have made a first-class ambassador's wife. On this occasion she utterly refused the attendance of all her male admirers; but in order to fill up the vacant seat she was compelled to admit Lotty into the carriage.

Clara's younger sister, Miss Lotty, was aged about twelve or thirteen. Lotty was a pretty little girl, full of high spirits, and generally in mischief. A leonine shock of fair hair floated and waved upon her shoulders, and she had merry, romping eyes. She was of a candid disposition, and very fond of currants.

The Poyntons had a fat, handsome, brown pony, who was rather

slow and lazy. His stable name was Bob, but Mrs. Seymour was pleased to christen him Pegasus. She did not like riding, but preferred driving Pegasus about the country. Sometimes Fred went with her, but then he always wanted to drive too fast. Lotty also drove out with Mrs. Seymour, and was indignant because she was not allowed to drive. The fact was, Miss Lotty had once upset the pony-chaise in a ditch by the Holme Farm, and Mrs. Seymour had been informed of the circumstance. Therefore, when to-day Juliet declined to give up the reins to Lotty, and explained her reasons, the young lady said, poutingly, 'Oh, you've heard of that, have you? There was no harm done. Who told you? Clara? Well, it was very unkind of her to tell. Such things should never be talked of out of the family. I suppose I'm never to drive again just because of that stupid little accident. I'm sure I can drive as well as anybody—except Fred.' Hence it came that Mrs. Seymour was driving home, when Clara, riding thoughtfully and ill at ease to Mainwaring's house to get over her terrible interview, saw the pony-chaise afar off on the road. To her surprise, she readily obtained from Mainwaring a kindly and a generous release. The dreaded visit passed off well. It would almost seem, Clara thought, as if Mainwaring had been prepared. Mrs. Seymour did not appear to see her equestrian friend. No one ever knew what passed between Mrs. Seymour and Mainwaring at their most delicate interview.

There were, it is probable, other flirtations and little love matters beside that of Oliver and of Clara going on at the same time at Fernside. If there were, Mrs. Seymour knew all about them, but I do not intend to become their chronicler. Benvolio, Mercutio, Tybalt had certainly their own *amours;* but the poet devotes all his strength to depicting the nobler passion of Romeo and of Juliet, and leaves his other gentlemen with their loves unsung.

At length all difficulties were surmounted, in Oliver's absence, by his faithful ally, Mrs. Seymour; and he had the pleasure of receiving a letter from that lively lady, from which we are permitted to make an extract:—

'*Eureka!*—no, that's not the word; that means a shirt, I know. I mean that other Greek word—you know him—which implies that, somehow, something has come out just as you wish it. Well, your difficulties are all removed; and I must say, Mr. Winwood, that my vanity glows with a sense of triumph at the success of my diplomacy. There, sir, there's vanity for you! Clara is more beautiful than ever since she has been in love. I think you are the happiest fellow in the world to win Clara—except that she is as happy in winning you. The dear Vision is quite well, and you will, no doubt, receive an

autograph letter from her by the same post. When you see the two writings I know which letter you will read first! Now, sir, if I were you, I should come down at once to see her—that is, so soon as you can leave your father. Mind that—that's my advice to you. My dear old Hugh will be back directly, and I—I must leave Fernside at once. Now, I am vain enough to hope that when you come here you will miss me just a little. But then you will be so happy with Clara. I shall not see you until you are married; but God bless you both! Now I will give you some Chalkshire news. The Mainwarings are all going to Italy. Fred and Charley had a great day's shooting yesterday. Mr. Prendergast and Percy Nugent have left us. Miss Northcote has a bad cold and is laid up. There has been a fire at Mistleigh Hall. Lucy Gargrave has a little girl. The Hutchinsons have a house full, and Henrietta says——.' But we need not transscribe more of Mrs. Seymour's letter. When it reached Oliver his father was so much better that he intended to start for Fernside at once.

The day came on the morning of which Mrs. Seymour was to leave Fernside, on the evening of which Oliver was to return to it; and the two friends sat together once more in the dear old arbour. Mrs. Seymour seemed out of spirits; but that might arise from leaving Clara. Clara's white hand twined round an errant spray of twining clematis, and then she sat down in her old seat and looked at her friend.

'Oh, Juliet—dear, dear Juliet!' said Clara, radiant with the fulness of her great happiness; 'I am so happy! and I owe so much, so very much, to you. Until I met and knew Oliver, I did not know what love meant. I know now, Juliet; and the more I think of it the better I know what I—what we—owe to you!'

Mrs. Seymour clung suddenly round Clara's neck, and hid her face on Clara's breast. Clara could hear that she was sobbing.

'Oh, Clara, I am so glad—I am so happy! I know that you will be so very happy. But, Clara, I am just going; kiss me, Clara! God forgive me! and you, too, forgive me, Clary! Oh, Clara, I—*I loved him too!*'

The Azores.

Having lived for three years at St. Michael's, the largest island of the Azores, and never having, since my return, met anyone who seemed either to have heard of, or to know anything of, these beautiful islands, I feel induced to write about them that Englishmen, who so often seek for health at a much greater distance, may know that they pass by a spot where they would find all that they could possibly wish for.

The Azores (or Açores, more properly), so called from being the home of innumerable hawks, are a group of nine islands situated in the Atlantic, between 37 deg. and 40 deg. north latitude, and 25 deg. to 32 deg. west longitude, about half-way between the Old and New World. St. Michael's and St. Mary's (S. Miguel and Santa Maria) are the two most easterly, the latter being about seventy miles due south, and in sight of the former. Then, going westerly, we reach Terceira, so called from being the third island discovered; St. George (S. Jorge) and Gracioça; then Fayal and Pico, and, still further westward, Corvo and Flores. The derivation of the names of these islands may not be uninteresting. St. Michael's, St. Mary's, and St. George derive their appellations, as their titles show, from the fact of their discovery having been made upon the days sacred to those saints. Terceira I have already mentioned. Gracioça takes its name from a word meaning 'beautiful,' and truly the island is justly worthy of the title. Corvo (crow) takes its name from 'crows,' being the only island in the group where these birds are to be found. Flores, delighting in a profusion of flowers, takes its name therefrom. Lastly, Fayal takes its title from the word 'fayah,' meaning 'beech,' the island being noted for an abundance of these trees; and Pico (peak), from its altitude above its eight companions. The islands were first discovered, it is said, in the year 1439, by John Vandenbergh, a merchant of Bruges, when driven by stress of weather. On his return to Lisbon, he boasted of his discovery to the Portuguese, who thereupon took possession, and have kept them till the present day.

St. Michael's, to which island I shall generally refer, is the largest of the group, as I have said, being about eighty-two miles in length and averaging eight to ten miles in width, and stretches from east to west. The principal town in the island, Ponta Delgada (narrow point), is situated on the south side of the island, about nineteen miles from the most western point. This town is built in a sheltered position, caused by a chain of sugar-loaf-shaped hills, running through, and culminating at the eastern end of the island in a mountain called Pico de Vara. Ponta Delgada is the third largest town in the Portuguese dominions, ranking next to Lisbon and Oporto, and enjoys a first-rate trade with England, Brazil, and the States. During the winter months, if winter it can be called there, the roadstead is filled with vessels, both steam and sailing, waiting for their cargoes of oranges, the trade in which fruit forms the staple supply of the island, and the export duty on which contributes no small revenue to the coffers of the Minister of Finance. The town is built in a long, straggling fashion, extending from end to end about two miles. Near and around it are its most pleasant adjuncts, the Orange Quintas (Gardens), which, for splendid luxuriance and delicious odour, well repay alone a visit to this 'Insula Fortunata.' The Cathedral, situated in a square in the midst of the town, is a fine building, equalling in size some of our smaller cathedral piles. Close by, we come to the Custom House (Alfandega), where business to a vast extent, to judge from appearances, is daily carried on. Then (an important affair to a stranger) we pass on to the 'Hôtel Central,' which was, when I was at the island, kept by a most obliging person, who, fortunately, spoke English fluently, and had, as if for the especial benefit of English lady-travellers, married a most amiable and kind Englishwoman, who had, I believe, gone to the island in the capacity of housekeeper to a former consul. Ponta Delgada boasts, too, a very nice little theatre, where a good company holds sway, and where occasionally a Spanish Opera Company enlivens the monotony by some capitally-rendered music. Shops also are in abundance, and everything, from a button to a silk dress, may be obtained, though, on account of duty, at a somewhat higher price than in England. French goods are mostly offered for sale, but native cloth, which is very cheap, supplies a fair-wearing material. There is also a well-managed club, from which foreigners are not excluded. The shops of the 'boticas' (chemists) are the favourite lounging resorts of the 'dolce-far-niente' seekers, in lieu of the luncheon-bars, club-rooms, and hotel-lobbies of England. It is certainly a cheap plan to gossip at the chemists', as one can hardly be expected to pay his footing by calling for refreshment there! There is also a very neatly-built English chapel, standing in a small cemetery,

but at present, I regret to say, there is no chaplain. To a sportsman, also, the neighbourhood of the town is especially attractive, there being an abundance of quail, and there *not* being, as at home, any game licence or trespass questions. It may here be noted that, though this island abounds in quail, and has a fair sprinkling of woodcock and snipe, yet there is not a partridge to be found; whereas at St. Mary's, close by, there is a plenitude of partridge (red-legged), and no quail at all. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that the quails and partridges are enemies, since the quails, producing their broods earlier than partridges, destroy the eggs of the latter.

I must now ask my readers to accompany me on an imaginary trip through this lovely island, when we will traverse the south side towards the east, and will return to Ponta Delgada by the north road. Suppose, then, a peculiar species of vehicle, half britska, half phæton, to which four mules are harnessed by leather straps, rope, or, in fact, anything which comes most handy, to be drawn up at the door of the hotel, awaiting your pleasure to depart. These mules are driven or bestrode by boys, who are clad in a most incongruous garb; in fact, the whole turn-out is, to say the least of it, most singular and peculiar. But you will, if you exercise the 'paçiençia' (patience) which the boys aforementioned are constantly impressing upon you, find that your animals are, 'if rum-ones to look at, yet good ones to go;' and, having taken your seat and safely bestowed your luncheon basket (a necessity, indeed, since nothing eatable is to be obtained on the road), you are whirled off, amidst the yellings and grimaces of an admiring crowd, through those streets which lead to the southern road. Clearing the town and outskirts, which are by no means inviting, the road running between high stone walls, we come to the village of Lioramente, where the road for the north side of the island diverges from the southern track; nothing of importance to be noted save, perhaps, a quaint little chapel which, as it were, guards the point of divergence of the two roads. On we travel, meeting mules laden with orange-boxes going to the town; bullock carts, filled with Indian corn, creaking and lumbering along; a noisy rabble of children; and, perhaps, the village priest. The sea, stretched out on our right hand, and the groves of orange and lemon trees, together with the lofty 'fayah' (beech trees) planted to protect from the wind their weaker brethren, the 'larangeiras,' (orange trees) sloping down from the hill-sides towards the road upon which you are travelling, form at once a most pleasing and grateful view. The bluff rocky headlands over which your road leads you, with the blue sea dashing against them, contrasted with the beauteous tints of green, white, and yellow of the orange trees, form, truly, a picture of which nature might be proud. It may

be asked where our journey is going to end. Well, we are wending our way towards the summer residence of the majority of the gentry of the island, viz., to the village of Furnas, situated in the heart of a valley in the mountains, some 1800 feet from the sea-level. Of the beauties and healthful advantages of this place we will speak hereafter. We still journey on along the sea-coast, through the straggling village of Lagöa and the town of Agua de Pao, till we arrive at Villa Franca, which, like Ponta Delgada, is nestled in a nook under the mountains, and presents a face to the sea. This town was the capital, and contains some fine buildings. Its neighbourhood boasts some of the finest orange Quintas in the island; but, by little and little, Ponta Delgada sprung up, and from being more accessible from most parts of the island, and more adapted for the shipment of fruit, finally took the lead and became the chief place. There is, close off Villa Franca, a small island, or rock, which, in certain weather, affords an excellent shelter, and which, by being connected with the mainland, would form the basis of large and safe dock-works. The attempts which have been and are being made to construct a dock and breakwater at Ponta Delgada, have as yet but partially succeeded, from the fact that the gales of winter sweep away the summer's work, the stones which form it being partially of lava deposit, and hence very light. Vessels which have anchored within the shelter of this breakwater have remained there in fancied security for a time; but some have been utterly wrecked in the first heavy south-west gale they have encountered, being caught in a trap; and being neither able to get out, nor protect themselves when in, are dashed to pieces by the masses of falling rock, and hurled ashore by the hundreds of tons of water which rush headlong against the opposing structure.

At Villa Franca we are compelled to leave our conveyance, as the track beyond, though called a carriage road, is hardly fitted for anything except a horse, mule, or donkey. We are therefore obliged to hire 'bourras' (donkeys), and, being mounted with a 'bourriqueiro' attendant on each animal, off we start, at a donkey's pace, along the road leading from Villa Franca to Ponta Garcia, and thence to the foot of the 'Guytara,' a mountain ridge over which we must scramble before we can hope to enjoy the beauties of the Furnas Valley. After jogging along for about two hours, we at last commenced the ascent, and ridge after ridge comes on in seemingly never-ending succession, till at last you are told, if you know the language—and, if not, it is intimated to you by signs—that you have reached the summit, and that your would-be haven is below you. After taking a little refreshment, which the exhausting efforts of climbing well deserve, and taking in the view all round, the descent is commenced. Downward

you go, till you find yourself on a fine level piece of road which leads you to the Lagöa das Furnas (Lake of the Furnas), a piece of water about four miles in circumference, and which is entirely surrounded by mountains. This lake, the largest in the island, is supposed, like the others, to have been formed by volcanic eruption, since pumice-stone in great abundance is found on its shores, and tepid springs surround its banks. Near this lake at the north end are some of the famous 'Caldeiras' (boilers), which may be termed the vents of the continual volcanic fires to which all these islands, save one (St. Mary's) are subjected. These Caldeiras are filled, and are constantly boiling over, with water of a mineral nature, which, when cold or tepid, forms an invaluable remedy for gout, rheumatism, and various other diseases. Some of the springs which shoot up around these boiling vents are of almost ice-cold water, and, being of a chalybeate and mineral nature, form a most pleasant and healthful drink. Strange as it may appear to find hot and cold streams or jets pouring from the bosom of the earth within a few paces of each other, yet their subterraneous courses may be far apart, and be prosecuted under widely different circumstances, the one percolating through substances which occasion the evolution of heat, or rising up from an immense depth, where it has been heated by interior fires; and the other confined entirely to the superficial strata.

We pass on now along the borders of the lake, and after diverging towards the east, through a pass in the mountains, at last find ourselves in the valley of the Furnas. We jog on till we arrive at the hotel, for they boast one even here, and make acquaintance with the burly landlord, Senhor Jeronymo, who speaks a few words of English, and he thus endeavours to discover and minister to our wants. After bespeaking beds (for it is impossible to return the same night, having already journeyed nearly forty miles), ordering refreshment, and settling, after a great amount of haggling and chaffering, with our donkey-drivers, we go out to view the magnificent scenery, and to revivify our tired limbs by a warm iron bath!—a warm bath of iron water, taken from the warm iron stream which runs through the valley. The reason for this iron stream may be that there are varieties of pyrites which are converted into sulphate of iron by the contact of water, an evolution of heat accompanying the change, and, supposing a spring to flow through a bed of such pyrites, its waters become thermal and wholly impregnated by such a decomposition. The baths are built close around the boiling springs, which are at the end of the valley, and can be enjoyed for the remuneration of a few pence to the bath-keeper. There are also private baths, built of marble and fine stone, which belong exclusively to some of the wealthy inhabitants of the

island. These springs, said to be connected by underground sources with those I have already mentioned on the borders of the lake in the valley above, consist of iron water (agua do terro), bitter water (agua azeda), mixed water, composed by nature of mixed chemicals (agua mistura), and various other waters, which are all of especial benefit to invalids. The Americans have been fortunate enough, for their own sakes, to discover the valuable remedies contained in these waters, and take advantage of the healing qualities contained in the baths, the climate, mild and salubrious, and in the enjoyment of the lovely scenery. English people, on the contrary, will not desert their pet Madeira, Nice, Mentone (deserving as they may be), and all those other places famed for expenses and society. Society is more to our countrymen than health; and I often, when speaking of the advantages and beauty of the Azores, am stopped short by the query, 'What sort of society is there?' Of course to those to whom society, in all its phases and forms, is a *sine quâ non*, St. Michael's offers no charms; but to those who seek health, freedom from pain, bodily elasticity, and mental vigour, in lieu of sickness and enervating debility, St. Michael's, and the Azores generally, will be found a Paradise.

To persons, also, to whom economy is an object, the Azores offer especial attractions. Fish, consisting of turtle, grey and red mullet, eels, sardines, and various kinds of well-known, delicious, deep-sea qualities, may be bought at a marvellously low figure. I myself have purchased a turtle for *one shilling*, and a hundred sardines for *threepence*. House-rent, too, is not expensive; fuel is almost useless, except for cooking purposes, when brushwood, which is very cheap, answers every end; meat is obtainable at 5d. to 6d. per lb., and wine at low prices. Fruit and vegetables are almost given away. Servants' wages, too (a startling item in England), are about 5s. to 7s. 6d. per month; the name of 'perquisites' is unknown; and whereas English domestics require meat, tea, sugar, beer, and various other luxuries, Portuguese servants know nothing of such demands. A little soup with a piece of Indian corn bread, a little salt fish, and an orange or two, form a magnificent repast in the opinion of the Portuguese domestic. But space will not permit us to linger. We must hie back to Ponta Delgada, and this time by the north route, which runs straight, over hill and down dale, into the valley of the Furnas, and is a good carriage road all the way to Ponta Delgada. We can take advantage of a returning carriage, and bargain for places. After climbing the ascent from the valley, our mules bundle along at a merry pace, down hill all the way, straight across the island, and then, after reaching the northern coast line, we take the road westerly, towards the town of Ribeira Grande. The same style of beautiful scenery

meets our gaze as did on the southern road, and, after lunching at Ribeira Grande, we again cross the island, and find ourselves once more at the hotel in Ponta Delgada.

Another journey westerly which may be made with advantage is that to the 'Sette Cidades' (seven cities), a valley surrounded by seven peaks, and which also contains a large lake.

A few words may now be said about the fruit for which the Azores are so famous. The orange tree, which is either raised from slips or seed, produces a crop sometimes startling in abundance. The seedling tree, which takes the longest time to arrive at perfection, is, nevertheless, the most prolific bearer, and stands good for fruit for many decades of years. The tree raised from cutting is, on the other hand, much weaker in its growth and more sparing in its produce. The trees are planted in groves, which are surrounded by high stone walls, and further protected from the force of the wind by lines, sometimes double, of 'fayah' (beech) trees, planted inside the walls. These 'protection' trees grow to a great height, and completely shelter the fruit-bearing trees within. The orange season commences about November, and all is business and work—picking, packing, and shipping—till April, when the last cargoes are dispatched, and nothing remains but to loosen the soil around the roots of the trees, manure them, and patiently await a next crop. In summer, however, fruit is to be obtained. Some trees bear what are called the 'ridolha' fruit, a species of second crop, and so the inhabitants get oranges all the year round. One of the most pleasing sights is the orange tree, with its dark green leaves, white blossom, unripe and ripe fruit, all pendent at the same time. The orange, too, of St. Michael is especially luscious, and is deservedly well known in English markets. It has been in such request that tradesmen often offer Mediterranean fruit for sale as being the far-famed produce of St. Michael. The way, however, to detect the imposition is to examine the covering of the orange—the Mediterranean fruit being always covered with thin white paper, the Azores orange with the leaf of the Indian corn. The skin, too, of the latter is softer, thinner, and of a much finer texture than that of the former. In this lovely climate, where the cold of winter is never felt, and the heat of summer is constantly tempered by the refreshing sea breezes, everything springs into life. The bearded wheat, barley, and Indian corn are cultivated in great abundance, and quantities of the latter grain are exported to the United Kingdom. The fruits of England—such as apples, pears, plums, nectarines, peaches, &c.,—may be seen growing side by side with the more tropical productions, such as the guava, custard apple, Cape gooseberry, and loquots (a fine Australian fruit); and vegetables of all kinds and

descriptions may be found, together with melons of all names and qualities, from the choice little nutmeg even to the ordinary water-melon.

The formation of the Azores (St. Mary's excepted) is strictly volcanic. At St. Mary's there is no sign at all of any such form, and lime and chalk, which are never found in volcanic strata, are discoverable at, and in fact exported from, St. Mary's in great quantities. A chain of volcanic action traverses the whole of the southern part of the European continent a distance of above one thousand geographical miles. It commences at the Azores and extends to the Caspian Sea, having for its northern boundaries the Tyrolean and Swiss Alps, and for its southern bounds the northern kingdoms of Africa. The consequence follows that springs displaying violent ebullitions, sending off vast clouds of steam, and throwing up their scalding water to a considerable height in the form of a jet, are the common phenomena of these volcanic regions. As I have mentioned, in St. Michael's there is a round, deep, and lovely valley, its sides covered with myrtles, laurels, and mountain-grapes, with wheat, Indian corn, and poplars waving upon its fields, in which many boiling fountains occur. The principal 'Caldeira' is on a gentle eminence by the side of a small streamlet, and boils with great fury, and the stream itself exhibits ebullition in various places, where the water is too hot to be borne by the hand. Further, to show the volcanic nature of the Azores, some small islands have emerged from the deep, consisting of volcanic products, lava, scoriæ, and pumice, and of strata uplifted by the expansive force which produced the ejection of these materials. The first marine ebullition on record was in 1538, another took place in 1720, and a third in 1787, when an earthquake shook the island St. George, and eighteen small islets rose near its shores. The next took place in 1811, when the temporary island of Sabrina rose from the deep off St. Michael. A dangerous shoal was first thrown up from a depth of 240 feet in the month of February. In June, the island showed itself above the surface of the sea, and continued rapidly to increase for several days, till it attained the height of 300 feet, and was about a mile in circumference. It had a beautiful crater, with an opening 30 feet wide, from which hot water poured into the sea. In the month of October of the same year the island began gradually to disappear, and by the end of February, 1812, no trace of it was visible above the waves, though vapours occasionally rose from the spot. There is now upwards of 600 feet of water where Sabrina formerly stood. The last ebullition took place off Terceira, between that island and Gracioça, the shock which produced it destroying a church and part of a village in the former island.

This occurred during my residence at St. Michael's. Volcanic formations consist principally of lava, or melted rock-matter, which is either upheaved by immense mechanical pressure through the hollow interior, so as to flow from the top of the volcano in eruption, or, as is usually the case, it makes for itself lateral passages on the flanks of the mountain, and overspreads the adjacent districts, sometimes to a considerable distance, filling up valleys, diverting the course of streams, and elevating plains by adding broad and thick expanses of material to them. Lava is chiefly composed of the two minerals, felspar and augite, with titaniferous iron. When the felspar predominates, light-coloured lavas are the result, called felspatic, or trachytic; but when the augite is in excess, dark varieties, augitic or basaltic lavas, are produced.

But to resume. It may be, and with justice, asked—How are we to get to these realms of Eden? In the winter months there are always very comfortable steamers sailing from London and Liverpool weekly in which there is capital accommodation for passengers: fare, about £10. In the summer months, Southampton to Lisbon; and thence, on the 15th of the month, by the regular mail-boat to St. Michael's and other islands will be the best route. The coinage in the islands differs slightly from the Lisbon rates. In Portugal the £1 sterling is worth 4500 reis; in the island, 5600 reis. But there is no actual gain by the exchange, as money is rated higher in Lisbon than in the Azores. English Bank-notes can hardly obtain currency. A rei is almost an imaginary coin, a 'cincoreis' (5 reis) piece being the lowest coinage.

With reference to scenery, I may add that the other islands equally deserve the eulogiums I have passed on the beauties of St. Michael's; and Pico may be especially noted as being the only island in which volcanic eruption is still active.

It may be a matter of interest to know that the far-famed 'Mar de Sargosso' (weedy sea), which is divided into two sections, is situated a little to the west of the meridian of Fayal, between 25 degs. and 36 degs. of latitude, where it forms a vast marine meadow. It is caused by an immense collection of floating sea-weed (fucus natans). It is said to have been discovered by the Phœnicians.

Another important topic, and I have finished. The falling-off of the crop of grapes, which formerly, in the shape of wine, supplied one of the principal export commodities from the islands, is a matter of deep regret. For some years past there has been no crop, so to speak, the whole of the grapes for wine-making purposes having been destroyed by the 'coccus,' a species of green fly, and by the 'öidium,' a kind of blight, which rots the stem as soon as the grape

is formed. The 'coccus' eats away the strength of the vine, and leaves it an easier prey to the ravages of 'öidium.'

Wine, however ('termo tinto' and 'termo branco'), a kind of red and white, may be obtained at the Azores at a most reasonable price, being sent from Lisbon. 'Bucellas,' and wines of a higher quality, are also to be had in the islands from the same source. A kind of white brandy, made at St. George, is of a first-rate nature, and very cheap. I am surprised, indeed, that it has not been made a subject of import to England to take the place of the cheap and nasty liquors which are so constantly vended there.

There can be no doubt that all those who require rest, renovation, change, and an economical trip, will never regret having paid a visit to the AZORES.

Elementary Schools.

By an Inspector of Returns.

Most of us probably hear and read a great deal about progress. There seems to be a class of people who have taken progress under their own special protection, and are determined that the world shall know what they have done. To adopt a metaphor of their own one might suppose that progress is the property of a joint-stock company in which these people are the only shareholders, and that they are more than usually anxious to cry up the shares, though not with any intention of disposing of them. And if success is to be ensured by constantly proclaiming that it has already been attained, then they are certain to prosper. They are for ever telling us of the party of progress, the pioneers of progress, the banners of progress, the leaders of progress, and the rank and file of progress; and sometimes they treat progress as an emotional being—tell us of its joys and sorrows, and spell it with a capital letter.* They take surveys more or less hasty and inaccurate of one thing after another, and at the end of each such survey hasten to inform us that we are living in an age of progress. Their acuteness and enthusiasm may remind us of the conduct of children standing at the doors and windows of a railway carriage, at the time when the train may be expected to start, and eagerly, perhaps prematurely, crying out, 'Look! we're moving!'

By thus having progress constantly forced upon our attention we are brought to a state of mind something like that of Miss Jellyby when she exclaimed: 'I hate Africa. It's a beast. I wish it were dead!' And yet it is often difficult to say what is meant by this progress. Two things, however, are tolerably clear—first that progress does not always mean improvement; and secondly, that these quasi-proprietors

* I suppose many of us noticed the solemn warning given to Tiverton on the occasion of the late election, when it was announced by an 'organ of progress' that 'Tiverton will this day show whether she will form a drop in the fertilising stream of beneficent progress or a mere block in the dam of reaction.'

of progress are not all agreed as to what it does mean. Surely some of those who would have us know that they are constantly occupied in preparing the way for progress, unfurling its banners, and leading or marching in its ranks, have never heard of 'The Rake's Progress,' or 'The Progress of Error.'

As an apology for saying so much about progress I must plead the infection of example. *Semper ego auditor tantum.*

The fact is, I had myself intended to use the word 'Progress' in speaking of elementary schools of the third class, for it seems to me that to these schools every meaning of the word is alike inapplicable. So far as I can make out, they are about as bad as they can be, and are not likely to improve.

If we turn to Crabbe's 'Borough,' we shall see that he begins his account of schools by describing one—

> That small regard for rule
> Or study pays, and still is deemed a school:
> That where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits
> And awes some thirty infants as she knits.

He goes on to speak of the smallness of the room and the insubordination of the children, but abstains from saying anything more about the instruction, probably because he had observed that there never was any to speak of. For if these schools were in his day at all like what they are at present, many of them were kept by persons who were very indifferent readers, had very arbitrary ideas of spelling, and none whatever of writing. Yet, if the children who attend schools of this sort were all within the age at which children are recognised by the Education Department as infants, the case would not be so bad. Even then there would be good ground for complaint on the score of the unhealthiness of the small crowded room, and the delay of 'the infants' progress.' But as a matter of fact, these schools are frequently attended by children of all ages up to twelve or thirteen, and there are sometimes to be found there girls of fifteen. If some of the so-called teachers of adventure schools would set up nurseries instead of professing to keep schools, they might be of some service. But work of that kind they refuse. I recollect on one occasion seeing a very young child brought into a school by two elder sisters; but as soon as the trio had got inside the room the mistress cried out, 'Take it away; I can't do with babies. It's a shilling a-day for babies.'

So far as I could learn by enquiry the reasons why children stay so long at these miserably inefficient places are three—first, the said places are supposed by the parents of many of the children to be more genteel than larger schools under regular inspection; secondly, it is

supposed by many parents that a small kitchen, heated by a large fire and crowded to suffocation is in cold weather more comfortable and healthy than a large room properly ventilated; thirdly, as the children are in certain cases allowed to choose their own school they not unnaturally prefer a place where they are amenable to no discipline, and are at liberty to suppose themselves genteel. The second of these reasons I have repeatedly heard from parents who believed in it, from teachers who profited by it, and from other teachers whose schools were thinned by it. I am not sure that the practice of allowing children to choose their own schools is very common; but I was told that in one large town it was usual for the parents to give the children their weekly pence on a Monday morning, and send them off to school without ever enquiring where they went. The bad effects of such a custom are manifest. The teacher fears to reprove the child lest he should withdraw. The child perhaps goes about from school to school and acquires many of the bad habits characteristic of vagrants. Perhaps he sometimes keeps away from school altogether; perhaps, too, he learns to impose upon his parents by paying less than he has received. At any rate, he gets the notion that, by attending the school, he is conferring a favour on the teacher, and from this notion follow all the miserable results which are familiar to the least observant person who has ever taken a class of town children in a Sunday-school.

But the truth of the first reason assigned for the popularity of adventure schools of the worst kind may easily be proved by anyone who is willing to give himself the trouble to look into the matter. Any such person will find it to be a fact (and a fact which is of the greatest importance in the judgment of many parents, as some of them will no doubt admit) that at a large number of these schools the children are addressed by the teacher and by each other as Miss M. or Master N., even though Master N. may be in rags, and Miss M. may still be of an age when the fact that she goes unwashed is hardly a discredit to herself; and in all probability, long after this age has been passed, Miss M. will continue to sit idle in the same place, and Mrs. M., who loves gentility and dislikes soap, will refuse to send her daughter to a much better and (it may be) cheaper school, on the ground that 'there are ever so many roughish children go there.'

This anxiety to be genteel becomes keener and more painful as one gets to those schools where the amount of the fee approaches nearer to the weekly ninepence per head, which is the highest payment in any school that is to be recognised as elementary. I am bound to admit that at one or two of these would-be genteel schools which I visited the instruction was fairly good, though the children had to take it 'muddy mixed with baser things.' At more than one place of the

kind some very respectable words were proscribed as inelegant,* and a perverse ingenuity was displayed in the invention of long roundabout ways of expressing the simplest ideas; so that it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that if only the teacher had possessed a sufficient command of words, the children would have been taught to use a language, compared with which the speeches of Hood's Doctor, at Vespasian House, or the worst imitations of the style of Johnson, would have been patterns of simplicity. Surely in some such place was begun the education of the youth I have read of who hung himself with his Sunday neck-tie, and left pinned to his waistcoat an explanatory paper, on which was written, 'God made me a man, but man made me a tailor.'

I was informed, in the case of one small 'academy,' that though, in accordance with 'immemorial usage,' the fees were low, yet that the pupils were 'carefully selected from the upper and middle classes; applications from other quarters being respectfully but very firmly declined.' Yet the mistress had had the good sense to teach the girls to keep accounts, a branch of knowledge which would, as she observed, be useful to them when they began to keep shops. When I asked about the sewing, I was told that needlework was 'permitted' to be done if the parents specially desired that it should be done, but that as a rule it was 'discouraged.' I may observe, in passing, that plain sewing is very commonly 'discouraged' in adventure schools of all sorts.

In another place, where I found that the elder children could not write down from dictation any number consisting of three digits, or even read any such number when written, and were also extremely backward at reading and spelling, I asked the mistress to put a few questions to her pupils that I might hear what she had taught them. Thereupon she began to question them from a book which they had evidently attempted to learn by heart. I took a copy of the title-page of this book. The work professed to be 'a system of geography, including also the elements of astronomy, an account of the solar system, a variety of problems to be solved by the celestial and terrestrial globes, and a pronouncing vocabulary in the form of a gazetteer.' The part to which the children's attention had been turned was a series of questions on orthography and syntax—subjects not very closely connected with anything on the title-page, so far as I could make out. But 'gazetteer' seems to be a comprehensive term, and to have more meanings than those given in the dictionary.

* I asked a boy at a place of this kind what was meant by the word 'parents,' which he had just read. By way of giving him a broad hint I said, 'You mean your father and ——' He drew himself up and answered, 'I mean my papa and my mamma.'

A manuscript treatise on solid geometry, which had the appearance of having been written thirty or forty years, was once handed to me by a schoolmistress as a proof that the girls attending the school 'could do something.' The mistress was anxious that I should look at this book, though she did not wish to have the children examined, and had effectually provided against all risks by giving them a holiday. After turning over the pages for a minute or two, I found the word parallelopiped—remarked that it was a long word, and said I should like to know more about it. The old lady was indiscreet enough to put on her spectacles and look at the word; and when she saw its dimensions, and was unable to conceal the fact that it was quite new to her, she became considerably incensed, and steadily refused to tell me anything about the authorship of the book. I left her muttering to herself that she thought no one had a right to ask about her school who did not mean to bring some money to it, and that it was a queer thing if she was at liberty to prevent the pupils from being examined, and yet was herself to be 'questioned up and down in that way.' However, I had occasion to pay her another visit, at the end of which we parted on very good terms.

It is a curious fact that the day fixed for the examination of these schools happened far more frequently than not to be a day on which 'the best scholars' were absent. From the constant observation of this fact, I was forced to the conclusion that those scholars were invariably the best who had least to do with the school.

Another curious fact I noticed was that in many schools the teacher instead of the children answered the questions asked. I really believe that most of them did it in all simplicity, having an idea that if the answers required could be got out of the school it mattered not what part of the school they came from. I remember only one case in which an answer was suggested to a child in such a way as to lead one to think that there was an intention to prompt the child on the sly, or in which the teacher seemed to be the least ashamed when I complained about the practice I am speaking of. I had a number of small children standing round me, and I was asking them questions about different pictures which I was showing them. As soon as I had asked a certain question, the mistress dropped a handkerchief behind the class, and whilst stooping to pick it up took the opportunity of whispering the answer to one of the children. When the question came round to this child she gave the proper answer. I said, 'That's quite right; did you hear Miss A. tell you?' 'Yes.' 'So did I.' On hearing this remark, Miss A. became suddenly interested in the state of the weather, and took up her post for a long time at the street-door.

But it would be quite a mistake to suppose that adventure schools

are always carried on in small rooms in private houses. It is a common thing for the trustees or proprietors of a chapel to let the chapel or some room under it to be used as a schoolroom on the week-days.* It is to be presumed that such trustees and proprietors are at no pains to find tenants who are fit for the work they undertake. If they do exert themselves to secure such tenants it must be acknowledged that their attempts are, as a rule, singularly unsuccessful. The rooms under these chapels, though often of a fair size, are for the most part dark, melancholy places, and in one important respect often resemble the houses which are now being pulled down in different parts of London as being unfit for dwelling-places. And where the chapel itself is made use of the building is generally unsuitable for a school. Yet it has its advantages. When the master goes into the pulpit 'the eminence of his station gives him a commanding prospect of his duty.' The opening and shutting of the pew-door affords a harmless pastime to the children; and if any child be of a retiring and contemplative turn of mind he may withdraw to a pew at the far end of the building; and when he has shut himself in and climbed on to the seat the associations of the place will probably be too strong for him; so that he will presently fall asleep, and dream that he is hearing a sermon.

I have seen as many as a hundred and sixteen children in one of these schools in which there was no secular reading-book of any kind. All the pupils, from the eldest to the youngest, had to be satisfied with a course of Testament. I suppose the highest excellence looked for in any reader was that he should be able to stumble through a genealogy. It is not difficult to decide whether this choice of a reading-book was due to some respect for the building in which the school was carried on, or to the fact that it is hard to find a book which is so strongly bound, and contains so much for the money, as a fourpenny Testament.

When I asked the master at this place what answer I was to give to the question, 'Whether or not the school would in future be conducted as a public elementary school,' and had endeavoured to explain to him the arrangements to be observed in such a school with respect to religious teaching, he *professed* to be much shocked that I should think it possible he would ever have anything to do with a school which was not brought up 'in the nurture and admonition.' Certain facts which came to my knowledge warrant the laying of a considerable stress on that word 'professed.'

* I remember going, some years since, into an old church which was used in the same way. School was carried on at the east end of the building; caps and bonnets were on the communion table, and the piscina was full of ink-pots.

On the whole, I think that these schools conducted in chapels do more harm than the cottage schools; for the instruction is equally bad and the children in attendance are older and more numerous.

I have spoken strongly about these adventure schools from no feeling of ill-will towards the adventurers. Almost without an exception they treated me with great civility, and were ready to give me all the information I wanted. Some of them certainly expressed their opinions on matters personal to myself with an uncommon degree of freedom. Thus an old lady who was very deaf, and probably had not heard one word I had said to the children, told me she was 'very well satisfied' with my way of talking to them, and, after surveying me very attentively for some moments, added, 'You're only a middling bonny young man, but I'll be bound to say you make a bonny good thing out of it all:' and she came forward, holding out a trumpet through which she expected me to give an account of receipts and expenses. But no feeling of anything but amusement could be roused by pleasantries of this kind; and many of the people I am speaking of were so agreeable and good-natured that all one saw of them only made one regret more and more deeply the necessity which had compelled them to undertake work for which they were utterly unfit. And I must not forget to mention that there were one or two cases in which a teacher who had had to contend against constant ill-health, who was entirely without books or apparatus, except such as he could afford to buy with a part of his earnings, and who, in addition to this, laboured under all the disadvantages arising from the unsuitableness of what he used as his school-room—had nevertheless contrived to teach a number of children to read and write very well, and to understand very fairly the first four rules of arithmetic; whilst perhaps at some school close by, where everything had been liberally provided except a proper teacher, the children knew next to nothing, and were considered by their teacher to afford a remarkable proof of the innate stupidity of the neighbourhood.

But after making every allowance for exceptional cases, I am afraid that if the children of the poor are to be properly educated, these adventure schools, or nearly all of them, must be closed. In those parishes which form part of the district of a School Board this can be done, and in some places it certainly will be done whenever such a school is pronounced inefficient. So far as I know, there is no direct way of preventing an incapable person from keeping an adventure school; but a School Board has a power of compelling parents to send their children to an efficient school, and of thus withdrawing the pupils from schools where the instruction is not satisfactory.

The application of this power will no doubt be a heavy blow to

many of the 'adventurers,'* and one cannot but wish that there were some way of pensioning those who have no other means of making a living. Yet there can be no doubt that the blow ought to be dealt; for surely no one will maintain that in any parish, however unimportant, the education of successive generations of children ought to be sacrificed to the maintenance of an aged widow or spinster, however worthy and however infirm.

But as the Education Act now stands there are no means of dealing with these schools in any district—in fact there are no means of making the children of any district attend any school whatever—until a School Board has been formed in such district, and the machinery of a School Board certainly does not seem to be well adapted for country parishes. The small occupiers of land, on whom in many places the expense would principally fall, and who would often be the only available men to serve as members of a School Board, are seldom either much interested in education or capable of contributing much to its advancement. If a School Board be made up of men whose one cry is 'Keep the rate down,' and whose constant occupation makes it difficult for them to spare time for meetings and debates, such a Board will frequently be a 'School Board in default.'

The following attempted description of an interview I had with a number of farmers may serve in some degree to illustrate these remarks. The men in question were the principal ratepayers in a certain parish which was miserably off for school accommodation. These men had been induced by the clergyman of the parish to fill up a form in which they had stated their intention of building a new school, and had applied to the Education Department for a building grant. They had done this under the impression that the department would defray the whole expense; but when they found that they themselves would be expected to contribute, their views underwent an immediate and a thorough change. They discovered all sorts of advantages in keeping up the existing school. So when I told them that it would be necessary to provide accommodation for eighty children, and that I understood they purposed building a new school, they suddenly became quite boisterous in denying that they had any intention of the kind. It seemed as if each of them had put together a number of sentences, each expressing the speaker's determination to stick to the old place, and each speaker seemed to imagine that each sentence of his speech

* I met with a curious illustration of the fact that these people consider themselves to have a kind of vested interest in their neighbours' children. A man accounted for the small attendance at his school by saying, 'I'm sorry to have to tell you that some gentlemen have been about who didn't think it below them to *kidnap* my scholars away to other schools.'

contained a weighty argument, which must be brought forward with all possible dispatch. The scene which ensued after I had spoken about a new school somewhat resembled a stage imitation of a debate in the French Assembly, except that it was conducted with perfect good-nature. In the course of proceedings one old farmer slapped the clergyman on the back in a way which showed that he had a very firm belief in the existence of christian forbearance. What fragments I heard of the different speeches were something of this sort. 'If the room isn't high enough we can dig the floor down till it is.' 'We're hard set in these parts to lie close enough to keep warm.' 'We don't want sittings for eighty children: there isn't above two-score in the place.' 'Short o' room! Why I've seen well on to a hundred children set in this very spot; and rare and snug they looked, I can tell you.' 'And to go and build a new place when you'll have all the bricks to cart.' 'There's as much air inside a man's hat here as would serve a railway station in London.' 'And to want to rive it down when all of us learnt here, and most of our fathers and grandfathers—it isn't natural.' And the man whose speech lasted longest, and who consequently had a few seconds to himself, ended by saying (I suppose in irreverent allusion to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council on Education), 'And if they don't believe how keen it is let a few of 'em come down in winter time and try how they like it.' This last sentence called forth great applause, and by such applause many of the other speakers were induced to try over again the best sentence of their own respective speeches. This gave me a chance of making a few notes of what was said.

When I had an opportunity of speaking, I asked how it was that a hundred children had been seated at once in the school, if there were only two-score in the parish. The man who was responsible for the statement about the two-score answered that he did not believe there ever had been a hundred children in the room at once; for that if so many had got together in such a small space after walking to school on a rainy day they would have taken fire like a wet haystack. But he who had seen the hundred children said he was speaking of thirty years back, when there was not another school within three miles; and that, now he came to think of it, he was sure there must have been something over a hundred brought together pretty often.

I then attempted to explain what would be required from the parish in the way of school accommodation, and assured them that it was not likely that the ordinary rules would be broken through in this case. But I doubt whether what I said impressed them much; for, after we had taken a very hearty farewell of each other, I heard one of them say, 'He sees right enough that we are not the same as other

places, and that they needn't put themselves about to meddle with us.' The answer to this remark was, 'If he doesn't see it after all the talk he must be right daft.'

To return to what I was saying about School Boards. The difficulties of forming a School Board in every parish, or even of forming one for every two or three parishes, seem to be almost insurmountable. But if the establishment of School Boards were made compulsory, and if large united districts were formed by the free use of the powers given in the Act, and permanent officers were employed to look up the children, it seems possible that a proper set of men might be found to constitute a Board, and that the children might, without any great expense, be compelled to attend proper schools in each such united districts. In the meantime, it is quite certain that there will be numbers of country parishes in which there is ample accommodation in good schools for all the children, but that in these same parishes many children will waste their time sitting clotted together in a cottage kitchen, whilst many others will make no pretence of attending any school whatever.

Henry Irving and the Rise of the National Drama.

In the autumn of last year there appeared in the pages of this Magazine a thoughtful and able essay, by Mr. Tom Taylor, on 'The Theatre in England: its Shortcomings and Possibilities,' which has, during the present dramatic season, in part received an emphatic confirmation, while, on the other hand, it has in part received as emphatic a contradiction. We may briefly summarise Mr. Taylor's ideas as follows:—'That it is absolutely necessary, for the purposes of the drama as an art, that we should possess some such institution as the Comédie Française, supported, in addition to the general public, by the State and by a certain number of subscribers. That long runs of merely spectacular or sensational pieces debase and demoralise actors and audiences alike; while long runs of good pieces, by over-taxing, deteriorate actors. That these long runs seem to profit managers, but that, in the end, what is bad for actors and audiences is bad also for them. That till the present generation the theatre was pre-eminent among amusements, commanded attention and interest from all classes, and was unquestionably a place of more solid and satisfactory intellectual resort and relaxation. That a better style of men engaged in management; and that their search for profit was governed by a higher conception of the roads to it. That, finally, the only means to raise the drama from its present low and degraded position is by a private subsidy, subscription, or guarantee fund, to back up a theatre, under management of the subscribers' choosing, till the better public has learnt to trust its promises and rally to its support.'

It must be confessed that, at first sight, these statements and arguments appear unanswerable, but a more careful examination will show that there is valid reason for believing that we are now witnessing a most unexpected but at the same time powerful rise in our national drama, and that the public, whose taste has never been

DRAWN BY F. WINTER. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

HENRY IRVING.

thoroughly vitiated, is hastening to support those who are labouring to restore the stage to its true position. At the outset, it appears to us that the mere raising of the question as to whether the drama has deteriorated or not is a sign of health; and we are confirmed in our opinion by the action of a few fearless critics, who, in spite of every obstacle and influence, never miss an opportunity of directing public attention to the real worth of each new play as it appears.

As regards Mr. Taylor's first statement that it is absolutely necessary for the purposes of the drama as an art that we should possess something similar to the Comédie Française, it will be necessary to consider what this institution has done for the French stage, and in how far it is possible in our own country. That the Comédie Française has had fair trial, and that at the present moment it has lost none of its popularity and power is undeniable; but it is just as undeniable that, if it were the true means of elevating public taste and so of raising the stage, it would no longer require State support, while the majority of the Parisian theatres would never have been surrendered to senseless buffoonery or extravagant spectacle. We do not dispute that the Comédie Française was as admirably conceived as it has been ably maintained. We would not attempt to deny that it has produced a large number of most distinguised dramatists, actors and actresses; but we do assert at the same time that it is no fair sample of the entire French stage, and that, like all monopolies, it has but maintained one sound spot amid a very sea of corruption. Let us, however, for the sake of argument, grant that such an institution is the only means of raising the drama and of keeping it in a healthy condition, and let us consider in how far it is possible in our own country. The national jealousy of all State-supported institutions is enormous; it is therefore not unnatural that we should be of opinion that an attempt to subsidise any one of our theatres must result in disastrous failure, or if it succeeded, would raise such a howl of popular indignation that it would be speedily recalled.

The only alternative, then, lies in the action of a certain number of individuals who would be willing to support their convictions by a sum of money. As a necessity, these individuals would be pre-eminently interested in the drama, and each and all hold his peculiar views as to the proper course to be pursued. Consequently, even supposing the highest form of the art to be aimed at and each person to be animated by the most uninterested motives, we should have a great divergence of opinion, and, as a natural sequence, a vast amount of discussion, ending probably in an *ad interim* appointment of a manager. This gentleman, a man of literary taste and stage experience, would certainly hold as decided

opinions as those who elected him, and would naturally, except in the rare case in which he agreed with the subscribers, object to be dictated to, or perhaps even to have any suggestions made to him. So after many attempts, and when probably much temper and more money had been lost, the company for the elevation of the drama would discover that the only real means of reaching the end they desire is to support in the most unhesitating manner such managers who, while loving their art, make a business of it, and strive to give the public a high, healthy-toned means of recreation and amusement.

One must perforce agree with much that Mr. Taylor has said about long runs of pieces deteriorating actors, although it is not easy to see how it would be possible for most of our leading theatres to have a regular *repertoire*, inasmuch as such a course would add to the expenditure to an extent that would make them unremunerative. Furthermore, as London is a city whose convenience and necessities are entirely different from those of any other city in the world, it is difficult to perceive how the existing circumstances, which we freely admit to be harmful, can be practically modelled according to the rules and regulations of the Comédie Française, whose example is not followed, to any great extent, even in its own home.

Seeing, therefore, that the national drama has lost some of its former position and power, that there is a real desire to restore its influence, and that even if it were advisable, it is not practicable, to copy a foreign institution, we are constrained to look for a remedy at home.

It is when employed in this search, and when reviewing what we have at our disposal to assist us, that we become conscious of influences at work that bid fair soon to take away the reproach from us that, while as a nation we are increasing in commercial prosperity, we are fast deteriorating in those noble means of recreation which have done so much to form the national character.

It is undeniable that of late years we have been only too eager to copy the most vicious forms of the continental drama, that we have imported a spirit among us—a spirit that did its best during the rule of the Second Empire to corrupt the *morale* of the French nation; but it is as undeniable that there are those left who have resisted, and still continue to resist, all attempts to make the drama and the stage the exponent of enervating sensationalism or of artistic and refined immorality.

But inasmuch as average talent can do little more than keep its own ground, it becomes evident that any sensible progress can alone be effected by the master spirit which overcomes every difficulty, and makes its way in spite of every opposition. We look around, and find

one man who has raised himself to the pinnacle of histrionic reputation, and who, supported by the ablest manager and most poetic author we have, bids fair to rival the time-honoured reputation of the great actors of whom this country is proud.

It is to this man, to Henry Irving, that we have to look for a revival of the departed glory of the English stage, and it is within his strength to raise up a generation of dramatic authors who, fired by his wondrous power of impersonation, shall not only produce dramas worthy of representation, but at the same time contribute to the national literature. By native worth and pure hard work has he won his way, step by step, to popular favour, and by two consecutive majestic creations placed himself in the foremost rank. There are many other actors whom we admire, whom we are pleased to see, who at times even rouse us to enthusiasm, but, visit every theatre in London we find but one performance that can compare with that of 'Charles I.' at the Lyceum. We admit that Mr. Irving's advantages are many. He has had to render the work of an author, Mr. Wills, who is not only a dramatist, but a painter and poet. He has had a manager, Mr. Bateman, who faithfully embodies all the requirements that Mr. Tom Taylor asserts are necessary for so important an office; and, finally, in his last piece, he has acted with a lady, Miss Isabel Bateman, who plays the part of Queen Henrietta in the sweetest way imaginable; and, although too young to be majestic, displays a depth of pathos that surprises and delights all beholders. Encouraged and assisted by all these undoubted aids to success, Mr. Irving has, with a grand and final effort, placed upon dramatic record a creation whose full power and scope have as yet been by no means adequately grasped. No other living actor could have aroused similar emotions in a mixed audience by a character so thoroughly one-sided and partizan as that of Charles I. It is this wondrous sympathy that Mr. Irving excites that makes him so great. Sceptics may object that the character and history of the unfortunate king are so naturally provocative of sympathetic emotion, that it is easy for an actor assuming such a part to play upon the feelings. But what shall we say of the Innkeeper in the 'Bells?' Is the man who murdered his guest, and whose sole redeeming point was a somewhat ordinary parental affection, is such a character naturally provocative of sympathetic emotion? And yet who does not remember the almost-breathless silence, interrupted only by sobs, that accompanied the actor's impersonation? The poor wandering playgoer, jaded by the mediocrity to which he is accustomed, strolls, we will say by chance, into the Lyceum Theatre to see a play he vaguely remembers to have heard 'was good.' Bearing in mind the usual treatment of similar subjects by the

generality of dramatic authors, he expects to listen to a tedious opening, to witness a ballet, a battle between the Royalists and Roundheads, the trial of Charles, realising the celebrated historical picture, and, finally, the execution of a dummy by means of a real axe. He is agreeably disappointed, for he finds the author bent upon representing unwritten rather than written history, the manager determined to maintain his art, and the actor eager to present a life-like copy of the great original. So, after a time, he becomes more and more interested, and, finally carried along by the irresistible beauty of the subject, and by the sublime grandeur of soul that is infused into it by its exponent, he is fain to confess that here, at last, has he found the true home of the national drama, and a man at the head of affairs not only able but willing to practise what he preaches.

We must by no means be considered as asserting that either Mr. Wills' present work, or Mr. Irving's present acting, is perfection; but we do mean to assert that both may become so as nearly as possible. It must undoubtedly be by earnest application and indomitable industry alone that the grand promise that both these men have shown will be justified; but, all said and done, one might have gone on preaching and writing to an endless extent about the condition of the stage its shortcomings and possibilities, had we not discovered an author like Mr. Wills, and even he might have achieved but a literary success had it not been that he found one with sufficient innate vigour and genius to represent the glorious creations of his brain.

There are several contemporaries of Mr. Irving, each of whom seen at his best would suggest ideas sufficient for the most lengthened criticism. The acting would inspire words, for it had moved the spectator. But with Mr. Irving the very reverse is the case. His acting does not inspire words, for the critic feels that it is beyond mere words, and that he must write of what he has seen in no ordinary mood or way; he feels that sensations to which he thought himself almost a stranger have been excited within him. He is eager, nay, anxious, to do justice; but, alas! finds the task almost beyond him, for his emotion is of that kind that transcends expression.

We have not criticised Mr. Irving's merits from an artistic point of view, or by any self-made principles of dramatic work. We have simply desired to give some expression to the feeling which he alone of actors has aroused within us. We are sensible of the extreme difficulty of such an object, and are certain only of one thing, that we cannot overrate or too highly esteem the grand benefit that must result to the English stage from the conscientious labours of a man whose wondrous gift it is to rival nature by his art.

The Marriage of Father Christmas and Sweet Christianity.

By Amelia Lewis.

He arose! as the earth's eastern hemisphere turned its face gradually to the great, light-giving luminary, the sun; as the dense, vapoury masses of the lower atmosphere were cut by the shooting rays of sun-electricity; as they rested upon Palestine and threw over it a rose-grey hue of nascent effulgence, so heaved the earth under the higher power, so trembled its crust under the warming sun-light, so burst asunder the bonds of darkness, and, opening the womb of the soil where the shepherds of Bethlehem had heard the first angelic hymn sung to the Jesus-child, there burst from the cleft—he, the harbinger of peace on earth for one yearly day—'Father Christmas.' The clash awoke the lighter creatures of the air; they fluttered up, and, influenced by the gladness around, began instantly their natural hymns, the spontaneous chorus of earthly creation. From the cleft came majestically the tall, hale figure of a man. He stood up erect, shook his hoary curls, and smoothed his flowing robe. As his great blue eye rested upon the earth, far into the spaces of its rounded surface, he sent the consciousness that 'Christmas-day' had come into every Christian heart. He had arisen, and with him hope for Christians was renewed for another yearly course, with him joy and good-will were born.

There he stood, casting his look backward and forward; seeing into the distance both ways, and addressing his words to the lands before him. His grand towering form trod lightly on the sacred spot, his long silvery curls hung gracefully over him, and his flowing garment fell from the shoulders and arms to his feet, held by a girdle midway. Gently he raised his look up into the vaulted sky above, and thus let it dreamily fall on the countries beyond him.

'Once more have I arisen; once more do I stand where he cradled me eighteen hundred years ago, and once more shall I make my yearly round, to see if my bride is ready.' He spread out his arms,

and while a sacred light of Divine love shone on his noble features, he exclaimed, 'Oh, sweet Christianity! thou, whom I seek yearly, when wilt thou be ready, my bride? When shall I find thee on earth and, united with thee, rest contented for ever? Wilt never don thy robe of meekness and put on thy garb of sympathy, place over thee the mantle of charity, and, walking forth ready for thy bridals, come and meet me, glad as this morn, stepping joyously among the nations, casting content around thee, and giving me thy open, generous hand with the readiness of one who knows "her lamp is trimmed, and she is ready for the bridegroom?" Here do I arise year by year, and ever hast thou been a laggard; ever hadst thou something to complete in thy dress, never has it been finished. Ugly fashions wouldst thou adopt, tattered garments put round thee, trying to hide their insufficiency and wishing to deceive me by hastily wrapping over them tawdry makeshifts. But I could see these were not bridal robes, that had been begun and finished day by day and month by month, till their completed form hung in graceful folds over thy sweet person! And, shall I find thee to-day, shall I meet with thee among the nations of the earth, shall I take thee home with me but for once, placing on thy brow the bridal-kiss of our humane, loving, just, and ever-harmonising Christian union? Oh! sweet, lovely Christianity, to whom the never-dying beauty of harmony has been granted, whose every movement should be grace, and light, and joy, why tarriest thou? What evil influence of dark powers will ever hold thee back from my embrace? why dost thou listen to their ugly, deceptive whispers, and give way to their false promises? Come, raise thy head but once; rise in thy virgin beauty, as thou wert created eighteen hundred years ago, and, casting the light of thy inborn goodness around thee, give me thy hand, and say, "Here I am." Can'st imagine this yearly seeking, longing, searching for thee, ever to see thee recede from me, to come home again lonely and disheartened —no bride on my arm, no kiss on my brow—but to sink back into my bed of rest—one more year's hope deferred?'

He drew himself up.

'The morning is so bright: shall I begin? shall I set out to find her? I almost dread to be again deceived; might she be ready now, might I see her step forth to meet me—oh! bride of my bosom, disappoint me not, but show me thy completed image but once, somewhere!'

And Father Christmas took up his staff; his own robe was spotless, white as the driven snow, and smooth as the velvetty lawn—not a fault to be seen. Completed and finished were his garments, as the great sacrifice for humanity's sake had woven them for ever and ever; for immeasurable time to come—as long as humanity would endure!

Ever juvenescent, he stepped forth, casting his eye backward and forward and measuring the lands of both hemispheres.

Christianity knew he was coming, and had been busy for days; she had furbished up all her pupils, dressed them in their best, hid the rags that *would* peep out here and there, and put over them all kinds of smart vestments, clerical and fashionable: flushed and excited she rested for a few moments, eagerly expecting *his* scrutinising gaze and trying to make up for lazy hours and neglected opportunities by superficial haste and busy fuss.

Christmas put out his foot and lifted his staff; one movement, and he stood on the hills of Rome; by his side was Christianity smiling and curtseying gracefully and proudly, though a little anxiously glancing down at her own holiday toilette.

'Good morning, dear Christmas,' she said; 'again we see you, and how happy your coming makes us; how we set all our bells ringing and our people rejoicing at your advent. Surely it must please you to notice so much joy.'

Christmas seemed affected by this cordiality; he cast a side-glance at the sweet, noble figure by his side: 'Well, really Christianity, to-day you do look nice; I cannot see a drop of blood on your dress, therefore I presume you have no great war anywhere; you don't look so over-dressed, but rather more modest; it seems you have mended a good many rents in your robe; you have changed your head-dress too; I don't quite like all these ornaments, and there ought to be no sham in any adornment—still there *is* an improvement. As for yourself, I fancy you have grown; you seem taller and you look happier; just a little anxious and troubled in your eyes. Any party-quarrels anywhere? Speak out frankly.

Christianity hem'd and haw'd. 'Really, Christmas, you are very hard at once; why not enjoy the beautiful morning and visit my pupils? I *think* I have done my best.'

Christmas could not help giving way to so much gentle reproach, so he said:

'Come, then, let us see your work, examine your vestments; and if all is ready and your lamp is prepared and burning—ah, then, Christianity!'——

He said no more, but he alluded to the bridal; Christianity cast her eyes modestly on the ground, and raising them again to his face, he could see the tears welling up in them, as if she meant to say, 'Oh, take me as I am;' but he turned away a little, knowing that he could not wed a faulty bride, and that she with whom he should accomplish the great union must be without blemish—pure, single-minded, and holy.

A figure was moving up the hill; Christianity went forward and met her and presented Italia to Christmas.

'Well, my child, here I am again,' said the hale old man. 'And how are you? You know we are old friends; Christianity has been working here a long time—ah, nearly two thousand years; surely you are in trim?'

Italia, a very dignified lady, dressed in rich vestments, with a mitre on her head and a crozier in her hand, seemed flattered.

'And how is this; you have put on a fashionable mantilla; coming down from your old customs?'

Italia said one could not always be adhering to old rules and must move on a little; she had been working hard to see where improvements were possible. Her chief Christian executive had been made to understand that God's kingdom, not the world's, was his; her monasteries and nunneries had been opened wide to the world; her children were sent to school, and her almsgiving was never less, her worship never more earnest. 'Listen Christianity, listen Christmas, to the beautiful hymns now being sung in your praise.'

They listened: from the great dome of St. Peter's rose up the strains of harmonious sounds—children's voices among them; and below they could see crowds gather in the streets to hurry to the churches. Italia seemed sure of success.

'Still that Latin murmuring, Italia,' said Christmas, a little sternly. 'Why not let them worship in their own tongue?'

'So they do; they speak with their hearts, even if they repeat the formula merely.'

'But formula is formula, and we want none; we want the soul's worship, not the body's.'

Again the sounds came up. 'Oh! Christmas, how can you find fault, it is so beautiful!'

'So it is; but is it true?'

'True? What do you mean?'

'Does it come from the heart and go to the heart? Look there: those proud figures—they are cardinals, bishops, abbots, and what not; whatever do you want them all for, Italia? And then, next to their grand dresses, see, there are the poor squalid beggars again, hanging on and asking for very bread; there I see the long strings of monks, still bearing all kinds of symbols. Bring them out, Italia; let them go forth and teach those beggars to be industrious and honest. By my word, I hear some swearing and curses in the crowd before the church. Italia, I see robberies committed and rude words exchanged. Italia! Italia! it is very beautiful, but it is not true. See, there in the church, those kneeling people are chattering, others

staring, others sleeping. Italia, I have seen enough—you are improving; for, casting my eye to your north and south, I can see more harmony, in a simpler way. I can see more wholesome teaching, more soul-awakening. I can see much wrangling among the clergy is gone, but the old pride is still there; impure motives exist still; superficial forms of worship hold good, and long-suffering humanity is pushed into a corner, and got off with alms, instead of being enlightened and assisted to rise higher. Italia, you have put off that tattered old mantle and put on your new mantilla, it is true, but you must work harder still to let your dress, your faith, and worship be uniform. My dear Christianity, let me give Italia the kiss of peace, for she has done better than formerly, and I wish to encourage her; but *here* you are not yet ready.'

Italia had not always had this praise, so she was content, and promised to improve still more, while Christmas and Christianity faded from her sight and were gone.

Both stepped on Spanish soil; Christianity became a little more anxious. If Italia were not in trim, what would she say of Hispania—she felt that Christmas would not pass *her*. They found her standing close to Madrid; she was not so graceful as Italia, but still a noble, dignified figure, somewhat careworn and sombre, dressed in heavy ancient robes, with a modern head-dress and faded ornaments. A ray of joy passed over her features as she beheld the two, and she thought to herself 'What a divine couple they will make whenever they are united! surely one ought to do one's best to help them, and bring it about.'

Christmas saluted her, but one could see a shade was on his countenance.

'Good Hispania,' he said; 'Christianity has brought me here to see her work. How can you receive me?'

'Oh! Christmas; always with joy. Whatever may be doing, *your* day is set apart and kept with glad and holy worship. Look around; see the people throng to the churches—see the alms given everywhere, and see for once even factious parties rest content. I think you will be satisfied.'

Christianity was not so sure, so she was silent. Christmas measuredly cast his eye over the land, listened attentively, and heaved a great sigh.

'My dear Hispania, you have suffered much, and I have always a certain respect for you; come, now, use your own judgment. Are those churches all filled with real worshippers? Are those solemn chants bringing joy and happiness? Are those tawdry children cared for? Are those excited faces of the men inclined to settle their differences in a rational and Christian way? Are those tattered,

ignorant multitudes instructed? Do your clergy not rather worship themselves than their God by caring for His needy children on earth? True here and there burns a light; I can see its rising shimmer; I can see schools open and free teaching; but, good Hispania, more hard work still is wanting. Search everywhere; raise thy voice loud and strong; allow no repression of thought; and believe me, Christianity will here only be successful, when no worldly influence will hinder her useful working. Give me the kiss of peace, my child, for you are advancing in the right road—but you are not ready yet.'

Hispania received the kiss gratefully. It was something to hear such kind words from Christmas, who had often despaired of her. Christianity nodded kindly to her, pressed her hand, and was gone with Christmas.

Hark! In the Madeleine at Paris they were singing the praise of Christmas's arrival, while he stood with Christianity at the door.

'See these happy faces, dear Christmas,' said Christianity, 'and let me call her, my amiable "La France."'

She came, the pretty damsel, dressed very elegantly; but, woe! her hair was not very well combed; a little wildly it hung around her.

'I have worked hard to wipe away the war traces you were so angry with last year, for the year before you would scarcely look at me at all and passed by indignantly. See my people are worshipping again; my women are better clothed; my poor better fed; my children better instructed; my clergy is more truthful; and everywhere there is a desire in the people to do better. We cannot throw off all our faults at once, but surely we are mending.' Now La France had a trick of owning her short-comings in so charming a way, that it went against anybody's heart to scold her much; she always thought she could get over people that way. But even if Christianity were deceived and took it all for granted Christmas was not, his eye was that of divine truth and he saw through all devices.

'Pretty La France,' he said, 'you are a spoiled child; you always think you are doing well. What about those poor Communists?'

'Oh, they are not Christians!'

'Not? La France, La France, whatever they are, you made them such, and you ought to bear with them. To let one portion of the community bear a country's mistakes is not right. You ought to have had patience and forgiven faults, which *I* must forgive *you*. You do look brighter and healthier; but, pretty La France, you are not ready yet. See, as my eye roams over your lands I see ugly prisons and lost women, trodden-down men and unjust laws. Tell me, my smart dame, why is your hair so unruffled? That will not please a bridegroom. So I must leave you, and you must work more

earnestly still. Yet, you shall have the kiss of peace, for you are striving, and that is much—very much, for you.'

La France had tears in her eyes, while Christmas kissed her, and she was in a temper. Christianity winked at her to be quiet, but she would not.

'I suppose it will be all fine next door with those horrid Teutons; but I say they are no better than their neighbours.'

Christmas smiled. 'All right pretty one; ambition is good; try and out-do them, and yours shall be the crown.'

'And so I will; come next year and I shall have done a thousand times better.'

La France was always promising; one couldn't be angry with her, so Christmas and Christianity disappeared from her.

They overlooked the lands of Germania. With measured steps the lady appeared; remarkably scrupulous in her appearance; all was in good order. Her hair was well kempt; her brow serene; her dress spotless; her bearing upright. She seemed perfection, but that in her eye there glittered something like greed, and on her neck was a small lump, something like a *reproach*. However, she did not seem to know it, and unconsciously came forward, as if she must win.

'Good day, worthy Christmas—good day, sweet Christianity,' she said; 'I have expected you, and am prepared.'

'No humility there,' thought Father Christmas.

'Look at *my* lands; look at *my* people; look at the joy and happiness; the Christmas trees, the presents, the singing and gladness, the great brotherly love evinced everywhere; look at the unity. Tell me, have you seen such a sight before in your passage?'

'Well, it does look well,' said Christmas. 'Germania, you are an industrious dame.'

'I should think so,' she answered proudly.

'Let me look round. Two years since I found your homes dispeopled and your lands lonely; then I was very angry. It seems better now. But, tell me, what are they wrangling for all over the land? Why, they seem to know more about Christ and Christianity than we ourselves.'

'I cannot help it,' said Germania, sadly; 'they will do it. They are always trying to put Christianity right, and they never get it so. You see we are an inquiring people, and like to get to the bottom of everything.'

'Hem, Germania. Discord among your clergy?—that looks bad. And see, envy there in the south at the north, and too much overbearing in the north. People holding themselves for better than others, always preparing for war, and forecasting armaments. Germania,

Germania, you must get a little humbler and a little gentler before I can say you are ready. But, dear sister, here is your kiss of peace, for you are a worthy dame after all.'

Germania was choking with disappointment; she could not bear to be blamed, and she became sulky.

'Come, come,' said Christianity, 'dearest; be friendly; you are anyhow in the right road.'

That put her up, and cheerfully she returned the kiss: 'Thank you both for the visit; and I will try harder still.'

They were gone, and stood on Britannia's shores. Now, Britannia had expected them anxiously; 'she *would* be ready,' she said. All the charity children were marshalled out; all her paupers had plum-pudding; all her prisoners an extra slice of meat; the sailors had grog, and the soldiers beer; and 'good cheer' was the word of the day. Proud Britannia stood at the head of all the charitable forces, viewing herself from top to toe. *She* could find no blemish; her dress was well made and fitting, her hair smoothed, her figure upright, her feet well shod, and she had even gloves on. Britannia was thoroughly respectable; what more could be needed than that she should give when she had more than she wanted? Look at the institutions of charity, why they covered the land.

'Good day, my visitors,' she said, eagerly; 'it is a happy day to see you, and we rejoice in one voice. In thousands of churches, chapels, and houses of prayer, we welcome the day. Surely, there is no such pious nation in the world!'

They could just hear the school-children's hymns, and they *did* sound very pretty.

Britannia saw it made an impression upon Christmas, and she became quite nervous, in case she might gain the prize. But *his* eye could not be deceived: it roamed here and there, and came back to her with a saddened look.

'Britannia,' said Christmas, 'do you see those drunken men and women—who are they? Do you see those men beating the women—why are they doing that? Do you see those men hurling themselves upon their fellows to rob? Do you see those wretched starved children in the streets, the underpaid women in the lanes, working and having scarcely enough to eat? Oh, Britannia, don't be so charitable, be a little just before there is need for charity. Now, come my dame, am I right?'

Britannia had one good quality among others, she could take a rebuke; so she hid her face and sobbed.

'Forgive me, Christmas,' she said, 'I have to overcome old sins, and we *are* trying. A set of my people, called political and social reformers,

are anxious we should be just to all, and their voice is getting stronger and stronger; perhaps it will get down the old wrong year by year as you come again.'

'And then, Britannia, don't let the clergy of all those sects think *they* know best. Here is our Christianity, let them learn the lesson that we are brothers.'

'And sisters,' chimed in Christianity, softly.

'Right, my dear; we are beginning to learn that lesson, said Britannia, when man will no more think woman beneath him, I am proud to say; we are quite hard at it.'

The kiss which Britannia received was a very hearty one, and they parted from her in quite a cheerful mood: so Christmas told her *she, too, was not ready yet.*

Then they passed to Scandinavia, and found it not ready; some shivered in the cold, whilst others slept in eider-down beds; and going swiftly to America, they heard wonderful protestations and grand preaching, but found that the 'almighty dollar' governed here, so they couldn't be ready; and, lastly, sweeping back to Russia, which always lags behind, even to time, they trembled to see the poor Siberian prisoners and the besotted pauper, the extravagant nobles and wretched peasants, and they knew 'they were not ready!'

With pleasure Christmas cast his glance over the mission-labours, and smiled sweetly on Christianity.

'My dearest, promised bride; you did try to cheat me a little, but still all is improved, all looks fairer. There is at least a wish to belong to you and understand you among your pupils; perhaps it will become better and better, till they will learn that they must belong to you by something higher than mere words and professions, must love each other like brother and sister in truth and honesty.'

'And you, my dearest, seem inclined to weep that I am going; weep not, there is promise, but it cannot yet be fulfilled. Labour on still, labour on ever, and the day, I see, of our wedding will come, when there will be goodwill among men and an eternal Christmas Day. For the present "Adieu!"' He kissed her tear-stained cheeks and pressed her hand, and was gone. The earth opened, and though he had again to go to his bed lonely and unwedded, he looked more cheerful than he had done for many years,

The bridegroom is still waiting, for Christianity, his bride, is not ready yet!

Passion Plays and Pantomimes.

By Robert Batson.

The Passion of Christ, which is to the believer the greatest event in all history, is to the intelligent infidel, at least, the most interesting. He who, in the words of Professor Seeley, 'bore the load of the world's distress,' is from all points of view the first figure on the stage of time. The passionate devotee of the Redeemer blends in sympathy with him who spells a certain sanctity in the most prominent recipient of the homage of poor humanity, which the world has ever seen. So much human love as Christ has received is in itself Divinity. To be passionately loved is to be supremely exalted. 'When I touch a human hand,' said the great French writer, 'I touch Heaven.' Christ has touched all hands. He is the meeting-point of myriad swimming eyes, the asylum of innumerable confidences, the better-self of the flesh, the lullaby of the weeping children of a larger growth, the mystic star that promises something that is not weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable—tired human nature's sweet restorer, the sacrament of the lips of the brotherhood, the rock of shipwrecked ages, the balm of the heartache of the world. Thus, the very phrase Passion Play, to use the beautiful expression of Coleridge, 'finds us.' It awakes a tender response, or an intellectual excitement, or a social sensation; some feeling it must create.

The Ammergau Passion Play added other elements of sensibility to the unique theme. Those who were actors in the performance which celebrated the Passion of the Prince of Peace had also been actors on a stage concentrating all the passions of war.

When in the rough wooden shed at Ammergau, that hamlet embosomed in the highlands of Bavaria, Jesus—whose part was played by Joseph Mair, wood carver—moaned out that he was athirst, the pathos of the scene was intensified, whilst the awe it inspires was not decreased by the fact that the battalion to which Joseph Mair belonged was cut to pieces, and that many a poor fellow dying on the field must have uttered the same cry.

But after we have paused one instant sadly to dwell on the human suffering of which Christ was the most conspicuous example, by an involuntary transition, which it is not difficult to explain, we gladly

pass back to the tremendous events associated by regenerate Christendom with Divinity alone. The chain of episodes represented in the Passion Play is in itself a drama—the drama. Christ murmurs with gentle solemnity, 'It is finished!' raising humanity to its grandest, while Nature, at her grandest also, breaks out in thunder. The priests exchange looks of fear and words of hurry. The veil of the Temple is rent in twain. A pale messenger rushes in with the ominous news, and the priests leave the stage trembling. So runs the play. 'It is finished!'—the most majestic climax recorded in history. 'It is finished!'—the bridged gap between sweet everlasting being and bitter death. 'It is finished!'—a formula wrapping up the wrath of God, the punishment of man, the agony of Christ, the redemption of the race, doctrines which no intelligent man has ever contemplated as possibly true, without recognising as certainly awful. And should all this, which is so inexpressibly sacred, be acted? Our first reply would be, 'Yes.' Acting is, after all, only a vivid realisation of a mental image. Can there be a better, fairer, eidolon to be so pictured than the form of Christ, as enshrined in Holy Writ?

Why not make the stage a sacrament to perpetuate, vivify the evergreen memory of the fair life that lived not yet two millenniums ago in Palestine? Why not hold up the mirror to Divine nature? Alas, for poor humanity! History upsets this intuition. Facts are against our feelings. Christ ought never to be personified without kindling afresh the devotion due to His office and His person. But, as a matter of fact, few pages in human history are more melancholy than those which chronicle the personification. With a sweet simplicity of admiration, which it is painful to know to be misgrounded, that usually well-informed journal, the *Daily News*, quotes the circumstance that, 'as our correspondent relates,' hundreds of years ago the people of that little village of Ammergau 'vowed to act a Passion Play every ten years as a good work, and one to the honour of God. The plague was in the village, and they stayed its course by the pious vow then made.' Now the plague of 1348 was bad enough, but the Flagellants were worse. The plague and the Flagellants and the Passion Plays went hand in hand with practices against which Christianity was the most emphatic of all protests. Strange, but not less true, that the atmosphere of the Passion Play has too often been an outlet for those human proclivities, the existence of which alone rendered the Passion of the Redeemer necessary. I do not say that there was not a current of simplicity, sincerity, and devotion in the methods, histrionic and otherwise, espoused by the fanatic Germans with a view to thwart the plague; but the simplicity was soon lost in the mazes of vice, the devotion degenerated into self-indulgence, and the sincerity developed

too often into a tissue of gorgeous lies. Indeed, I have often thought that when the Flagellants chanted the hymn,

> 'Christ was comforted with gall,
> So let us all in crosses fall;'

when they scourged themselves, when they veiled their bleeding shoulders with black clothes, when they—partly of cunning purpose, partly by the force of reaction from austerity, partly with a view to creating materials for organised repentance—perpetrated those offences, which are least creditable even to secular humanity, they pronounced the most eloquent of all verdicts against the most infamous of all hypocrisies, the hypocrisy of painted, rouged religion. At the same time the rough voice of mankind often stigmatises as hypocrisy that which is only action and reaction. Flesh first, soul next, flesh again, sensuousness, sense of degradation, penitence, sensuousness again—what is this cycle but different parts of our complex nature insisting on revolving in their turn? Sensibility, fine nerves, produce the carnal man; the same sensibility may give a refinement that nauseates selfishness, brute body, and worships the luxury of stately idealism, purity, self-approval. There are two natures in one man. Each nature despises the other. When the man revels in the crimson enjoyments of sense how grey seems religion; when satiated and bitterly self-accused he throws himself into the lofty and serene transports of unswerving devotion to the sweet Master Spirit, whose breath is the Universe, surrounds himself with dim religious light and the æsthetics, the resolves of the sanctuary—why, how mild then seems all that the imagination can dream of vice! The man is two men. Strong passions, just under control, give an imperious will. Strong passions, succumbed to and repudiated, give what St. Augustine calls stairs to heaven. From this point of view passions cannot be too strong. Controlling them, you are a man of action. Abhorring them, you are a man of experience in the wholesome agony of the soul.

Consider that we men have our majority of opinion—we, the great human society have the main chance of social interest to consider; and after we have said all that can be suggested in favour of the Ammergau Passion Play, we must admit that it can well afford to dispense with the *prestige* of its German origin. If anything is calculated to do harm to humanity it is want of reverence, and deceit. Body, mind, soul educated, enjoyed together without poaching on the preserves of one part of our nature, animality without lust, culture without pedantry, religion without fanaticism—this is true life. Lust, pedantry, and fanaticism, are all excesses. There is more danger just now of under-educating, under-enjoying the soul than over-educating, over-enjoying. And Passion Plays are on the side of anything rather than the proper

nurture of the soul. I am using popular terms for convenience sake. What we really are besides 'magnetic mockeries,' it is not my province just now to discuss. Suppose we are mere walking bits of flesh, no one can deny the immaterial results of matter. The God-like emotion is all there—

> And he, shall he
> Man her last work, who seemed so fair,
> Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
> Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
> Who built him fruitless fanes of prayer,
> Who trusted God was Love indeed,
> And love Creation's final law
> Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
> With ravine, shrieked against his creed
> Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
> Who battled for the True, the Just,
> Be blown about the desert dust,
> Or sealed within the iron hills?

This Tennysonian question a Passion Play ought to answer with a stentorian negative. But does it? Have human yearning, human worship found any grounds of hope in the historic vile irreverence of Passion Plays? If we pass from Germany to France, we are confronted by the same sickening phenomena. Details apart, after the fight of the barricades, the Confraternity of the Penitents arranged a procession from Paris to Chartres, the residence of Henry—in its idea sufficiently objectionable. Captain Frère Angi (Henride Joyeuse) appeared arranged in an alb, crowned with thorns, and having his face covered with drops of blood. We feel, as we read of such dramatic exhibitions, that good may be their avowed object, but that evil must be their real end. It edified the bystanders of the Paris of 1600 to see the representative of the Redeemer dragging a cross of painted pasteboard, falling under it with groans which were not only heart-rending, but periodical. The two young Capucins who accompanied him on either side represented the Blessed Virgin and St. Magdalene. Four satellites, holding the cords round his neck, repeatedly struck at him with whips. Common sense whispers that they were inviting the long train of penitents that followed rather to burlesque than to realise religion, and so it happens that no insignificant portion of French history resolves itself into a chapter of combats about the 'to be or not be' of religious theatricals.

The Basochiens, established in 1302 by Philip the Friar, represented 'moralities and farces' on a large marble table on certain solemn days. Charles VII. reformed them. In 1442, the law tabooed their performance. Its infraction led to the being put in irons, or diet of stale bread, and as many cans of badly-filtered water as the fanatics

might take into their heads—mouths I mean—to drink, yet the Basochiens went on casting and recasting their parts. The fruit of this illegal perseverance was that in 1476 the punishment for 'farces, fooleries, moralities,' was banishment from the realm. Then Louis XII. had a serious embroglio with Julius II., and encouraged the players to ridicule His Holiness. Under the Valois, the Basochiens were treated kindly by the Court and the Provost, closely watched by the Parliament. In 1541 King and Provost allowed the Confraternity to represent the 'Mystery of the Old Testament,' but the Procureur-General made a long harangue to the Parliament protesting against the inexpediency of complying with the royal decree. Nevertheless, scepticism fell from histrionic lips, alms and charities were lessened, adultery disputed the favour of fashion with scandal. 'Irreligious pleasantries' were resorted to by labourers and citizens in exchange for the ordinary duties of life.

They crowded these spectacles from eight in the morning to five in the afternoon. Preachers, too, would omit their sermon, clergymen their vespers at midnight, in order not to lose the representation. The united exertions of Parliament and the Attorney-General could not suppress the mystery. At last, in 1548, they succeeded. The confraternity was throttled. But only for a time. Indeed, reasserting itself, with mitigated virulence, the same disease may be traced, as late as the first decade of the eighteenth century. Parisians listened to Louis XIV. in Ahasuerus, Madame de Maintenon in Esther, Louvois in Haman. And throughout the annals of irreligious religion in France, of vice labelled virtue, one most melancholy fact is clear: it was cradled in the Church, nursed by the Throne—it was the broad sense of secular Parliament, freed from the bias of sacerdotal, the opportunity of regal aberration, which so far kept France right. Not that, on the other hand, anything is gained by looking at religious theatres from the Puritan's point of view. A large slice of 'the Christianity' in the world is a matter not of Christ, but of clime. You find all of a sudden a number of flesh-detesting victims to a barbarous climate, good people whom no sun intoxicates with sensuous whirl, and behold the Puritan, ready to shoot a text about Providence at your head, and his dry powder. He does not say that there shall be no more cakes and ale—witness Richards' powerful, truthful play of 'Cromwell'—but there are to be no more theatres. Christ, according to Rénan and according to the Gospel was, up to the brief period of his Passion, sunny, joyous, with the happiness of the optimist glowing in his blood. When Mr. Swinburne cries bitterly, 'Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilæan!' he combats a shadow. The Galilæan was *not* pale. It is we who are pale—we, the crowded citizens of these

isles. Most 'Christians' are no more, even in their honest aspirations, like Christ than Epicureans like Epicurus. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and the world put on mourning.

He does not condemn the woman taken in adultery, though he tells her to sin no more. And men are born like the celebrated saint, so jealous of their immaculate probity that they dare not look their own mothers in the face. The fact is that the creature creates the creator—not, indeed, the real Creator, but the idol of his creeds. If a man wishes to snarl at freedom of action, his god will be like himself—stringent, severe.

The whole world becomes a gigantic trap to catch the sufferers from God-implanted passion. I say it with the greatest reserve—the God of many Christians is practically an enormous clergyman, with a spotless white tie. He is benevolence-tinged, respectable severity infinitely magnified, but still anthromorphously goody, with a frown of human exclusiveness, divinely aggravated. Looking at the essence of things, I should say that there is more Christianity in Paganism than in Puritanism. Puritanism is that very Pharisaism against which Christ waged incessant war. When Milton cries—

'Arise, avenge thy slaughtered *saints!*'

you have the spirit of the Pharisee, the people who separate themselves, the religious exclusives, the holiness which is not in its God, but in itself. Pantomimes were a more genuine outgrowth of Christianity than Passion Plays, though both have shared the infirmity of our nature. But Greece and Judæa have both been marvellously misinterpreted.

Now, the Pantomime is to the Passion Play what the mirth of Christmas is to its cause. Had there been no Passion, there could have been no Christmas; and had there been no Christmas, there could have been no Pantomime. The Founder of Christianity continued the reign of kindness to little children. At Christmas, boy-bishops, as we shall see, invariably took as the text of their sermons, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' This is the serious key-note of the melodies of Christmas. The Pantomime is the jubilee of babes and sucklings. Our little ones have always been made a great deal of at Christmas since the Divine infant consecrated the manger of His birth. And just as the Passion Play has degenerated, so has Pantomime—the one into irreverent hypocrisy, the other into irreverent buffoonery; both to attain in our time a resurrection of decency and moderation.

The history of Pantomime in this country—using the word in the broadest sense—before it entered on something like its present shape

in the seventeenth century, has been, compared with corresponding Continental practices, singularly free from objectionable taint. We may be more reverent, we may be less imaginative, but we are more moral in our dramatic and comic instincts and behaviour. But when we have said this, we have said all. Our attitude towards the holiest of seasons, ceremonies, and symbols is, from an historic stand-point, commendable only by the light of greater defaulters. Here, again, it is a question whether mental tension and its rebound have not in part caused the too-often unseemly revels of Christmas painted by history. Perhaps the very strain of reverence necessitates a reaction of the intellectual mood, rather than the emotional feeling; perhaps not. At all events, Christmas has been in past times, if not un-Christian, un-Christlike. Göethe placed reverence above all things, and it is the crown of intelligence as well as the chivalry of religion; but too much must not be expected where intelligence has but an attenuated genesis, and 'the white lily of a stainless life' but scanty seed. After all, character is the product of organisation and circumstance, and, where reason cannot admire, charity at least should forgive. Approaching the dawn of Pantomime with these feelings, we see, on Twelfth-day, 1513, a gorgeous pageant at bluff Harry's court, whereof not the least striking fairy-like phenomenon is a golden mountain, with on the top a golden tree. Out of this mountain sprang—not an Horatian ridiculous mouse, but a lady, attended by blooming children of honour. This remarkable achievement was repeated every Christmas for seventy or eighty years. The Eve of St. Nicholas was devoted to the election of a boy-bishop. The festival, according to Strype, was inaugurated with a view to stimulating the choristers, taught in the schools of music, in their studies. However, the same considerations which govern the choice of our modern managers of pantomimic fairyland appear to have directed the fortunes of this juvenile addition to the episcopate. 'The boy-bishop was pretty sure to be the good boy of the school—that is, if he were handsome and well-shaped, qualifications even more essential than merit,' as appears from the register of York Cathedral.

This identity of virtue with beauty is worthy of the enthusiasm of Chaucer and the language of Aristotle. The robes of the youthful ecclesiastic were, as the Northumberland household book testifies, only second in magnificence to those of the diocesan himself. A statute of old St. Paul's furnishes the London boy-bishop with a horse. After being permitted to say mass by the statutes of Winchester College, which stands just now before the public in memorable connection with the brutal use of ash-sticks, and ordered to by those of Eton, the boy-bishop preached on that text of inimitable

loveliness, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' went home with a hired train of mountebanks and minstrels, sang songs, indulged in laughter-moving antics with his motley crew, and finally wound up with a feast provided by the churchwardens. Nor were girls forgotten. Archbishop Peckham, writing to the nuns of Goodstowe (1278) enjoins that 'public prayers be no longer said in Church on St. Catherine's day by little girls.' The difference in point of detail between Christmas then and Christmas now is that, whereas we go to Church first and to Pantomime afterwards, our simple forefathers combined the two. The difference in point of principle between the celebration of the Saviour's birth in that age and its welcome in this is, that whereas, let us hope, modern reverence has sensitiveness and discrimination, mediæval twilight was unfavourable to the growth and exercise of such qualities. The statute of Henry III. forbidding clergymen to play with dice at church must be regarded as at once the disgrace and the apology of that simple time. But this at least may be said for it, that whereas Christmas in England has often been the occasion of misplaced mirth, it has never been the cloak for unbridled licentiousness. The Abbot of Unreason was our equivalent for the Continental Bishop of Fools. But the Abbot of Unreason, who was a poetasting knight or gentleman, ornamented by monarch or minister, never presided over worse elements than fun, horse-play, and satire.

These, no doubt, are completely out of tune with the sanctuary. Still they are innocent compared with its libidinous, hypocritical desecration which disgraces the Christian history of other lands. Indeed the worst feature in our own is the unsavoury anathema of the Puritan Stubbs, who betrays a remarkable relish for the evils which his unctuous rhetoric so graphically describes. He gloats over the anointed King, with his twenty, three-score, or a hundred waiters, dressed in liveries of green, white, and yellow, over their scarves, ribbons, laces, golden rings, and precious stones, over the handkerchiefs in their hands and round their necks, the twenty or forty bells round each leg, their hobby-horses and their dragons above all, over their parade to church amidst 'the devil's dance of the thundering drummers.' Perhaps he has personal experience of the fact that the man who ventured to express a serene hope that such an unseemly procession would at his suggestion dissolve instanter was carried on a cow-staff and ducked in a mill stream. In 1440, Captain John Gladman, a man true to God and King, and as unlike Stubbs as he must have been unlike Stiggins, spent a very merry Christmas with his neighbours. He rode on a gaudily-caparisoned horse. After him crept the figure of Lent, clothed in herring-skins, with the most wretched of hacks for his

semblance of a steed, and the most unlovely of oyster-shells for the adornment of his harness. A train of roysterers and mimics, pantomimics, followed, tricked up as unconscious illustrations of unknown Darwinism, as bears, wolves, apes, as armed warriors, and harridans with blackened faces and tattered clothes. Carts brought up the rear, with old fools in appropriate costume, pretending to hatch young fools.

The word 'young' epitomises the place held by children in all the early, as in all recent, Pantomime. Hitherto we have seen English Pantomime as a chrysalis, it now enters the stage as a butterfly. 'Comic masques in the high style of Italy,' were among the fashionable sensations of the patent houses in 1700. The first English Pantomime so-called was put on the boards by Rich, manager of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Company on Boxing-night, 1717, under the title, 'A New Italian Mimic Scene (never performed before) between a Scaramouch, a Harlequin, a Country Farmer, his Wife, and Others.' The prodigal inventiveness of Rich was spurred by his rivalry with Cibber, sole lessee of Drury Lane, and monopolist of the legitimate drama. Far better than Trochu's plan it succeeded. Pantomime was to the legitimate drama then what burlesque is now. Indeed, Pope, in his 'Dunciad' sneers at the insane audiences who can take pleasure in the monstrosities of Pantomime spectacles; and Garrick bitterly complains of 'the burlesque opening;' a traditional arrangement which Dibdin was the last of Pantomime writers to observe. Pantomime actors, on the other hand, were then in much higher repute than now. Garrick wrote of Lun—

> With matchless art and whim
> He gave the power of speech to every limb;
> Though masked and mute, conveyed his quick intent,
> And told in frolic gestures all he meant.

Woodward, too, known for his presentations of Lord Foppington, Marplot, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, was celebrated in the *rôle* of harlequin. Critics have asked whether Grimaldi would own, or Rich recognize, the modern development of the Pantomime, in which the burlesque opening dwarfs and darkens the harlequinade. Without pretending to decide the point, I cannot help feeling that the essential virtue of Pantomime has been preserved, while it has been purged of its errors. It no longer invites boy-bishops gleefully to expound the gracious saying, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' But in the season of Christmas, and the spirit of true Christianity, it still bids us all be joyous children of a smaller or of a larger growth on earth.

In Sight of the Crab-tree.

'Dorothea Jones, you are my chum,' said Caleb Jenkins to me.

'Am I, Caleb?' said I.

'Yes; and I may kiss you, because you are my chum.'

'May you, Caleb?' said I.

'To be sure I may;' and so he did.

'It's nice to kiss you, Dorothea.'

'Is it Caleb?'

'Dorothea, you won't let brother George kiss you, because he ain't your chum.'

'No, he's not, and I should slap his face.'

'That would be too late; don't let him come near you.'

'I'll scream then.'

'No; keep grand like away from him.'

'But I can't, he's bigger than me, and pinches me, and says he'll give me nuts if I let him kiss me.'

'Oh, you naughty girl, then I won't look at you any more—you are a deceitful bit; go away, go away.'

'Good-bye, Caleb;' and I turned tail and went.

'Dorothea, come back,' he screamed.

'No, I shan't;' I went on, and, presently, being a good way off, I looked round, and saw Caleb, my chum, lying on the ground, kicking his heels, and I thought I heard him sob and scream. But I didn't go back, though I felt inclined to do so; he had called me a deceitful bit—the horrid boy.

It was summer time. I was a little girl of about seven, my chum about the same. We wandered daily down to the water, and looked at the Crab-tree opposite, and swore friendship, and stared at each other, and went away all right and friendly, till Caleb took to quarrel about his brother George.

'Dorothea Jones,' said Mrs. Jenkins, 'have you seen Caleb?'

'No,' I said, unblushingly.

'But you were out with him?'

'But I won't see him nor George either; they are both bad boys.'

'You little minx, then they shan't speak to you again.'

'Very well, ma'am;' and so I walked away.

* * * * * *

'Dorothea Jones, I have been thrashed for you,' said Caleb next day.

'Have you? I'm glad of it.'

'Are you? You bad girl.'

'Yes, I am, and now you know it;' so I walked away.

* * * * * *

'Dorothea Jones, I'm going to be sent to school in London,' said Caleb a week later.

'I am glad of it;' so I walked away.

'Dorothea Jones, brother Caleb has been sent to school to London, to be a gentleman one day. Uncle has took him; now you're *my* chum.'

'I'm no such thing; here's a slap in your face; now then, no nuts to-day.' So I went away, down to the water, and sat down in sight of the Crab-tree, where we had kissed a week ago. The place seemed horrid, and I cried; Caleb had gone without seeing me, and I knew now he was a brute of a boy.

It got to autumn and grew cold, and I came every day and looked at the Crab-tree, and saw the boats and the jolly boys.

It got to winter, and I came still every day in the snow and the rain and the wind, and I sat in the sight of the Crab-tree; and when I came home I was scolded by sister, who was mistress, for I had no mother; but I didn't mind.

It was Christmas day, and the snow deep on the ground, and they were all happy and cosy by the fire, but I went down and sat in the sight of the Crab-tree, and cried, for I thought only of my chum.

* * * * * *

I went to school, and every day after school I came and looked at the Crab-tree, for I must never forget that my chum was a horrid brute of a boy.

I heard my chum Caleb was getting on at lessons, and I came every day to the water, and learned mine over and over again in sight of the Crab-tree.

The mistress said, 'Dorothea Jones, you are the best scholar in the school;' and I laughed to myself, because I knew the sight of the Crab-tree had done it.

The clergyman said, 'Dorothea Jones must be made a pupil-teacher, because she's the best scholar in the school;' and I laughed, because I knew the sight of the Crab-tree did it.

I never played and never ran and never dawdled, but I learnt and learnt and learnt; for wasn't my chum getting on at school, and must not I?

'Dorothea Jones,' said George, when the summer came round, 'they

say they are proud of you, you'll be a teacher once; come now and be my chum.'

But I walked away grand like, as Caleb had said.

And I never heard about Caleb any more, for I wouldn't speak to his mother and I wouldn't speak to his brother, and every day I sat in sight of the Crab-tree down by the water-side.

And winter came, and summer came again and again for five years, and I was a big girl, and I had never once missed going to the water and learn my lesson in sight of the Crab-tree. Caleb, my chum, had gone to America, I heard, to be made a rich boy there by his uncle, but I knew that he was a brute of a boy. And I heard he was clever and learned, and I meant to be clever and learned too, for was I not Caleb's chum?

And I kept well always, for I was afraid to get ill lest I might not be able to go in sight of the Crab-tree, and day after day I went and became a good scholar at last.

And the clergyman's lady came and fetched me one day to drink tea with her daughters, and so I did; and she was pleased when I read and recited poetry and answered her questions; then she said: 'Dorothea Jones, will you live with us? and I will make you a lady.'

And I said 'Yes, ma'am, if I may go to the water every day, and learn my lessons.'

'Why, my child?' said she.

'Because my chum, Caleb Jenkins, expects me to be there every day.'

And they laughed, but though I did not like it I did not mind, because I wanted to be a lady. And they dressed me nicely and brushed my hair, and taught me music, and drawing, and French, and German, and all the other things girls ought to know. And in time I grew up, and learned every day my lesson in sight of the Crab-tree, never missing, never, never.

George met me once, and said Caleb had written but hadn't said a word about me, and I slapped his face—big girl as I was—because he wanted to kiss me, for he said I looked as sweet as the pea in his mother's back-garden. He should wait and marry me, for if I did mean to be a lady, he was richer than I was, and Caleb had forgotten me long ago. Then I cried when he was gone, because I knew that Caleb was a big brute of a boy.

And I improved wonderfully they said, and should be a great woman one day; but they all wondered that I said so little and remained so simple in my thoughts; and I laughed to myself because I knew I could think of nothing but sitting in the sight of the Crab-tree every day, and learning my lessons for my chum.

Winter came and summer came, and I was now seventeen; a tall young lady, as they said, and a very nice one. I taught the clergyman's little children in the nursery and went out with the big young ladies, and I was treated kindly by everyone, but I would stop away for nobody and nothing from the sight of the Crab-tree, and day after day I went and read my book; and when the day came that my chum Caleb had been gone ten years I went down again, and I knew that I had been there 3650 times, with the leap-year's days over. Now there came a big stop about something, and the first part of my story is done.

* * * * * *

I believe I was beautiful, as men call it, and people whispered sometimes when they looked at me; I heard the word 'strange;' then I laughed to myself, for I knew they could not understand my thoughts and my mind, and I did not care as long as I could go in sight of the Crab-tree every day—winter and summer, spring and autumn, rain and sunshine, cold and heat, thinking of my chum, who I knew was a horrid big boy.

One day I had gone down; it was summer time and very fine; and caring little for people I began to love the creatures that fly and crawl and creep, and are the little things, as we think, in the world; but I began to think they made a big link in it, and we had better know more about them than about other foolish things; I fetched beetles and worms and insects together, and made a colony of them, and talked to them, and I knew they expected me every day and were my real friends.

About this time, too, I began to long for a friend to speak to in my way. I wonder why girls at seventeen, and eighteen, and nineteen want a friend? but they do. The insects were my friends; but more and more I began to think that if my chum Caleb now came back, I should not turn away. Yet was I frightened when I thought of it; I wished, and I didn't wish, to see him, till the hot tears would roll down my cheeks, and the insects danced before me to please me, knowing that I was miserable.

One day I sat so, and some one came by my side.

'Eh, Miss Dorothea Jones!' said George Jenkins, now a tall young man; 'I have come on purpose to know if you will marry me. I have been faithful to you for all your strange ways. I have won the old lawsuit in Chancery for mother, and we have got four hundred a-year, and tho' mother grumbles, I mean to have you, and no one else. I shall take a pretty cottage and a nice garden, and live like a gentleman, and do a little business for another couple of hundred, and you'll be a real lady, poor as you are.'

'I needn't answer you,' said I; 'for I don't mean to have you.'

'That is nonsense—for no one else will take you. They think that you are strange, but I know better what it is, and I'll break it.'

So he sat himself down by me, and he put his arm round me, and wanted to kiss me there and then. I meant to rush away, but he was too strong; then I looked at the Crab-tree, and I thought of my chum Caleb; and I wished he were there. Something like a shadow fell before me, and on a sudden George was driven from me like by a blow, and he screamed out—

'What have you done to me, have you the evil spirit in you? Look, I have had a blow as by a man.' He stood off and touched me not again, and I moved away, without saying a word, for I felt very uncomfortable. The insects were all running about as if to protect me.

'You'll be glad to have me one day, Miss Upstart,' he called after me; 'and I'll kill any one else, who'll ever touch you. I have watched eleven years, and I'll not give up now.'

So had I watched eleven years in sight of the Crab-tree, and I didn't mean to give up.

I went the next day and the next day, but George came not again; there came, however, another trouble. The clergyman's son came from Oxford, and he was a dashing fellow, and wanted to make love to me. I merely looked at him in my own way, and passed on, but that was no use, and when he had watched me a day or two he came after me in sight of the Crab-tree, and began to talk all kinds of nonsense about divinities, Hebes, Venuses, and Dianas. I didn't answer; it was all the same to me; my colony of insects were dearer to me. At last, he thought I agreed to it all, because I didn't answer, and he tried also to be bold, supposing me a simple girl, and placed his hand on my arm. But I looked at the Crab-tree, and wished my chum Caleb were there, and see on a sudden the Oxford dashing fellow started away from me, as if he had had a blow, and I was frightened myself.'

'What is that,' Miss Jenkins, he said; 'what tricks are these? You gave me a blow with something.'

'I shouldn't take the trouble,' I said: rose, and went away. As I walked on, I saw George, who had been hidden, run up to the young man. The two had words; there was a scuffle, and I rushed off to send some one down. There was a great noise about it, for George had given the other a wound on the head with his stick. They said I was making mischief among the young men with my strange ways, and I must be watched and locked up. Again and again I escaped and ran down, but they caught me and brought me back and at last meant to lock me up, I believe, in a madhouse. All I wanted was a look at the Crab-tree, a talk to my insects, and a thought of Caleb my chum.

Winter came, and they well nigh tortured me to death; the good clergyman had sent his son away again, and wanted to drive the evil spirit out of me. He prayed with me and read the Bible to me, while I could not get quiet, if they would not let me have a sight of the Crab-tree. It was Christmas-day; they said I had been violent, and for weeks I had not been allowed to go out. They locked me up, and I believe I screamed, for it drew me to the water with strong hands, and I did not know what to do; I could not withstand the power in me. I could not eat, I could not drink—I was getting very ill, my head was getting confused and hot, and I felt I must die soon. The maid who was to watch me ran down at night to have a chat with the servants in the kitchen: she believed I was asleep, so she left the door open. I jumped up in an instant, wrapped a big plaid shawl round me, and ran down with naked feet to the water's edge. I trembled; some one was sitting there—some one whom I could see in the dark he appeared luminous to me. I started, but I rushed on and touched him: I, who never went near *any* man. He turned, he saw me: 'Good God!' he cried, 'is that my chum, my Dorothea? is she mad?' He hesitated, but then he sprang up. 'No, no, poor child, she has only been waiting for me;' and he took me in his strong arms and meant to carry me away. I could not speak, but as he touched me a shadow came near us, and George cried out, 'Never, never, you'll never have her. You went away, and I have watched her eleven years; I'll have her alive or dead.'

They struggled, and I fell in a swoon on the cold snow-covered ground. Then I just knew that footsteps came near; that people took me up and carried me fainting away.

* * * * * *

They said I raved for weeks, and wanted to get to the Crab-tree. When I remember again, I was upon the sofa, and near me stood the good clergyman and his family. They said the wildness had gone out of my eyes, and the strangeness from my manner, and they called it a case of true and early attachment. Caleb Jenkins had come home as soon as he was independent—young as he was—and had not even asked where I was, but had gone straight in sight of the Crab-tree; he said I must come there, for his spirit had hovered about it every day, and he had always known when I was there. He had wished for me just as I sprang from the bed. He had been allowed to see me once when they thought I should not live. George had gone; he had nearly killed his brother, but money bought him off, and he had gone to America instead of the other, to inherit his uncle's wealth, cursing even then his brother for robbing him of me. I am sorry to say my head and health were so weak for months that I never saw Caleb, but

DRAWN BY J. TEMPLE.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'IN SIGHT OF THE CRAB-TREE'

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

he sent me the little picture I have enclosed, as we both stood in infancy in sight of the Crab-tree, that I might know where he would be every day till I could come myself.

It is such a simple story; but for a long time have I been thinking what a fuss people make when they write a story; what fine words they use and grand sentiments; and yet how simple 'real life' is, though so precious. Pardon me if I could not use long words—I never could; I wonder if my tongue will ever become loosened? I have written this on the couch with the little picture before me.

* * * * * *

It is again Christmas time and I must add a few words to my quaint recital; then I'll send it to some daring editor, and I'll see if he'll venture to take a plain statement without rhetoric, ornament, and round-about phraseology; but I feel my own pen begins to run away now, for my tongue has become loosened at last.

The doctor had forbidden me to see my chum Caleb, or even write to him, for one twelvemonth; he said it was for our good, as he wanted to prove my sanity, for half-insane women should not marry. They said I had been so docile and good that at last the clergyman would himself lead me down to the water to meet on such a joyous day my chum—for I never can call him anything else than that childish word. We went; I was quite still. In the distance I saw him; he came a little towards me; we approached him; then the clergyman placed our hands together and said a few kind and holy words. He went, and Caleb's arms were round me there in the sight of the Crab-tree, under God's own blue sky.

There came no shock this time to separate us, but, as he kissed me and said, 'Will you now come back?' and as I nodded and hid my face on his shoulder, my tongue loosened. I knew the stiffness went from my words, and I might write as fine as anybody. A thousand thoughts crowded upon me, and Caleb said—

'Dearest Dorothea, they have said I must not mind your being taciturn and strange; for me you speak with angels' tongues.'

'Oh, my chum Caleb,' said I; 'twelve years has my tongue been tied, and now I could sing for ever—here next to you, my own old friend. From early childhood upwards have we proved our faith—our plighted troth; plighted unknowingly, firmly, through distance and time, in sight of the Crab-tree.

* * * * * *

Young ladies, when you have found your real chum, remain faithful, for there is something in mutual attraction!

Incidents at Madras.

By Lieutenant J. A. Challice, R.N.

July 186—. Her Majesty's Ship *S*——*r*, of which I was Lieutenant, anchored at Madras, where we were gratified to meet with a cordial reception from the Europeans there residing.

What amused us principally was a sight of the 'Commodore of the Catamaran Fleet,' and the performance of a party of native jugglers on board our vessel. A catamaran is a craft composed of three, sometimes of four, rough logs, simply lashed together. The native occupant sits therein quite naked, and paddles himself through a surf in which no boat could live, emerging therefrom none the worse for a ducking enough to drown an unseasoned European. A story is extant that some years back the present 'Commodore' saved the life of the naval commander-in-chief, and that that officer, in token of his gratitude, gave him a commission as 'Commodore of the Catamaran Fleet.' It is certain that this fellow possesses two or three faded commissions, but they have very much the appearance of lieutenants' commissions, with the names scratched out, and the dates altered to suit the occasion. A large catamaran, paddled by two men, and steered by a third, rapidly approaches the ship. At one end are seated a dark, sensual-looking individual, and a boy, naked to his waist, and carrying a large tin box; the man, however, wears a cocked hat, and a fanciful resemblance can be traced in his coat to that of a post-captain in the navy, while at his side dangles a side-arm, the use of which appears rather ambiguous. Strutting proudly across our quarter-deck, he takes his stand by the wheel, evidently gratified by the attentions we have humoured him with—piping the side, touching our caps, &c., as if to a *bonâ fide* post-captain. He accepts our invitation to go down below with eagerness, and, followed by his 'secretary,' enters the ward-room, where he soon covers the table with his numerous certificates, a great many of which are from the Mercantile Marine. Here is a specimen.

[*Such a date.*]

'This day we have been highly honoured by a visit from His Highness, the Chief of the Catamarans, who drank a glass or two of wine, and departed, taking with him the following small donations, to aid to keep up his fleet: Master 5r., Mate 2r., Ch. Carpenter 2r., crew 4½r.; Total 13½r.'

We made up a subscription, to which I contributed a trifle, though I really believe, since he is Commander-in-Chief and Treasurer at the same time, that a great portion goes towards maintaining the rotundity of person which he possesses. Among the various donations he has received from the crews of many vessels of war and mercantile marine, not a few have been owing to his secretary's nakedness. Our doctor gave him an old frock-coat, but I would lay my head on it that the very next ship he enters will find his secretary's back as bare as when he entered ours. Shortly after receiving our contributions, amounting in all to 21s., he took his departure, evidently in a high state of enjoyment from the enormous amount of beer he had placed under his seedy uniform. Some Hindoo jugglers now came aft, and requested permission from the captain to exhibit some of their really wonderful feats. Having obtained it, they sat down, four in number, and commenced by causing a black boy on board to sit down on the deck. One of their number then taking a piece of chalk drew a white line right down his forehead, all the time reciting a chant, in which the other three joined in, the burden of it being chick-war, ar-ar-chick-chick, &c., repeated very quickly; he then, without removing his hand, drew a purple, then a blue, then a red, and, lastly, a black line, and finally showed us the original piece of white chalk in his hand, reduced in size certainly, but uncontaminated by the numerous colours that adorned the boy's face. They next did the Ball trick. Four little balls are produced, and three bell-shaped cups of metal, the size of a small coffee-cup. These three cups they deposit on the deck, mouth downwards, and then lift them all up, showing there is nothing underneath. Tapping the tops of the cups with his wand, the performer tosses the four balls about from hand to hand, then suddenly exposes his palms; lo, the balls are gone! He again lifts the cups. Two are empty, one has all four balls underneath. Replacing the cups, the four balls still remaining under the same cup, he twists his wand about, touches their tops, lifts them, and two of them have one ball each under them, and the remaining one has two. It is impossible to detect the secret of this trick, which is varied in innumerable ways. The jugglers then did the sword-trick. A sword, about two feet long in the blade, was thrust down the open throat of one of them

and must have reached to his navel. He stood for some minutes with the blade down his stomach, and the thick hilt sticking out from his mouth; he then slowly withdrew it, and, having wiped the blade, performed several sleight-of-hand tricks with the weapon. The same man then took an iron rod bent like an S, with one end fashioned into the likeness of a snake's head. Opening his mouth, he put this up one of his nostrils, so that we saw the iron head at the back of his throat; it was twisted about several times before it was withdrawn. The fire-eater then started up. He put a piece of light-coloured stone between his teeth, and took several strong inspirations, whereupon smoke and flames presently darted from his mouth and nostrils. This also lasted upwards of a minute, after which he took a piece of wadding and set it afire from the flame coming out of his mouth. After this, one of their number procured a bit of thread, and allowed us to cut it up into small pieces. He then swallowed it in a minute and drew it out again perfect as before it was cut. The same man drew out after the thread an immense long worm about six feet in length.

Another of their number amused us with playing with six balls, spinning at the same time a top, and balancing it perfectly with its apex revolving round the extremity of a long rod resting on his forehead. The Heavy Weight trick was next performed. It is hardly fair to call this a trick, since the dull thud an iron ball of 20lbs. makes on the back of the performer is not to be mistaken, as he catches it alternately on the muscles of his arm, and on the small of his back. The two tricks of the day were yet to come. Neither of them, I think, has been satisfactorily explained. The first performed was the snake-trick. The man shows you an empty basket, and then the dried skins of two cobra capellas stuck together, and lets you examine closely both them and the basket. Placing the skins in the basket he plays plaintively for about five minutes on a sort of flute called the Charmer. The lid is then lifted, and the two skins are seen filled out, the heads darting hither and thither, and the bodies still writhing in each other's embrace. The circle around the basket is immediately enlarged. The snake-charmer squeezes some of the poison out of the mouth of one on to his arm, and shows it to us. The flute is again played and, the snakes, obedient to its voice, returned into the basket. When the lid is once more taken off nothing is to be seen but the two dried skins. The snakes could not, however well-educated, have disappeared without our seeing them, and none of us can explain it without attributing supernatural powers to the Hindoos. The last trick, which was just as wonderful, was now performed. Asking us for some water and sand, the performer, when he has received them, arranges the latter into a mould and places in it the common bulb of a mangrove. This

he covers with a cloth and continues to sprinkle water over the covering. At last he asks one of our officers how high he would like the plant to grow. He says about 2ft. 6in. One of the jugglers then plays the flute, and we see the plant visibly raising the cloth. Five minutes elapse; the cloth is removed, and lo! there is a vigorous young mangrove, with bright green leaves, that still retain some of the water so liberally sprinkled over it! Comment is hardly necessary. They could not have carried this bulky plant aft without its being noticed, much less have introduced it under the cloth. Moreover the cloth was slightly raised to let us have a view of it at different stages of its growth, so that to explain the phenomena by common rule of thumb the jugglers must have brought on board several plants of all sizes. I suppose I must not believe the assertion of a blue-jacket who had been standing behind the performer, and who swore that he actually saw the mangrove growing. After making up a contribution for these truly clever jugglers or 'snake-charmers,' we parted with them, mutually gratified. They are all in league with each other, and such is their *esprit de corps* that I believe they would not sell their tricks, especially the two last, for 1000 rupees (£100).

THE THEATRES.

CHARING CROSS.

THIS establishment, having been entirely redecorated, was opened in the early part of November, under the management of Mr. John S. Clarke, who had for some time previous been acquiring a considerable reputation for light comedy at the Strand Theatre. 'The Rivals' was the play chosen for representation; and, backed as it was by a strong cast, the performance resulted in a well-earned success. It has always been to us a matter of considerable astonishment how such a play as The Rivals' ever gained any hold upon the public, seeing that it 'satisfies no one principle of true dramatic art, has an utterly incomprehensible plot, and has always, whenever performed, moved rather by the innate strength of the acting than by its own coherence and vigour. When we add to this that the comedy is weighted with a sub-plot that is not only unnecessary, but absolutely devoid of even commonplace interest, one seems disposed to question the taste that has made a stock-piece of a play that, if we err not, was hissed off the boards on its first appearance.

The reappearance of Mrs. Stirling in the character of Mrs. Malaprop, is matter for general congratulation; so artistic and finished a performance is rarely seen in our days, and to show that it was thoroughly appreciated by the audience that had assembled on the opening night, it will be sufficient for us to state that Mrs. Stirling received on ovation which she will not readily forget, and which should convince her that though the public has many favourites, she may be classed among those few whom it not only admires but respects. Each mistake came from her lips, as it were, unconsciously, and not the slightest gesture betrayed that the speaker was aware of the havoc she was making with her native tongue. From first to last Mrs. Stirling entirely commanded the attention of the house; and in the scene where she makes Captain Absolute read to her the famous letter in which he, under another name, had alluded to her as that

'she-dragon,' she roused her audience to the highest state of enthusiasm. At the close of the performance, she must have known that she had presented a creation which amply entitled her to re-assume her undisputed position as 'Queen of English Comedy.'

Mr. Walter Lacy had been cast in the part of Sir Anthony Absolute, and although he is far too accomplished an actor to assume any character without doing every credit to it, still we are not of opinion that he was well suited. To Mr. Charles Harcourt, who played Captain Absolute, we would wish to offer our sincere congratulations for his able and gentlemanly performance, and we are constrained to add that it is with very considerable astonishment that we remarked the poor justice that was done him by the majority of the press. Miss Brennan always is delightful, and if she could only get over a slight disposition to mannerism would play Lydia Languish to perfection; however, she was most deservedly applauded, and fully shared the honours of the evening. Mr. Wilmot deserves a word of praise, although a little toning down would improve him. The Bob Acres of Mr. John S. Clarke was a surprise to most of those who associated that character with the traditionary method of rendering it. We do not think it is the best part that Mr. Clarke could have chosen, but no one can help appreciating his thoroughly original conception. Taken as a whole, therefore, this performance of the 'Rivals' must be pronounced to be an emphatic success, and one fully entitling the manager to unhesitating public support.

THE GLOBE.

To say that Mr. Frank Marshall's 'False Shame' is full of faults is to speak nothing but the truth; but at the same time such a statement would convey a most inadequate idea of the real merit of the piece, which deserves to take high rank among the latest dramatic productions, and does certainly entitle the author to much more than ordinary praise. Mr. Marshall has been fortunate enough to get his piece produced by so able and energetic a manager as Mr. Montague, and, consequently, all the parts being well and judiciously cast, and great care having been taken with the representation, a most satisfactory and thoroughly deserved result is achieved. In the limited space at our disposal this month it is impossible for us to give even a sketch of the plot, nor can we make further allusion to the acting than to compliment Miss Larkin, Miss Massey, Miss Addison, Mr. Billington, and Mr. Montague. There is, however, a characteristic of this theatre to which we would particularly wish to draw attention. Ever since it opened under the management of Mr. Montague nothing but a pure

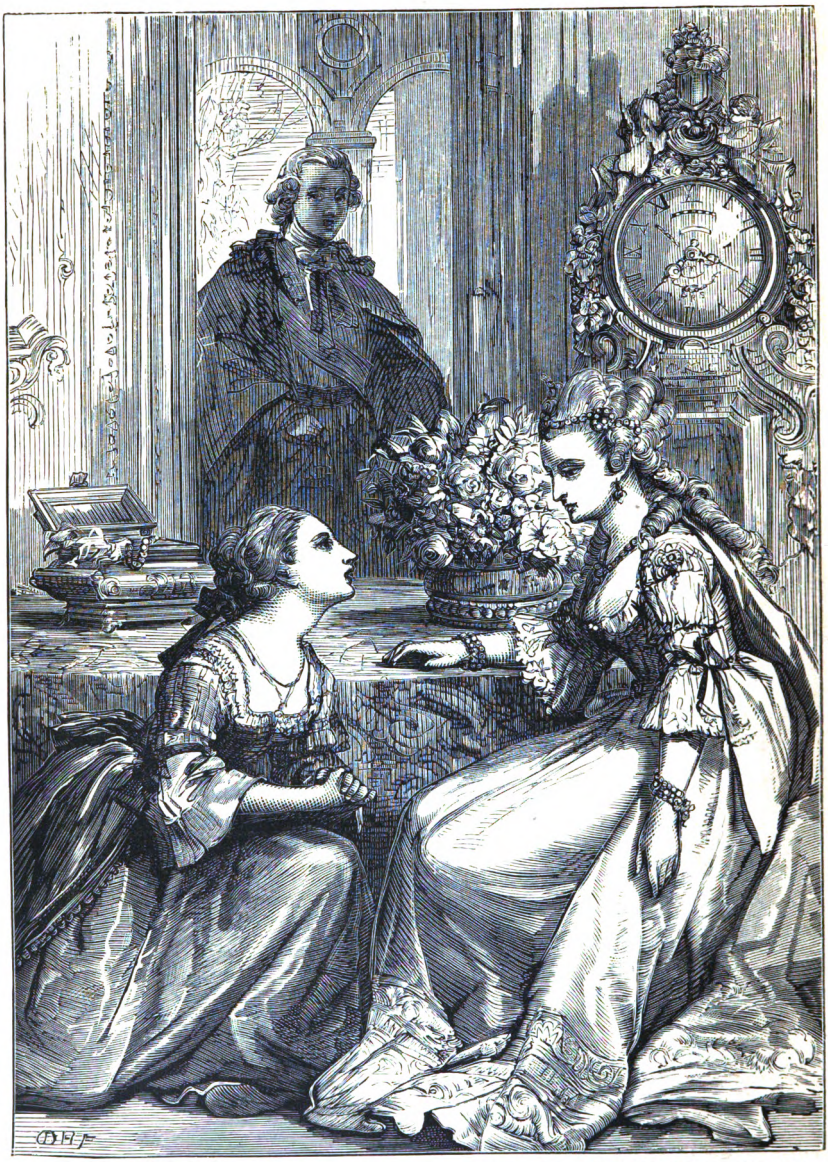
and noble form of dramatic entertainment has found a home there, while the artistic taste with which each piece in succession has been produced has deservedly entitled it to public favour. In any just criticism of the various London managers Mr. Montague would deserve to be included among the few who, true to their art and calling, have used every effort to raise the stage, to give fair play to new authors, and to offer the public healthful recreation.

THE STRAND.

To all dismally-conditioned persons, whether troubled by ills of mind or body, the Strand Theatre at the present moment offers peculiar consolation. In addition to light farce and homely comedy, the management have just produced a burlesque upon Mr. Halliday's version of 'The Lady of the Lake.' Anything more indescribably funny has seldom been seen on the stage, and it is no exaggeration to say that the audience are kept in a roar of laughter from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Mr. Byron, the author, has never been more happy in his wit than in this his last effusion, which is all the more worthy of praise because, written in the true spirit of comedy, its sarcasm and humour are perfectly harmless.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

We think that Mr. E. P. Hingston will improve upon the entertainment which is being at present given at this theatre; but, nevertheless, we are bound to admit that, by the aid of a sparkling libretto, bright dresses, and cheering music, the burlesque, 'L'Œil Crevé,' goes smoothly, and gives evident satisfaction to the audiences that nightly crowd the house.



DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'GUSTAVUS III.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

JANUARY, 1873.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD OF SWEDEN;

OR,

THE STORY OF A KING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUKE OF SUEDERMANIA REFLECTS.

THE Duke and Duchess of Suedermania were closeted in their beautiful morning room, some months after the King's return; through the rose tinted heavy damask curtains the sun-rays came glowing into the chamber, casting a reddish light over the flourishing plants near the high bow-windows; in a French *bergère*, a little more stiff-backed than our own, reclined the pretty little Duchess; not far from her, against a book-shelf, leant the Duke. His handsome figure was well set off by a luxurious French dressing-gown, though his fine face had on it the shade of discontent and annoyance. His sprightly spouse cast every now and then a dubious glance at him.

'Mais, mon ami; tu n'est pas content de ce changement?'

The Duke answered not; the little Duchess waited a space and repeated her question.

'Tu n'est donc pas content?'

No answer. The Duchess waited again, and then rose and tripped up to her husband, looked into his face, took hold of his beard and said as sternly as she could:

'C'est sûr, tu n'est pas content.'

'Non,' was the surly reply.

'Et pourquoi pas?'

'Tu sais bien; la Reine est enceinte.' The little Duchess flushed crimson, but her self-possession did not leave her, and she fired up in Swedish, which she spoke badly, being of German parentage.

'Look here, mon ami, do not taunt me for being childless; God, not I, knows whose fault it is. And is it not better to see the line go direct from father to son? I think here in Sweden they have had enough of crooked descent; a son of your dear brother will surely make a worthy Sovereign.'

'My dear brother; ha, ha, ha!' The Duke looked anything but brotherly.

'What is the matter with you, Charles? Je ne te comprends pas;' said the little Duchess angrily.

'A son of my dear brother will surely make a good Sovereign, you say, ma chère; I think his brother would have made a better.'

'Charles, this is wrong.' The little Duchess's eyes were filled with tears.

'It is not; in this world every man has to look to himself. If my brother chose to marry and keep his wife at that distance for years, he ought to have taken the consequences; for if he were not the imaginative, unreliable fool he is, he must know that he has raised hopes in others which cannot be quelled in a moment, and I am *not* the man to submit to it. You are childless, ma chère, and I suppose will remain so now; but whether I shall always be throneless is another thing; I'll reflect on it. Bon jour, ma petite.'

The Duke brushed a hasty kiss on his wife's forehead, and went stately from the room.

The little Duchess sat down again in her *bergère* and cried with vexation. What in the world did it all mean? Her spouse never was irritated against her, and surely something ugly had come between them. His irregularities had not much troubled her; she had overlooked them always, and generally revenged herself by some slight flirtations, but this misunderstanding seemed more serious. What did it mean? Her husband was angry because she was childless; well, what of that, she was not the Queen. Her husband wanted a throne. But it was wrong, very wrong to wish it; and the little Duchess burst out crying. She would have nothing to do with it, and she would plainly tell her grand husband so, when she saw him again, that he had no business to wish that which was not destined for him. The little woman's tender side was touched; she loved both the King and Queen, they had been faithful friends to her, and she made up her mind to be grateful and constant always to both—aye, rather to leave her vascillating, inconstant husband, than prove faithless in loyalty to those two noble souls.

So far her circle of reasoning went, further it would not go; she called her *femme-de-chambre*, and went off to dress for '*le plein jour*' to pay her respects to her dear Magdalena.

* * * * * *

The Duke had gone back to his own snuggery; he locked the door and walked about in a disturbed state, grumbling out his reflections in spasmodic gusts, as if he could not control them.

'Little fool, can't make an instrument of *her* with her French ways—she has something like a conscience—I suppose her German Lutheran teaching. *She* wouldn't palm off anybody's child for her own; *she* wouldn't help to stop that other child coming; *she* wouldn't sow dissension between husband and wife. It's no use trying; she would only compromise me, and tell out anything I have charged her with. No; I must look further ahead—further on into time: there lies my opportunity. After all, what nice opportunities time brings, if one will but wait for it. Time rights everybody, only we are such a shortsighted set that we dash our heads against it, and forestall its course. Time will right me, I know; the instruments will be found in time that will suit my purpose best—and *then* it will be my affair, to use them as they should be used.'

Where are my brother's other tender points? There is one thing I have not understood yet—what he means to do with Christina Eckermann. Is the man in love with her, or not? Does he mean to make her his mistress, or not? Is he virtuous fool enough to think that he can rouse a storm of passion in such a girl and then allay it by patronising royal sympathy? Bah! my worthy brother is a great ass after all. He thinks he can subdue the Swedish aristocracy by a day's revolution; he thinks he can reform his subjects, and make them wise, industrious, and sober, in a year; he thinks he can curb that demoniac Russian Empress by a letter or a little skirmishing in Finland; he thinks he can keep his wife from him for years, and then take her to his bosom like a clay figure; he thinks he can overcome our dear mother's hatred towards her in a moment. Ha! I have it: just *pour commencer*, we'll lay the mine that way. Suppose we start a little whisper in the Dowager's *entourage* about the Queen's virtue—just a little whisper. Magdalena has been such a saint, it would be quite refreshing to hear a little scandal about her. Chalk it up, Suedermania; we'll try that first. Now, then; how about Christina? There is no doubt Christina is a grand, noble, single-minded woman—a being as far above our court ladies as was the Greek Diana to the Bacchante; but Christina is mortal, and Christina—whoever she is, and I am not quite sure of her parentage, it puzzles me sadly—Christina *must* fall, and become mine—mine own, in spite of King, Queen, Queen-Dowager, the little

Duchess, or anybody else who chooses to say me nay. Suedermania is second to the throne as yet—Suedermania may not always be second; Suedermania is second in that woman's heart as yet—Suedermania may not always be second. *I* was born to rule, not *Gustavus*. An author's name might have fitted him; mine is the royal one. Mine is the right to possess a royal title, for I have the ambition to gain it, however it has to be done; mine is the right to engross such a woman as Christina, for *he* does not even value such a prize! Call *that* virtue? Blindness, I call it; moral, hateful blindness, that makes other people long and desire, and finally, commit crimes to gain their ends. Suedermania, where are thy instruments? For work once resolved on is work in hand.' He walked up and down, and reflected. He fetched out a small pocket-book, and read over a number of names and dates. 'Let me see,' he continued—'let me see. Rosenstein loves Christina; Christina loves the King without knowing it. The King is a domestic dotard just now. Christina is in Captain Liljehorn's hands. Liljehorn—why, I remember; there is no love lost. Liljehorn hates the King, to be sure—to be sure. Liljehorn has the key to various secrets. Liljehorn is my man. Dear Captain Liljehorn, we'll cultivate your acquaintance. For a little primary scandal at court, a court dame or two are sufficient. We'll manage to lay the train to-night at the *soirée* in the Castle. Magdalena must not become too strong and Gustavus too fond. Our royal mother can manage that nicely. She'll enjoy a little deterioration of the royal happiness.' The Duke had evidently got to a point where self-reflection loses patience, and the roused human passions of an evil heart begin to work. His face took a hateful expression; his tall stature bent forward with very eagerness; the veins on his forehead became swollen; he clutched his pocket-book, and struck with it the table before him in very frenzy.

'Curse that little intermeddling fool of mine for her officiousness in sending the Queen's letter to Finland! Curse that fate which gave me a soul above being a second brother! Curse the birth that made me such! Curse the fool—my brother—who keeps a woman like Christina Eckermann out of my grasp! I say curse the whole concern! I *will* be lord and master where I choose; and I'll find means where I can—foul or fair, just or unjust—to gain my purpose! There is no law for *me*. I am second to the throne; and royal personages are not bound like the meaner herd. I'll obtain my ends, and I'll lay up my plans now at once. The end *must* come, if Time is not a liar; and Time never lies, if we wait for it. Time will either wipe them all out of my path—one and all; or Time will bring *him* who

will do my bidding. Yes, Time will create what I may require when my patience is quite worn out—quite gone—quite exhausted; so that I need not soil my own fingers, but only direct the action of some one else's. Whose?—the Regicide's!'

Exhausted, the Duke sat down, then started up to unlock the door—fell back on his chair, white foam was on his lips, his frame was in contortions. With desperation, his knotted hands tore the tie from his neck; and so the groom of the chamber found him half-an-hour later—almost lifeless, overcome by the terrible swaying passions of an evil and desperate nature.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE QUEEN ASKS PROTECTION FROM HER HUSBAND.

'My dearest sister,' said the Duchess of Suedermania, as she was admitted into the Queen's apartments some days after the conversation with her husband; 'my dearest sister, I have come to you in great trouble.'

'What is it? I have heard nothing,' said Magdalena placidly. The Queen looked remarkably well; her countenance beamed with happiness.

'May I say all I have heard? You will not be shocked? You will not cry and despond?' The little Duchess sat down on a low stool and took the Queen's hand. 'Promise me you'll not be vexed, for you *must* know it; it is the only way to kill that monster, scandal.'

'Tell me, dearest, quickly; you make me anxious.'

'There is a scandal going the round of the Queen Dowager's Court about you.'

'What?' and Magdalena caught hold of the Duchess, pale as death.

'You see, it frightens you, sister; there is a scandalous report about you in the Queen Dowager's Court,' repeated the Duchess, fully determined that the Queen should know the importance of what she said.

Magdalena rose to her full height, trembling but resolute; her white lips could not directly form an answer.

'I understand you want me to comprehend the weight of your words; but, sister, if you had known the responsibility of such an attack, you would have told my husband—not me. Give me a glass of water, I am faint.'

The poor little Duchess fetched the water from the side-table, and her tears flowed as she reached it to the Queen. 'Sister, dearest Magdalena, I had to do it; I dare not tell your husband; I must tell *you*, and in that rough way. I could not have got it out otherwise; oh, forgive me! it was my duty, indeed it was.' She thought of that dreadful conversation with the Duke.

'Who spread it?'

'No one knows how it came about; they say you consoled yourself in the King's absence.'

'Horrible; I shall go straight to the King.'

'Oh, pray do not, there will be a fearful feud! oh, do send for the Queen Dowager's ladies.'

'I shall *not;* it is my husband's part to take care of my reputation. He knows best if I deserve it; I shall at once proceed to his room.' The Queen stepped forward.

'What, without having been announced?'

'Yes, without it; kings and queens are human, and I feel at such a moment humanity is greater than royalty. Await me here.'

Magdalena went; the little Duchess cowered down again on her stool; she laid her head on the fauteuil the Queen had occupied and cried.

'We were so happy at last,' she whispered; 'I am afraid we are not destined ever to be purely happy here. I wish I were dead, I am afraid of the trouble that may be coming; I am such a horrible coward.' The poor thing did not even know how great her courage was.

* * * * * *

The King was in the same room in which we met with him first; his face seemed to have filled out; he looked quite *débonnaire* and appeared to work at his despatches and papers with less haste than formerly. Suddenly Rosenstein entered brusquely from the ante-room.

'Your Majesty, the Queen wishes to be admitted,' he said, hastily.

'What is it, what is it?' exclaimed the King, springing up from his chair.

She was already there, clinging round him with sobs.

'Sire, they want to take away my good name; oh, protect me—protect your Magdalena!'

'Who ventures to breathe a word?' cried the King, soothing his wife, and drawing her down on a chair.

'It is said that evil rumours are spread about me at the Queen Dowager's Court; oh, Gustavus, my husband at last, do not allow it! pray defend me, no one can do it but you!'

Magdalena had never been impassioned, but now wifehood and

coming motherhood both claimed their rights. She took the King's hands, she clasped them in her own; she looked imploringly at him, and the dried-up tears at last came welling to her beautiful soft eyes as she rested her head on his shoulder.

'My darling, my dearest, dearest wife; you shall be satisfied. Whatever respect I owe to my mother, this I will not permit; I must dive to the bottom of it and see you exonerated.' Then the offended manly pride rose in him and he exclaimed: 'It must be a cur, a dangerous cur, who has set this going; there is more behind it than we think. What enemy can we have who begins to shoot his slanderous arrows at us at such a time?' The King became uneasy; but he again returned to his wife to comfort her.

'Come, my darling, let me conduct you to your room and converse there half an hour with you; then I will at once proceed to my mother's apartments.'

They went, Rosenstein staring after them; they entered the Queen's chamber arm in arm, and found the Duchess still crying in the same position; she heard the King say:

'And who, dearest, brought you the news of this?'

'I did, sire,' the brave little woman answered. 'I thought it my duty to mention it to my sister the moment I heard it.'

'And from whom did you hear it, Duchess?'

'From my husband, your brother, she answered firmly.

The King bit his lip and stood transfixed for a moment; a shadow of pain passed over his countenance like a heavy presentiment. It was impossible not to know that this report had meant injury to the first child that was to be born him. He sat down, pale and weary; after a while he called the Duchess.

'Come here, dearest sister; do you know anything else? have we not always been friends?'

'Oh, yes, yes; I would rather die than be faithless to either of you; I could not live here without you. Do believe me, I did it from a good motive.'

'What has been said?'

'Oh, I cannot tell now; only there is a report, and the moment it flashed across my mind, when Suedermania told me, how dangerous it was I rushed to my sister to tell her.'

'But what did my brother say?' The King forced himself to say the word 'brother.'

'Oh, that it was shocking; that the Queen-mother should be ashamed of herself, but that he could not help it, as she never would listen to him.'

The King was startled; had his presentiment been a wrong one?

He said no more and remained with the ladies until he left his wife quieted and comforted. He went back to his room, dressed with care, called Rosenstein, and proceeded straightway to his mother's apartments.

* * * * * *

The Queen Dowager, in handsome brocade, was surrounded by some of her ladies; her beautiful daughter, Albertina, was absent on one of those pious visits that became later the object of her life; the room was one of the most sumptuous, though not the largest, in that immense palace, and was literally crowded with objects of vertù, with paintings and artistic modellings. The Prussian Princess, proud sister of Frederick II., leant back in her fauteuil and fanned herself with her exquisite French fan.

'So the Duchess of Suedermania took it much to heart, Countess Ankarstroem,' she said, turning to one of her ladies.

'Greatly, your Majesty; I heard she threatened to tell the King.'

'All the better; my son ought to know. Such things to be said of a Queen!'

'Does your Majesty think it will have disastrous consequences? The royal couple has only been re-united for some months?'

'How am I to know, Countess? surely a King knows how to guard his dignity; I know what I should do.'

'But your Majesty is so much more dignified than our Swedish customs allow; we are sadly wanting here.'

'Yes, the Court is getting more and more frivolous; people are admitted *I* should not admit. Did I not hear something about Eckermann visiting the Queen? It is horrible—an actress!'

'No wonder manners get loose,' chimed in Baroness Helmförs. 'My daughter shall not be presented.'

'Nor mine,' joined Countess Ankarstroem.

'His Majesty, the King!' the Groom of the Chambers announced from the ante-room.

The King entered quickly; he had heard the last few sentences.

'Be not afraid, Countess Ankarstroem, your daughter shall not be presented, nor your son either.'

'Pardon, your Majesty,' said the frightened, trembling Countess; 'he meant to ask a favour and a place at Court as page.'

'Then tell him not to; no son of my wife's traducer shall enter my palace. Mother, your Majesty, I am ashamed to hear the breath of slander on your very threshold.'

The Queen Dowager appeared a little fluttered: she had risen.

'Will my son, who now so seldom deigns to visit us, not at least take a seat?'

'No, mother; not till I know how this scandal originated?'

'What scandal?' asked the Queen imperturbably.

'Some scandal about my Queen, which it appears you, Madam, and your ladies were gloating over when I entered.'

'Surely my son is no eavesdropper.'

'Mother, you know I brook no insults. I must know the name of the person in your Court who originated this insolent attack on us.'

The Queen drew herself up: 'Gustavus, there is no attack upon you; it is said of your wife, Magdalena of Denmark, that she has not been discreet; that she received too many visits from a certain Danish Baron; that her faithful Danish attendant was turned away at a moment's notice, and that you ought to know it.'

The King became livid with anger: 'The woman was dismissed by my command; she had kept letters of the Queen from me and had altered their contents; the Baron you mention has been the worthiest old friend we have had. He saved Magdalena from despair, and has returned to Copenhagen to finish there his days, since my wife wants no longer his protection. Why, the man was as old as her father.'

'Old men are as bad as young ones.'

'Mother, not another word. I insist to know who spread this rumour; I know this is the punishment for my having neglected my wife, and consequently exposed her to the venomous attacks of others. But why were they not made before? They are made now, I feel, by an enemy, who wishes to destroy our peace, but who will not succeed. I must have the name.'

'And I, my son, shall not give it. I am here in right of my own sovereignty; I owe neither appanage nor protection to you, Sire. If your Majesty chooses to lose the respect to your mother, you must; I refuse absolutely, and decline to say another word on the subject.'

'Mother, you have ill chosen; it seems as if you had thrown out a fire-brand. I must bow to your absolute will as the wife of the late king, my father, but you will see that this will bring bad fruit. Others will profit by it. I take my leave with one warning: If I hear another word, the slanderer and the family of the slanderer quit my kingdom during *my* reign. Good-day, mother; good-day, ladies; remember to give the message, Countess Ankarstroem.'

The Queen kept her dignified posture, the two ladies looked aghast; it was far different to talk petty scandal behind the Queen's back than to speak out plainly in the King's face. They knew they were in the wrong, but their spite turned against their Sovereign and worked mischief, which one day would ripen into malignant hatred.

As the King went from that wing of the palace to his own, something sounded in his ear all the way: 'Ankarstroem, Ankarstroem,

Ankarstroem,' it whispered; he could not get rid of the word. Was it remembrance or prescience that teazed his brain with that name. Ah, Suedermania was right—Time, if but waited upon, would surely bring opportunity. Time had already begun his work.

Rather depressed, the King entered his wife's room and found the Duchess still with her.

'Well, Sire, have you seen the Queen-mother?' exclaimed the Duchess.

'I have, but could only threaten; I could obtain no promise from the Queen to give up the originator of the calumny.'

Magdalena rose and went up to her husband; she looked him straight in the face.

'I am born for trials, my beloved husband; it is a bitter drop in my cup of happiness; oh! help me to bear it; I want but the assurance that I have your esteem—let the rest pass.'

'Magdalena,' said the King a little sternly, 'you should not even ask or doubt my esteem, my adoration almost; *I* am to blame, not you, and on my shoulders must fall the punishment. To know you, my sweet, innocent wife traduced, for some villain's purpose is horrible, is almost unbearable. But I dare not excite my mother further, I know her temper; she would stand at nothing, and I might light the torch of rebellion.'

He took the Queen in his arms. 'Magdalena, will you forgive me?' he said softly, 'and not let it prey on your mind so as to injure your health, and—and our child. I believe that's the purpose it is done for; my sweetest, dearest wife, do pray be supported; be strong, and do not disappoint my hopes of being a father and giving Sweden an heir.'

Magdalena, so close to her noble husband's heart, comprehended the request; she wound her arms round his neck and whispered sweetly, divinely in his ear:

'The happiness to give my Gustavus a son shall strengthen me.'

For a few moments the two were wrapt in each other's contemplation, and then Gustavus sat his wife gently down in her fauteuil. Suddenly he looked round: the Duchess was on her knees at the other end of the room, smothering her sobs in very agony of grief. He went up to her. 'What is it sister?' he said.

'I do not know, brother; I am weary; I wish I could die.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, little one; come and support our treasure there, and remain our own faithful sister.'

'And so I will,' she said earnestly and solemnly, far more than the occasion required.

Neither the King nor Queen could understand her motive, but

the remembrance of the Duke's conversation never left his wife a moment.

'By-the-bye,' asked the King sharply, 'Does either of you know anything of the Countess Ankarstroem? I saw her at my mother's.'

'A family of haters,' said the Duchess; 'they are all alike; they never forget and never forgive. Don't offend *them*, Sire.'

'Then I have.'

'I am sorry; but how, after all, can they harm our King? I think your Majesty's threat will have quieted further scandal.'

'May-be the open expression, but not the secret hatred. But come, Magdalena looks fatigued! I must have you rest now, dearest, and then we'll drive out to enjoy the beauty of nature while we forget the ugliness of mortal man.'

The King kissed his wife and withdrew; behind him stalked Time, watching for his opportunity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IS FRIENDSHIP GREATER THAN LOVE?

Love sat at the foot of its Galamiel, 'Friendship,' and learnt sweet lessons of harmony from his modest lips. Young Rosenstein came daily to see his sister 'Christina' and nurse her back to health, joy, and life.

Stockholm, in that spring, became the cynosure of many eyes. The fame of its king and its court spread through Europe. *We* even in our own day should look with interest and affection upon a young monarch who united the worship of Literature with the sterner duties of a monarchical sovereign, what was it not in those days? Europe has taken a leap in the space of a hundred years! From the end of the eighteenth to the end of the nineteenth century, human society has cleared a distance of which we have scarcely an idea; it has emerged from bondage and entered upon a new sphere, that of rational development in *all* its phases. There lie beneath that development many victims in their ghastly graves—those of the French Revolution; those of the wars of the First Empire; those of the home struggles of almost every country in Europe; those of the Liberation War of America; those of the Slavery war (for the contest between North and South was nothing else); those of the revolutionary risings on the Continent; those of weaker States against stronger witness the struggles of Greece against Turkey, Poland and Turkey against Russia, the Hungarians

against Austria; those of asserted nationality as the German and Italian Unity Wars, and finally those of every form of human society for self-assertion. The world a hundred years ago and now is not the same; it was heaving underneath the thin surface of social superficiality hundred years ago, it is stalking about *now* with principles, conceived and prepared during centuries and propounded in our own.

We sit at home reading a romance by the firelight, in face of the cosy tea-table; we wonder a little how those in the romance treaded the errant paths of human life; but we no more realize the great onward process of which those few form a spec on the human horizon, than we realize the fact that *we*, actually *we*, are making history daily; it is but a man gone, a woman sacrificed; another rescued, a third triumphant; we love excitement of the chase and become devotees to its entrancing witchery; but as to seek deeper, we'll have none of it—it is not in our plan; it would require reflection, and we have not time or inclination to reflect. The great romance of human life never attracts us in its higher sense; we merely gratify a personal desire and allow the nobler lesson to pass us, because we are blindfolded with superficial amusement and encrusted with selfish worldliness.

Every romance, from the lowest penny tale to the highest artistical production, is a human cry—sent out into the world to tell us of fellow joy and fellow suffering, fellow happiness and fellow misery—and every romance has something teachable in it, whether it is drowned in masses of frivolity or put on a pedestal of intellectual power.

Could the record of events that drew the attention of Europe upon them, that were contiguous to the great fall of the first monarchical house in Europe, would this record make the reader reflect on such strange combinations? Scarcely. We love in an historical romance to have all chit-chat and description; to pull historical puppets as we pull those of daily life, and we care not for the great stream of political combination; but truth is truth and in the evident fear to be less interesting, less charming, we must still adhere to the truthful conception of historical life and present to the reader the images of a remarkable period as we see them, hoping that he or she *may* perceive the intricate combination of circumstance and the inevitable work of violent passions.

* * * * * *

So Stockholm sunned itself in notoriety; its King was an ambitious and a literary man; its Queen a pretty, graceful woman; its Court one of the liveliest among neighbouring States, adorned by the most beautiful women of the time; its morals were easy, without being profligate; its artistic tendencies and its political aspirations remarkable, and its men of note known to Europe. Stockholm was then a

favourite child of fortune and proud of its distinction; foreigners flocked to it; Englishmen visited it as much, if not more, than they do now; Frenchmen deigned to go, *du côté du nord*, to see this sprightly Northern Queen of the Lake; Germans came to learn wisdom, and Russians to conspire with Danes for a footing; it was a busy beehive of various interests and struggles and a fruitful bed of human vices and virtues.

A Chinese merchant had ventured so far and, charmed at his Court presentation with one of the most beautiful women, asked to know, how much would buy her, should he possess wealth enough not only to gain the prize, but also to keep her in state. The pretty Countess was ever after called, 'The Chinese Beauty.'

Amidst all this throng, Christina Eckermann shone like a crystal star of superior workmanship. Her heart seemed steeled against worldliness, her soul above the strife of every day life; a calm air of suffering had settled on her, and her bearing struck every beholder as that of a natural Queen. As her strength returned, she re-began her studies, and appeared again at the Court Theatre. To say that on the first night the place was crammed was nothing; not an available space could be met with, and 'a sea of human heads' was all the house could be compared to. The play of 'Ebba Brahe' had again been chosen for representation. As Christina came to the passage that first decided her fate, the King bent forward with breathless attention, the fine declamation was rendered more truthfully than ever, and a volume of applause followed it. The Queen, now by her husband's side, sent a magnificent bouquet to the general favourite. While this bouquet was handed to Christina, a parcel was also given her, that disclosed, on opening, a brilliant ring of immense value. Christina quietly put it aside, and refused it from whomever it might come; it was a vulgar tribute to such worth as hers. A sonnet accompanied the ring, begging her to wear it in the last act, and strange to say, the Duke of Suedermania never took his eyes off Christina's hand, smiling malignantly when he saw that no ring graced it. 'Time and patience gain all ends,' he murmured to himself.

Stockholm had again its great artistic actress; and yet this courted beauty never swerved from her own path. She quietly remained in Captain Liljehorn's house, and followed the routine of her studies and duties. The circle that gathered round the Captain grew every day more important, and the Duke of Suedermania, who was fond of visiting in private houses, became a more frequent guest.

Somehow, whenever he appeared, young Rosenstein followed him like a shadow; the Duke chafed at his brother's favourite attendant watching him, but he would not turn the young man out, and had to

submit to this espionage. Christina only appeared at rare occasions in the *salon*, and, when she did so, withdrew herself from the Duke's attention as much as possible. Rosenstein hovered round her like a protecting medium.

There seemed a change to have come over the Captain at this time; he became more morose, more planning, more ambiguous, and less attentive to Christina; a savage look at her escaped him now and then, as if he were baffled in something, and again a ray of joy lit up his sinister countenance, as if he meant 'to succeed still.'

Christina lived among this turmoil of boiling passions, her own life even relaxing only when her dear brother was near; they wandered together in fancy through charming, imaginative fields of their own making—reading, conversing, and sympathising with each other.

Perhaps it was a little difficult for the young enthusiast to constrain his passion, but he had to do it; he had to still that beating of his heart and throbbing of his temple, and had to approach his divinity like an ordinary being, of great beauty and great talent true, but still like himself—earthly, of the earth. Little by little Rosenstein learnt something by this tempered intercourse—that the gushing, exuberant love men give to women is selfish and only deifies the object, because it deifies its own desires, and that the respectful admiration and real recognition of a woman's noble qualities is worth a thousand times the former, for it raises her to an equality with the man himself.

The young man's own character became strengthened, and his King found him daily a more valuable friend.

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One day the two had been closeted over Russian and Turkish maps, for Rosenstein was an excellent draughtsman, when the King abruptly looked up: 'Has Scheffer come?'

'No, your Majesty.'

'Send to him at once; thicker clouds are rising on the horizon, we shall not remain long in this quiet state. I believe Frederick's Prussian campaigns have only inaugurated the advent of a new historical period. There is often a prescient feeling of coming disaster in me—and yet I should be so happy now!'

'Your Majesty deserves to be happy, for you, sire, care for your people.'

'Tush, tush! my young friend; after all I only work in my own way of thinking, there is selfishness in it still. Were it not for our stiff-necked aristocracy, that *must* be curbed, and for Catherine of Russia, by heaven! I'd work differently; I'd give Europe an example.'

'Of what, your Majesty?'

'Of freedom; of a free king and a free people; it's but a chimera, I know, but still I cultivate it sometimes.'

'Sire, do you not think every people has to pass through a gradual teaching before it becomes free, and that neither your Majesty nor any other monarch can give freedom?'

'Wisely said, young man: freedom has to be acquired, for our civilisation seems to have lost a good portion of it. Well, then, let me try to lay the germs for acquiring it, even while I may appear despotic to the nobles. Rosenstein, do you think they are conciliated?'

'No, sire; they seem to cling to the Duke of Suedermania.'

'Ah, the Duke, my brother; it is strange; complications will come. What of him lately?'

'I watch him, sire; for he admires Christina Eckermann.'

'Jealous again, my boy?'

'Sire, I feel I am a man; for if necessary I should defend Christina's virtue with my heart's blood.'

'Rosenstein, Rosenstein; what cause have you of complaint?'

'Constant visits to the house of Captain Liljehorn, attempts to make Christina valuable presents, inordinate flattery when his Royal Highness is near her, and the expression of his eye.'

'Where is the Duke? Has he returned from Ulrichsdahl?'

'His Royal Highness is so busy in Stockholm; he is here since yesterday.'

The groom of the chambers came to the door.

'Baron Scheffer—Your Majesty.'

'Admit him,' answered the King. 'Rosenstein, send this message instantly to my brother.'

'Yes, sire.'

Rosenstein went.

'Scheffer,' said the King, while he walked uneasily up and down, 'I am afraid my crown will not be one of roses; I believe it will have a good many thorns in it.'

Scheffer came close up to his royal master, and looked at him earnestly: 'And suppose it had, sire, why should we look only for roses? Remember the English Shakespeare:

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

'All very well, but I am held in bonds by usage. My aspirations would send me far ahead and the world fetters me. It chafes me, this diplomacy; it frets me, this double dealing; it grieves me, this tardiness of improvement. And Catherine always threatening at my left; Scheffer, I shall go to see her!'

'What! your Majesty.'

'I shall go to see Catherine of Russia.'

Scheffer laughed; he could not help it. 'Really, your Majesty, it is an original thought; she'll fall in love with you, sire.'

'I wish she would.'

'And her Majesty, the Queen?'

'Oh, not that way. I wish I could blind her, and *make* her be honest and come to terms.'

'Never, sire; it is not in human nature to expect it.'

'Well, well, we shall see. I tell you Scheffer, I shall go to Catherine, and see what I can do with her—when I have embraced my firstborn.'

A dark cloud passed over the King's face.

'Scheffer,' he went on, 'Charles is not sincere and not honest.'

Scheffer answered not.

'Do you hear, Scheffer?'

'I know it, your Majesty,' was the sad reply.

'The Duke of Suedermania,' announced Rosenstein.

Without ceremony the King's brother walked in. A wave of the hand from the King dismissed Scheffer; Rosenstein retired.

The brothers stood opposite each other. The King's forehead flushed up, and a small vein on the right temple became swollen.

'Suedermania, I want to speak to you.'

'I have come, Gustavus;' and the Duke threw himself into a fauteuil.

'I cannot make roundabout speeches; I want to know why you frequent the house of Captain Liljehorn so much; the man's loyalty is none of the soundest.'

'Gustavus, playing mentor? My dear brother, I don't care a straw for Captain Liljehorn's loyalty; I shall go where I like.'

'Really? Would it not be better to restrain your wishes a little?'

'Not in the least; not the slightest reason for it. I'd go twelve times to see *once* Christina Eckermann, if you want to know.'

'And why?' asked the King, disdainfully; his face was getting white as marble.

'Why? Because I admire her.'

'Merely for Platonic admiration?'

'Do you want her yourself, Gustavus?'

The King raised up his hand to strike the speaker, but let it fall directly.

'It's a paltry insult, after all, and not worth attention,' he said passionately.

The Duke had perceived the gesture, and looked on unconcerned.

'Hit the point, eh, Gustavus? that woman is a prize; worth all our royalties.'

The King mastered his anger by a superhuman effort, and placed himself right before his brother.

'Suedermania, I cannot forbid your going there, for you would not obey me if I did; I shall have you watched, and so help me God, if you dare to injure that girl's reputation I'll have you punished, for it would be *my* fault—I brought her on the stage.'

'Charming, charming, your Majesty; knight-errantry in our time? Rather late though; like master like man; it is only necessary to call in Rosenstein for your second. Does Magdalena know of this worship at beauty's shrine?'

'Dare to mention *that* name again, Charles!' There was a magic in the King's voice no one could withstand.

Suedermania rose and turned rather pale, but kept his self-possession.

'Bye-bye, my royal brother; when shall I come again to give account of my actions?' Then he looked hard at the King and said deliberately, 'Gustavus, you are a fool and will one day repent it; I helped you to get a real throne, not one granted by permission of the nobles, and you kick the stool by which you mounted. Take the consequences, they *will* come.'

He stalked off: in his train went time and opportunity, while the King threw himself tremulously into a fauteuil.

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This conversation took place a fortnight after the miserable scene with the Queen-Dowager—troubles were coming thickly.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER.

THE glorious summer lay over Stockholm; in its warm embrace the northern land had bloomed into the richest hues. The green hills above the town drew an emerald circle round it; the blue lake below smiled a happy welcome to those who glided on it; the shipping went on briskly, and the call of the Swedish sailors was heard from morn to night. Rich people had summer-houses on the heights, and went to them in the warm season to enjoy the magnificent *coup d'œil* over the scene, and wander amidst the shady, hilly districts. Captain Liljehorn had taken one of these houses for a few months, and several times a week the family rowed up the lake, and laying-to at the foot of one of the hills, mounted it. Here the prettiest country-house

awaited them. It appeared to Christina as if more luxury were used in the arrangements and more money were spent; and Christina did not like it, for she was now alone. Ulrica had long left her as mysteriously as she had come.

'Whenever trouble or Satan come near thee, my child, I shall be at my post,' was her valediction. 'For all the theatrical business, you are a good girl still.'

Rosenstein and old Ulrica were fast friends; perfect confidence existed between these two.

A charming morning invited the Captain to spend the day out. Christina eagerly agreed; so did the spinster-sister. Just as they were leaving Rosenstein appeared, and begged hard to be allowed to join them; the royal family were to leave next day, and then he should be unable to be with Christina as often as he wished. The Captain evidently demurred; but, afraid to arouse suspicion, he gave way, and, rather ungraciously, allowed Rosenstein to be of the party.

Christina had donned a light summer dress, almost as simple as she had worn on Tjörn; her magnificent, long-streaming hair was covered by a wide straw-hat; and the air, the brightness of the day, and Rosenstein's company, brought back the old roses to her cheeks. Her eye shone clearer than it had done for some time; the former joyous, happy feeling returned. Christina forgot the world, its troubles and cares, and became the independent, thoughtless girl she had once been.

On they rowed. Christina began a Swedish song, Rosenstein joined; and the two carolled into the summer air like two happy children.

'Now, Captain Liljehorn,' exclaimed Christina, 'what is the matter? You look for all the world like the navigator over the Styx, ready to take us to the nether world.'

'I have something better to think of than you and your companion.'

'To be sure you have. There are all the secret political conclaves to be remembered, there is the old hatred to be nursed, and there is my lineage to be deciphered. What an enigma, surely, it has been to you, Captain? Cost you several years. Now, come cousin, you must say for once you are baffled.' There was a malicious, merry twinkle in Christina's eye.

The Captain scowled. 'Christina Eckermann, I wouldn't play with edged swords; remember you cannot do without me.'

'Why should I, Captain? The friendship so strangely begun on Tjörn has now lasted some years; surely, surely it can never break. Are you not my natural protector? Are you not going to give me my real position? Come, cousin, be candid; it has not quite gone as you expected.' And Christina laughed a merry laugh.

'Leave me alone,' growled the Captain, forgetting his politeness, and drawing his hat over his eyes.

'I wish, Captain Liljehorn, you would know how to speak to Christina.' Rosenstein fired up.

'Ah, do *you* presume on your position, sir? We may square one day. I don't want to quarrel to-day; so go on in your mad way both of you, and do not trouble yourselves about me.'

Rosenstein did not like the style in which he was addressed; but when he looked into Christina's face he saw a painful expression, and suppressed his anger.

They arrived at the place of landing; Captain Liljehorn and his sister walked on, Christina aad Rosenstein followed. They chased each other up the hill, and merrily threw themselves into the deep grass when they arrived on the top. What was that? A magnificent tent had been raised, a splendid collation awaited them in it, and a few servants with the Duke's livery were in attendance. Rosenstein turned from it in disgust. Christina positively refused to touch a morsel. She became pale and thoughtful, and laid her hand softly on Rosenstein's arm.

'My protector,' she whispered, while she looked at him with her big, swimming eyes.

'To life's end, Christina, fear not.'

The Captain fussily entered the tent with his sister, and partook of what there was; the two others gathered strawberries and regaled themselves with them, paying in their merry mood, no attention whatever to the splendour prepared for them.

'We shall return early, shall we not, Captain?' said Christina to Liljehorn, as he came from the tent, having drunk as much wine, or rather more, than was good for him.

'When I choose,' was the swaggering answer.

Both were startled and remained silent; they wandered again down the hill to look for the boat, for some hours had now elapsed; but, lo, no boat was to be seen. It was gone. They looked at each other and smiled in perfect trust.

'Let us go back and leave by the road way,' said Rosenstein.

Christina took his hand. They remounted. Violent words came from the tent, and the last they heard was—

'It is your fault, Captain; you could have prevented it.' It was the voice of the Duke of Suedermania.

Christina clutched Rosenstein's arm.

'Fear not, sister,' he said; 'my heart's blood shall be shed for you.'

Then Christina saw her folly to excite this brave boy more—

'My dearest brother,' she replied, 'I think I can answer for myself.'

The Duke caught sight of them. 'What a pretty pair you make,' he called out; 'quite idyllic, quite romantic. Come here, Mademoiselle Christina, and allow me to pay my respects.'

Christina drew herself up. 'Your Royal Highness will forgive me. I did not expect the pleasure of your company, and I positively decline to be of your party. I have no right to carouse with the husband while the wife is away, and I esteem myself equal in standing to any lady in the land, below that of Her Majesty the Queen.'

'H'm, prettily said; I wish my little Duchess heard it; she is rather proud of her parentage.'

'So am I; it is as royal as yours.'

'To be sure, by the left hand; suppose a bastard in some way;' snarled the Captain.

'Liljehorn, one more insult to Christina, and this sword passes through you.' Rosenstein had come in uniform.

'How boys do brag, to be sure; cool yourself, pretty page, we are used to braggadocio,' sneered the Duke.

'Ha, if you will but cross swords with me, I do not even dread yours, Duke; a wretch is a wretch, be he of royalty or the populace.'

'What?' thundered the Duke.

'I have said it and shall *not* unsay it.'

'Here, take this braggard prisoner,' the Duke screamed out to his attendants.

'Never, while Christina is unprotected,' exclaimed Rosenstein; only over my body you will get at her, for that is your aim.'

The powerful Duke advanced. 'Then I shall do it myself,' he called out; 'who shall gainsay me? Not even my brother, the King.'

The youthful pair stood on the alert; the Captain fell back, his sister clung to him and screamed; the attendants held themselves ready to do their master's bidding. Hark! there sounded something below on the lake which no one had expected; it was the song of the royal bargemen; every one knew it, for Gustavus had had it taught to the crew, admiring the rise and fall of manly voices above all other musical sounds. The song ceased, for Christina had drawn out her white handkerchief and waved it frantically to the barge that passed below. Steps came up; the Duke fell back; the Captain subsided; the sister screamed no more; Rosenstein and Christina stood close to each other, and when Gustavus, with his Queen and the Duchess of Suedermania, Countess Fersen and Scheffer appeared up the hill, all stood in an expectant attitude.

'What good company,' said the King, as he glanced round; 'you look so dramatic; are you rehearsing? Who waved the handkerchief?

I remembered it to be Suedermania's summerhouse last year, and the Duchess would make us mount. Have we disturbed you?'

'No, no, brother; it was a surprise; we hoped you would pass this way, for I knew you were coming up the lake, and I had invited these good people to meet you.' For once he quailed before the King's clear eye.

The ladies surrounded Christina; the gentlemen gathered into a knot, and the King showed no sign that he doubted his brother's motives. He conversed with ease; accepted the proffered hospitality, and did not allow his Queen to observe his own suspicions. All played their part until the royal party left, taking with them the others; since, strange to say, neither the Captain's nor the Duke's boats arrived in time.

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The next day, Rosenstein had a private conversation with his royal master; and Christina Eckermann knelt at the Queen's feet, imploring her to protect young Rosenstein from the Duke's attacks, just as the King entered his wife's boudoir to commune with her on Christina's future abode.'

(To be continued.)

The Orphan's Wrong.

By Francis Peek.

There is, perhaps, no sadder sight on earth than that of an orphan family gathered round a grave where the body of their last remaining parent has been lowered into the dust. It is difficult to hear, unmoved, the sobs of the elder children bitterly conscious of all they have lost; or to see the half-frightened, half-anxious expression on the faces of the younger, who are yet unable fully to realise the fact that their father and mother will never come back to them again—that never more will they see a father's face or know a mother's care. One ingredient only is wanting to fill to overflowing their cup of misery, namely, that these desolate orphans be also destitute: and as they turn away from the grave, where not only their parents, but love, home, and joy are buried, shall meet no kind friends or relatives ready with tender sympathy to wipe away their tears and speak words of kindness and consolation; but only the parish officer waiting to carry them off for interment in the gloomy union workhouse, where henceforth they will breathe an atmosphere of pauperism and vice, under the influence of those abandoned men and women who make that house their home; where they will be forced into the companionship of the children of these depraved parents, contact with whom must contaminate them both in body and mind.

Can any picture of woe and misery be more complete? And yet such is the condition of about fifteen thousand English orphan children, who, deprived by early death of a parent's care, now drag out their dreary existence within our workhouse walls. It is true that English men and women do feel some pity for orphans. Perhaps no prayer in the beautiful Litany of the Church of England meets with warmer response than that which entreats the great Father to protect and provide for all fatherless children, and all that are desolate and oppressed; but evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of

heart, and still more by that indolence which leads people so often like the man described in the fable to cry to heaven for help instead of putting their own shoulders to the wheel.

It is a surprising fact that the rulers of this country which is already so overburdened by pauperism, and where the pauper spirit is demonstrated to have a constant tendency to become hereditary, should not only make little effort to cut off the entail from those already possessing it, but should actually sanction the surest method of increasing this pauper class by bringing up every destitute child in a pauper atmosphere, with a pauper's companions and surroundings, and affording it no home but the poorhouse, a course of treatment which can hardly fail to make such orphans paupers too. It must, moreover, not be forgotten that, besides the result obtained from such a course of treatment being disastrous both to the future of the children and to the community, the process is in itself most cruel. How sad must be a little orphan's life in the dull dreary workhouse nursery, where there are no pictures to enliven the grim whitewashed walls, no toys to raise their infant glee, no tender women to teach the little ones how to play; no kindly look of affection to return their infant glances that seem to plead for love.

A lady who had adopted one stated that what struck her as most sad was that the little infant child, about eighteen months old, actually did not know how to kiss.

From the dreary life of the workhouse nursery, the next step for the orphans is to the workhouse school, where they are mixed with the depraved children of depraved parents, and where, when sick, they share the wards with adult paupers, a large proportion of whom are the refuse of the population, and the worst of characters. The ailments of the children are often slight, and in the sick ward they have nothing to do but to listen to the conversation of the adults, much of which is such as no child should ever hear, and that this unfortunately exercises a fascinating influence upon them is shown by the fact that a workhouse visitor in her report says :—

> School teachers often complain to me that they cannot prevent the children from endeavouring to catch cutaneous diseases from each other, owing to the attraction of the sick wards.

In these workhouse schools not only are the surroundings and atmosphere pauperising, but the schoolfellows and companions of the orphans are paupers, or the children of thieves, tramps and women of bad character, who only enter the workhouse for a brief period fresh from haunts of vice and crime, to which they will speedily return; but not till they have contaminated their orphan companions with

ophthalmia and other loathsome bodily diseases, and filled their minds with not less loathsome ideas and thoughts. The district schools in other respects a vast improvement to the workhouse, are still open to this serious objection, as is shown by recent disclosures at Anerly and elsewhere.

Having thus trained our desolate destitute orphans to live without affection, to count pauperism, as its natural state of existence, and the poorhouse its home, to which it may at will return ; having furnished it with precociously wicked, and well learned in vice, at about thirteen or fourteen years of age, the children are turned out to fight their way in the world, and, as far at least as the girls are concerned, with such result as might be expected. Ignorant of domestic duties they soon tire the patience of their mistresses, without the restraining influence of the thought that some one cares for them, they become reckless ; deeply imbued with vicious ideas from their childhood's associates, they become most vicious.

The following extracts from the writings of those who have well studied the subject, show the fearful result of such (elaborate) training for evil :—

A workhouse matron declared that, of 300 orphan children she had known, she did not believe one was doing well.—*Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society* 1859.

In a workhouse with which we are acquainted, the poor abandoned women, stripped to the waist, would dance, madly shouting the obscenest songs. An outburst of the noisiest insubordination was accounted for by the master thus : 'You see, sir, they are the girls who have been brought up in the workhouse.'—*Children of the State*, pp. 20 and 22.

In one case, out of 165 girls apprenticed, 18 only were reported as doing well, and within three years 73 had returned to the workhouse.—*Ibid.*, p. 23.

In another, out of 160 provided with clothes to enable them to get employment, within two months and a half 58 found their way back to the workhouse.—*Social Science Association Report*, 1860.

Out of 180 who left Cork workhouse, 60 returned within a brief period.—*Journal of Workhouse Visiting Society*, 1860.

The history of 80 prostitutes having been investigated, they were all found to be workhouse girls.—*The Philosophy of the Poor Laws*, 1865.

The officer of the Kirkdale School says, 'The number of girls who fell who went from that institution was painful to think of—it was so large.'—*Poor Relief Committee*, 1862.

Some institutions for the rescue of fallen women object to receive those brought up in a workhouse, 'their cases are so hopeless.'—*Rescue Society Report.*

The workhouse life, half penal, half humanitarian, wholly demoralising, is a bad place of refuge for any ; but for the infant and the child

no place can be worse. What man or woman of ordinary humanity would not shrink with horror at the thought of their own children being brought up within its walls. How then will they answer, when the human wrecks caused by this horrid system plead against their selfish indifference which has caused such ruin. In ancient days children were passed through the fire to Moloch. We, in truth hardly more humane, first pray the great Father to protect and provide for the fatherless orphans, and then consign them to gloomy workhouses, over whose gates well might be written, 'Orphans who enter here, leave hope behind.'

The alternative systems of bringing up destitute orphans, namely, either in district schools, or by boarding them out in cottage homes, will be considered on another occasion.

Sir Henry Lawrence:

A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY.

By Colonel W. F. B. Laurie.

Dr. Johnson emphatically assures us that no species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography, 'since none can be more delightful or more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition.' There is a powerful charm to be found in narratives of the lives of particular persons, to which we readily conform our minds, as containing 'circumstances and kindred images' which, with not a few of us, mark 'the story of our lives from year to year.' Keeping such ideas steadily in view, we affirm, without hesitation, that for the earnest youth of the present generation, for a simplicity, a grandeur, a strength, a sublimity of character, which shining forth in the day of trial must ever keep up the fame of old England throughout the world, no better study can be presented than the eventful life of Sir Henry Lawrence.* To officers who can look back on a long Indian service, some of whom will recollect the energetic cadet at Addiscombe, and watched the Indian career of our 'hero in the strife' till his glorious death at Lucknow, the study of such a life is intensely interesting. To Englishmen who have never visited the East, but many of whom, in these uncertain times—when beating swords into plough-shares appears to be as far distant as ever, and nation is still on the alert to rise against nation—may find themselves sooner than they reckon on in any part of the world, ready to uphold the honour of Great Britain, the careful reading of such a life will perhaps do more real good than such biographical studies as Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, 'the most extraordinary man, perhaps, who

* 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence. By the late Major-General Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwardes, C.B., K.C.S.I., and Herman Merivale, Esq., C.B.'—1872. 'Lives of Indian Officers, illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Service of India.' By John William Kaye (now Sir John Kaye, K.C.S.I.)—1869.

ever appeared in the world,' as the great Lord Clive, 'the heaven-born general,' or even as our loved hero of heroes, the illustrious Wellington, who 'exhausted nature and exhausted glory.'

The biographer of the iron King of Sweden, the King who

> —left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale,

thinks that conquerors are a species between good kings and tyrants, partaking most of the latter, and have a glaring reputation. Still, we are naturally eager to know the most minute circumstances of their lives. The biography which has lately been so favourably received by the public, and especially by those who love to study the character of India's immortal roll of heroes and statesmen, in the first volume by Sir Herbert Edwardes, most successfully carries out the idea of 'minute circumstances;' while, in the second, the more serious and business-like part is most admirably executed by Mr. Merivale, under whose careful eye and experienced judgment the whole of this most noble work has been ushered forth into the world. Into such a life as that of Sir Henry Lawrence we have assembled together some of the finer qualities which distinguished the foregoing immortal trio; and here and there we find traits which also remind us of Nelson, Howard (Lawrence was styled 'the Howard of the Punjab'), Chalmers, Havelock and Neill; and, greatest quality of all for success in life—on which Sir Fowell Buxton has laid so much stress—he had ENERGY in a wonderful degree. Although rather late in the day, to keep a promise conveyed in our last paper on Periodical Literature in India, * and give some of the leading points in such a life, may be of interest to readers of the DARK BLUE.

Before perusing the complete 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' the student would do well to make himself master of the hundred or more pages devoted to our hero in Sir John Kaye's 'Lives of Indian Officers.'

These interesting and graphic sketches—drawn by a master-hand—being 'illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Service of India,' and written on the principle 'that the best biographies are those in which the autobiographical element is the most prominent,'† will, even in these distracting times for much reading, create a desire to go right through the larger volumes, causing the young soldier and statesman *in esse* to read, as we all should read, in the words of Shakspeare—

> As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on.

* DARK BLUE for Sept., 1872, p. 77.—'Notes.'

† 'Lives,' p. 400.

Henry Montgomery Lawrence was born at Maturah, in Ceylon, on the 28th June, 1806. His father, every inch a soldier, was garrisoned in that island, after very distinguished service in the South of India, particularly at the second siege of Seringapatam, where, as Lieutenant Lawrence, under General Baird (the mighty Sir David), he commanded one of the two subalterns' parties* appointed to cover the forlorn hope at the memorable assault of that fortress (4th May, 1799). Judging from his extraordinary military career, most interesting details regarding which are furnished by Sir Herbert Edwardes, Alexander William Lawrence must indeed have been a first-rate officer, and in martial adventures what his countrymen style 'a broth of a boy!' He seemed to laugh at impossibilities, and say, 'It *must* be done!' on all occasions; and, doubtless, 'he only wanted the opportunity which rank gives to have done great things.' His 'God-fearing' wife appears to have been a pattern of womanly goodness; and when little Henry arrived on the stage of life, on which he was destined to play so prominent a part, the proud mother had every reason to say, as she afterwards did to a lady at Galle, 'There's *my* Matura diamond.'

With such parents, it was quite to be expected that a rare jewel would be presented to the world. The son 'achieved greatness,' and so made all the setting for it himself. Henry Lawrence's career at Addiscombe forms a most interesting study, bringing forcibly out the truth of the saying that 'The boy 's the father of the man.'

At Addiscombe, we learn that Henry was always asking the 'reasons' of things, and 'tracing effects to their cause.' Although such inquisitive power—if it may be so called—may hinder rapid progress at school or college, still the habit is invaluable towards forming a great statesman, and, in some respects, a great soldier. The very facts of his being 'best in mathematics,' and fond of 'making military surveys of the country round,' go some way to prove how strong the desire must have been within him to ask reasons and questions; and we find this desire running all through his life, and especially during many of the gravest events of Indian history, from the first Sikh war to the glorious relief of Lucknow. Perhaps, when a brother cadet (Robert Macgregor) saved him from drowning—as Sir John Kaye remarks, 'the one noticeable incident of Henry Lawrence's early life'—he was anxious to learn the hydrostatic and pneumatic principles by which such a catastrophe could have taken place.

Regarding the school and Addiscombe career of Henry Lawrence,

* 'Lieutenant Hill (74th), writes Colonel Alexander Beatson, historian of the war with Tippoo Sultan, 'commanded the right Subaltern's party.'

Sir Herbert Edwardes sums up 'in a few home words of the brothers and sisters,' which will amply repay perusal; but the following must be cited as one of the most interesting passages in the book:—'"I remember my brother Henry" (says Sir John)* "one night in Lord Hardinge's camp, turning to me and saying, 'Do you think we were clever as lads? *I don't think we were!*' But it was not altogether that we were dull. We had very few advantages, had not had very good education, and were consequently backward and deficient. We were both bad in languages, and always continued so, and were not good in anything which required a technical memory; but were good in anything which required thought and judgment. We were good, for instance, in history. And so far from Henry being *dull*, I can remember that I myself always considered him a fellow of power and mark; and I observed that others thought so.'" Thus we have the secret of the two brothers' success in life. They possessed those qualities in which the majority of public men are deficient, despite ever so much learning—tact and judgment. Perhaps, as a rule, we should call no man dull till we know him well, or opportunity brings him out. Who would ever have imagined that young Walter Scott, far from '*dux*' in his class, with a cluster of boys beside him listening to his recital of some strange tale, would have become the immortal author of 'Waverley' and 'Marmion'?

It has been truthfully remarked, and we have heard it from the mouth of a shrewd Indian General, who knew him in the morning of life, that none of his contemporaries predicted that our hero would live to outstrip them all. A hundred dull youths becoming great men might be cited. And on ripe manhood also we should restrain our judgment. Sir Henry Lawrence—in India great before—became immortal at Lucknow. And the famous General Neill—the avenging angel of the Sepoy rebellion—almost unknown before, became immortal in his glorious march to assist Havelock, and punish the mutineers. The present writer well recollects Neill during the second Burmese war. He gave one the idea of a pleasing gentleman, but of an ordinary soldier. He was rather sparing of his remarks, but you got a telling smile from him, if no more. His manner was decidedly retired, while we marched north with the view of clearing the new conquest of Pegu of dacoits and other disturbers of the peace in the 'golden' valleys of Burmah. His modest offer of assistance, after a long day's march, to give the author of 'A Narrative of the Second Burmese War' some notes for a chapter on the relief of

* In a 'Conversation with the Author.' Sir John, now Lord Lawrence, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., late Viceroy of India. For the other 'home words,' see vol. i., pp. 30, 31.

Pegu—and he faithfully kept his word—will never be forgotten. He had written a history of the 'Services' of his own, the First Madras European Regiment, which bore the brunt of our early victories in India, and has 'Arcot,' 'Plassey,' and eventually had 'Lucknow' engraved on its colours. But time passed on. There was gradually more energy displayed by Neill in Turkey, while in command during the Crimean war. Next came the terrible mutiny; the dormant energy burst forth in its full brightness; and then Neill imitated with a vengeance the action of the tiger:

> And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Doubtless those who had the honour of knowing or serving under Sir Henry Lawrence, notwithstanding his hitherto brilliant career, never expected the wonderful energy and forethought displayed at Lucknow, which, with his best actions, we see slightly foreshadowed in his early life as a cadet at Addiscombe.

At length 'Aunt Angel' fits out Henry; the Colonel (his father) 'wouldn't hear of it;' and he takes his departure for India. He arrived in February, 1823, and joined the head-quarters of the Bengal Artillery at Dum-Dum, not far from Calcutta. And now life commences in earnest in 'the nursery of captains' and of able politicals. In eleven chapters—making twelve in all—Sir Herbert Edwardes does his utmost to produce a wonderful biographical study; and the very minuteness of the biographer's details forms, we think, the chief excellence of his volume. There is nothing of the water-colour sketch about the picture. It is a genuine portrait, on which we look with the same interest as on a portrait by Reynolds, Lawrence, or Raeburn. The lights and shadows are admirably brought out. The noble rivalry between the brothers to help their parents—the influence of religious friends—the varied events of the first Burmese war, where Henry first smelt powder, concluded by a fever and the peace dictated at Ava (1826) by Sir Archibald Campbell—form the chief subjects of the second chapter. In the third, through sheer perseverance, Henry passes the examination for interpreter at Cawnpore. In the fourth, Henry marries Honoria Marshall, 'a model wife,' which wise act reminds us of the remark of an able Calcutta reviewer, while writing on married life in India, that 'did the Court of Directors' (now her Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council) but understand their real interests as well as the Athenians did theirs, they might perhaps make it imperative that their officers should, on entering the service be provided with a wife.' In India, through a good wife men's minds are regulated, 'their ideas and manners become softened,

and their souls are cared for.'* Mrs. Lawrence's 'thoughts about death,' in a letter to her husband at the end of this chapter, are very affecting.†

The fifth chapter—from 1838 to 1841—contains speculations on another war with Burmah (which did not take place till 1852), and war with Nepaul—the first note of the Cábul War—Lawrence's wise resolution to write for the press the 'Adventures in the Punjab,' shortly after his first political appointment—concluding, after wonderful examples of mental energy and devotion to the service of the State, with the death of his little daughter. This is a chapter which requires especial study. The *mens æqua in arduis* becomes strongly apparent. There is also an impending duel, and a wife's beautiful remonstrance; the duel was prevented by Henry Lawrence's brother officers in the artillery, and an age was beginning to dawn when it was thought that, for an affront, there was little satisfaction in shooting a man, or in carrying out the eloquent but unruly Grattan's advice to his son, just as the Irish orator was about to leave the world, 'Always be ready with the pistol!'

This affair leads Sir Herbert Edwardes to remark on the cessation of duelling in the British army, which had been slightly prevalent a quarter of a century before:—'He who would judge the error fairly must go back a quarter of a century [to just before Waterloo]. Then a duel was "an affair of honour." Now it is a "disgraceful affair." To shrink from shooting your neighbour then was to be a coward for life. Now we may be allowed even to shrink from being shot, and bear no cross.'‡

The sixth and three following chapters are pregnant with interest: and not the less so at the present time, when our first Anglo-Indian Field Marshal, the noble and gallant Sir G. Pollock, 'the head of the great representatives of the old Company's army, who won and maintained our great Indian Empire,' has so recently found an honoured resting-place in Westminster Abbey (Oct. 16th, 1872). Sir George was a Bengal artilleryman, belonging also to a family which carried out Bacon's fine expression of 'achieving greatness,' and Indian artillerymen were among the pall-bearers—of whom, doubtless, Sir Henry, had he been spared, would have formed one—who consisted of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Geo. Lawrence, K.C.S.I., C.B.; Major-Gen. Sir V. Eyre, K.C.S.I., C.B.; Sir J. W. Kaye, K.C.S.I.; Major-Gen. Sir Geo. McGregor, K.C.B.; Major-Gen. Sir J. Brind, K.C.B.; and Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Alexander, K.C.B. The Right Hon. Lord Lawrence, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Sir Henry's brother, followed in order of procession, just

* 'Calcutta Review,' No. 8, p. 406, vol. iv. † pp. 164, 165. ‡ p. 195.

before the Members of the Council of India, the Duke of Argyll and the Council having felt, with admirable taste and feeling, that the glorious old Abbey was the only fit place to receive Pollock's honoured remains.

We now return to Henry Lawrence, as great events are on the gale, and begin to think there is every chance of Mr. Hudleston's prophecy becoming true, which he made to Henry's sister, Letitia (who was unwilling to let him go), just before our hero's departure for India: '"You foolish thing," he said; "Henry will distinguish himself. All your brothers will do well, I think; but Henry has such steadiness and resolution that you'll see him come back a general. *He will be Sir Henry Lawrence before he dies.*" '* To the student of Indian history, the sixth chapter is invaluable. It prepares him for the great drama of the War in Afghanistan, so ably written by Sir John Kaye; and when 'Alps upon Alps' of difficulties were arising in every direction, he finds Lawrence serving bravely in the midst of them. General George Pollock had been dispatched with a force to the Afghan frontier. Sale and Macgregor wrote from Jellalabad, urging the immediate advance of Pollock's brigade, and Lawrence, Wild, and their gallant comrades were repulsed in an attempt to throw in supplies. The Khyber was yet to be forced, and everything was black as storm-threatening night. But after such darkness, as the German poet sings, cometh the light of morn—'suddenly the brightest light springs from the darkest day.' The political services of Captain Lawrence in Afghanistan at this time were very valuable. Soon came preparations for an attack on the Khyber Pass (related in the eight chapter), Pollock's advance and victory, Lawrence's renewed exertions; the eventual dismantling of Jellalabad and Ali Musjid; and next the return to 'Home, sweet home'—the whole forming in Sir John's pages one of the saddest and most eventful histories ever written. The student, with this biography beside him, should thoroughly master it; and, as old Colonel Lawrence said, when one of his children having finished Rollin's 'Ancient History' 'closed the last volume with an exulting bang,' 'begin it again at the beginning.'† It may here be interesting to note that the 'Life of Washington' made a lasting impression on Henry Lawrence's mind; and another biography read to the children, under the discipline of the Colonel, was the 'Life of Sir Thomas Munro,' one of the greatest soldiers and statesmen England and India ever had, so much admired by George Canning, and whose example continued to influence the future hero of Lucknow during his brilliant career.

* 'Calcutta Review,' No. 8, p. 32, vol. iv. † p. 30.

In the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth chapters, extending from 1842 to 1844, we have Lawrence as active as ever—Lord Ellenborough rewarding him with high appointments, and eventually making him Resident at the Court of Nepaul. Numerous most important events in the history of India follow, all of which are touched on in a most interesting manner by the gallant biographer, whose bright day of distinction was also fast drawing nigh.* The concluding or twelfth chapter describes the scenery and manner of life in Nepaul, where, in a former paper on Periodical Literature in India, we found the great political watching and waiting, and, while a Sikh Invasion of British India and the Mutiny of 1857 had been foreshadowed, with great energy assisting his brother officer, Mr. Kaye (the editor), with contributions for the 'Calcutta Review.'

So much, then, for the first volume of the 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' compiled by Mr. Merivale's 'dear friend and scholar in Indian Administration and Statesmanship, Sir Herbert Edwardes.' Sir Herbert, who, while in England, had been entrusted by the Lawrence family to write a memoir of Sir Henry, died in December, 1868, leaving chapter xii. unfinished. Mr. Merivale, Under Secretary of State for India, now became the biographer, and, having arranged the first volume for publication, began the second from the materials left him at the point at which he took up the work. The difference of style in the two volumes has been considered remarkable; but superiority has been assigned to Mr. Merivale, who, having more striking and recent materials to deal with, has, as a distinguished writer, produced a book worthy of the graceful American, Washington Irving, or some of our best English writers of biography, forming the brilliant half of a most interesting biographical study.

With two such admirable volumes before him, should the reader be—as Major Straith, of Addiscombe, used to recommend to the student of fortification—'thorough in his study,' he will be forced to the inevitable conclusion after their perusal that the great Indian officer appears to have been eminently fitted for every post he occupied. Throughout his life he comes forth as 'the right man in the right place.' Whether as artillery subaltern fighting his battery; revenue surveyor; political agent; adventurous traveller; conciliator of native soldiery; philanthropist and founder of the noble asylums which bear his name; writer of elaborate essays, 'gravid' with important matter, on a variety of subjects for the 'Calcutta Review,' or of sketches for the

* Mr. Merivale writes that, 'Sir Herbert's best-remembered title to the gratitude of his countrymen was gained in the three months, May to August, 1848, when, with a mere handful of men at his disposal, he kept in check the revolted Sikhs before Mooltan.'—*Preface.*

newspapers; one haranguing the natives in their own language and fearlessly telling the warlike races of India that England could hold her own in the country despite whatever might happen to us elsewhere;* or as the prudent, brave, and energetic commander of troops during the crowning scene of India's 'severest trial'—on every occasion he displayed extraordinary powers, forcing us to repeat what Johnson said of Addison's various ways of presenting truth—'*mille habet ornatus, mille decentur habet.*'

The second volume consists of eight chapters, with some valuable appendices. The years 1844, 1845 are about to become a critical time for India, the latter year even more so than 1842, when Lord Ellenborough succeeded Lord Auckland, and the Khyber was yet far from being forced. Henry Lawrence's literary pursuits, assisted by his admirable wife, in Nepaul, and the foundation and early history of the Lawrence Asylum, are fully detailed at the commencement of Mr. Merivale's volume. Regarding the literary pursuits we have already spoken in the DARK BLUE. † Sir John Kaye is the grand authority on this subject; and the later biographer remarks that this distinguished writer 'was united to Sir Henry by the bonds of strong personal friendship, and also by those which exist between editor and contributor.' Who would have thought that the 'sweet and gentle boy,' of whom his amiable sister said she could not 'recall his ever telling an untruth,' or the 'rather tall, raw-boned youth of sixteen,' at Addiscombe, 'with high cheek-bones, small grey eyes, prominent brows and long, brown hair'—a 'very rough Irish lad'—would ever have become a Calcutta reviewer, unless we accept the fact, not common with the critical brotherhood, that 'he could, when necessary, take or give a licking with a good grace?' Mr. Merivale gives a list, which we believe not to be complete, of Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence's contributions to the 'Calcutta Review,' among them the famous essays on 'Military Defence of our Indian Empire,' 'The Seikhs and their Country,' 'Indian Army,' 'Army Reform,' and 'Englishwomen in Hindostan' (by Lady Lawrence). Of Sir Henry's as well as of Sir Herbert Edwardes' style as reviewers we have already given slight specimens in the sketch of Anglo-Indian periodical literature. But there was one point we did not touch upon—the handwriting of the Nepaul reviewer! Sir John Kaye tells us in his 'Lives' ‡ that 'his handwriting was not the most legible in the world, and the copyists whom he tried only made matters

* The author of this sketch is responsible for the incident of Lawrence thus addressing the natives. If memory serves right, it happened when the Crimean War was at its height, and an uneasy feeling existed about our success before Sebastopol.

† DARK BLUE, for August, 1872, p. 645 to 647. ‡ p. 115.

worse.' It was not, perhaps, quite so bad as that of the great Divine, Philosopher, and Statesman, Dr. Chalmers, whose mother frankly declared that she always put Tom's letters in her drawer in order that he might read them to her himself when he came home; but it was certainly defective, and cost East Indian and native compositors (who do the printing business in India) much trouble. This reminds us of some remarks by Samuel Rogers, the gifted and amiable author of 'The Pleasures of Memory.' He said it is inexcusable in anyone to write illegibly, and tells us that he got a plain hand by tracing the master's copies against the window; also that when the great Lord Clive informed his sisters by letter that he had returned them an 'elephant' (at least, so they read the word), the true word was 'equivalent.' In the middle of 1844, the recall of Lord Ellenborough had arrived in Calcutta, and Sir Henry, afterwards Lord, Hardinge, was now Governor-General. The first Sikh war, throughout which Lawrence's knowledge of the Punjab was invaluable, and which was very highly appreciated by Lord Hardinge, together with his appointment of Resident at Lahore, form strong landmarks in our hero's career; and when at length, events having become of a more peaceful character, after the war he left India, on account of his health, for England, and was made a K.C.B. (April, 1848), returning to India the same year, he seemed to be in a fair way to exhaust glory if not nature. He was now—fulfilling Mr. Hudleston's prophecy—SIR HENRY LAWRENCE—determined to do his duty before he died! A useful rather than a glorious life seemed to be his aim. And Sir Henry appears to have been well aware of the truth conveyed in the beautiful verse of Gray's immortal elegy:—

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour:
> The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.'

When he returned to India, Lord Dalhousie was Governor-General,* and his relations with that stern, and, as some think, greatest Indian Proconsul, are admirably told by Mr. Merivale. Of course, the annexation and the non-annexation policy could not agree for a moment. Lord Dalhousie, too, was quite unlike the amiable 'old Peninsular hero,' and 'favourite pupil of Wellington in his greatest wars,' Lord Hardinge. Sir Henry's views regarding annexation are thus summed up in his article on Oude in the 'Calcutta Review,'

* His Lordship arrived in Calcutta on the 12th of January, 1848, shortly before Sir Henry left for England, where he arrived in March, returning with his wife in November.

quoted by Sir John Kaye, and which is quite in accordance with the policy we are pursuing at the present time:—'We have no right to rob a man because he spends his money badly, or even because he ill-treats his peasantry. We may protect and help the latter without putting the rents into our own pockets.' He was Resident at Lahore and President of the Lahore Board after the Second Sikh War (1849), which ended in the annexation of the Punjab.

We now pass on to chapter xviii. of the work (January, 1853—March, 1857), which contains an account of Sir Henry's valuable labours as Agent in Rajpootana, where, among other humane projects, he turned himself to the abolition of widow-burning, and 'the reformation of the prison discipline of the States,—quite in keeping with his other noble efforts, such as rescuing poor European soldiers' children from the unseen wretchedness of barrack life, and giving them a comfortable asylum on the Hills—the sad death of Lady Lawrence, Lord Dalhousie's succession by Lord Canning, and Sir Henry's appointment to the Chief Commissionership of Oude. The story of his wife's death, about which Mr. Merivale gives some striking extracts from Sir Henry's letters, is very sad, and some of his remarks after the event to his friend ('spiritual dorecter'), Mrs. Hill, deeply interesting:—'He "wonders why we are allowed to sin and to suffer, why some are born to bliss, and others to misery."'

'He "desires to be assured that he and his departed wife must hereafter dwell together."' And yet this brave Christian soldier, with a heart brimful of charity, must have been aware of the merciful promise that the mysteries of our

> —— natures unrevealed below,
> We yet shall learn and wonder as we know.

Doubtless, when his bereavement—producing what the Orientals style 'sorrow devouring sorrow'—was less acutely felt, he found, like the puritan Havelock, comfort in the Divine order to 'be not faithless but believing.'

Our imperfect sketch, or biographical study, draws to a close, and the crowning effort of a most glorious career is nigh. The terrible mutiny of 1857 was prophesied by Sir Henry Lawrence years before it took place. In this year he was entrusted by the Governor-General with 'the chief direction of military as well as of civil affairs' in Oude, and became a brigadier-general.* The last two chapters of

* It may also be added that Sir Henry Lawrence, in the event of the death or the retirement of Lord Canning, was appointed Provisional Governor-General by the Home Government. 'No soldier of the Company's army,' writes Sir John Kaye, had ever been so honoured.'

Mr. Merivale's most interesting volume, Sir John Kaye's graphic pages, and the pens of other writers, have done our noble 'hero in the strife' full justice; so it would be simple presumption to attempt adding anything to such vivid descriptions. Our chief object here has been to draw the attention of all students—especially those who are preparing for India—to one of the most glorious lives which have adorned the nineteenth century—that of 'a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier.' The particulars of his death are most affecting. During his superhuman exertions at the siege of Lucknow, on the 1st of July, a shell burst in his room at the Residency, and severely shattered his thigh. Among Sir Henry's last directions, communicated to Major Banks during great sufferings, were:—'Let every man die at his post; but never make terms. God help the poor women and children.' 'Spare the precious health of Europeans in every possible way from shot and shell.' (Mr. Merivale has it 'from shot and sun.') 'Entrench—entrench—entrench. Erect traverses. Cut off enemy's fire.' 'Put on my tomb only this: HERE LIES HENRY LAWRENCE, WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY. May God have mercy on him.' He died from exhaustion on the morning of the 4th July, 'and,' writes Dr. Fayrer, who attended his death-bed, 'his last moments were peaceful.' On such an occasion, one is tempted to think that

> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.

'When I think of death,' says Grahame of Claverhouse to Mr. Morton, 'as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear; that would be worth dying for—and more, it would be worth having lived for!' This grand speech from the genius of Sir Walter Scott is all for glory; but Sir Henry Lawrence preferred duty, and his personal courage was quite equal to that of Claverhouse. Duty was his first aim; and of this noble Anglo-Indian it may well be said—

> The elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'—*Shakspeare.*

So splendid a character also suggests a gem from the literature of Germany, which we give from a translation* of 'Words of the Heart,' by J. C. Lavater, 'For the Friends of Love and Faith.' Such Christian philanthropy, as exhibited by the 'Howard of the Punjab,' and especially towards poor soldiers' children, might almost make us imagine that he had the words engraven on his heart—

* Manuscript by Mrs. Henry Westmacott.

Leave to the Dust—Dust!
To the Earth—the Seed!—
Those glorious with it grow up!
So we shall behold ourselves once again Glorious!

At the conclusion of his volume Mr. Merivale has the following striking passage, which we consider one of the finest in the whole work:—'Fourteen months after Sir Henry's death, in August, 1858, the Government of India passed, under Act of Parliament, from the hands of the East India Company to the direct control of the Crown. He was, therefore, the last of that great line of statesman soldiers—the last in the list which begins with Clive and ends with himself—who held to the end, and dignified, the simple title of "servants of the Company;" and with him closes one of the strangest and not least glorious chapters in the history of England and of the world.' * Originating in a few gunners' crews and factory guards, the Company's Army became a gigantic host of a nature unparalleled in ancient or modern times.

With reference to the fact that on the 22nd July, three weeks after his death, the Court of Directors in London resolved that, 'Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., be appointed provisionally to succeed to the office of Governor-General of India, on the death, resignation, or coming away of Viscount Canning, pending the arrival of a successor from England,' it is said that 'Lord Canning died in India;' and that 'Sir Henry, had he lived, would have succeeded him provisionally.'† But Lord Canning—the pilot who weathered the storm—died in England (June 17th, 1862), and his successor, Lord Elgin, died in India (1863), and was succeeded by the present Lord Lawrence, who 'was then named to hold the magnificent vice-royalty which would have been his brother's.'

There is a monument to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence in St. Paul's Cathedral; 'but,' writes his friend, Sir John Kaye, 'the grandest monument of all is to be found in the asylums which bear his name'—the name of one, perhaps, unequalled 'in the ranks of the servants of any Christian State in the latter ages of this world.'‡—*Age kahùn kya;* or, *ziyada kya nuheen*—what more need be said—in favour of such a biographical study?

* p. 382. † p. 383.

‡ The latter remark is from William Russell's 'Diary in India,' quoted by Sir John.

Winter Fare.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., &c.

Every now and then some lover of statistics communicates to the public the amount of food which is consumed in London in the space of a year. He reckons up the droves of oxen and flocks of sheep that have been converted into beef and mutton within the last twelve months, pictures them as being driven in one vast herd to the metropolis, and calculates the length of road which they would occupy. The square miles of corn which are needed to supply the animal consumption are also enumerated, and so is the tonnage of the vehicles that convey vegetables to the London markets. The picture which is thus laid before us is a very startling one, and it scarcely appears possible that such prodigious supplies should be kept up throughout a succession of years. Still, if man consumes he also produces; and though a vast population is crowded into a small space which cannot directly produce food, and therefore requires perpetual supplies from without its limits, these supplies are readily obtained by means of the very energies which create their need.

Passing from the city to the country, and from man to the lower animals, the food problem seems far more difficult of solution. Putting aside those animals which are domesticated and chiefly fed by man, the hosts of living creatures that inhabit this land are so enormous, and the amount of food which they require is consequently so great, that the mind almost recoils from any attempt to grapple with the subject. Moreover, in feeding these creatures a difficulty exists which has no place with man. They consume, but they do not produce; neither can they help one another, nor bring food from a fertile to a barren spot, nor live in time of scarcity upon stores laid up in time of plenty. As far as procuring food goes, each is absolutely isolated and self-dependent, unaided and unaiding.

Even in the summer time, the supply of food seems scarcely equal to the multitude of consumers, but in the winter the consumers

appear to be so greatly in excess of their food that the sustentation of their life appears little short of miraculous. Take this season of the year, for example, and look on the fields, the woods, and the waters. All are locked in icy chains, and yet there are myriads of living beings which must be nourished in some way, while all access to food seems to be impossible. Let us see how this difficulty is surmounted. It is done in three ways.

There are many creatures which could not live under such adverse circumstances, and accordingly they are gifted with the wonderful instinct of migration, and leave the country before their food becomes scarce and the temperature is unsuited to their constitutions. It is remarkable that migration does not always set towards warmer latitudes. Although the greater number of our migratory birds seek warmer climes, there are several which can only exist in a cold country; and when the suns of spring begin to warm the atmosphere, off go the birds in search of the ice and snow in which they delight. They pine in warm weather like an Esquimaux when crossing the line, and, like him, only recover their health and spirit in proportion to the fall of the thermometer. Whatever may be the cause of migration—be it heat, be it cold—it is evident that none but the feathered tribes can change their climate at will, and that the greater number of English animals are obliged to remain through the winter, and preserve their life as best they can.

Here we are brought face to face with another difficulty.

There are very many British animals belonging to various classes which are totally or partially debarred from obtaining food during the winter, and yet are unable to leave this country, and to obtain a subsistence under a more genial latitude. There are the bats, for example, which feed on flies and winged insects, and which in consequence are utterly deprived of food during a severe winter, when scarcely a single gnat—the most fragile and yet hardiest of flies—dares to venture into the open air. Unless some special provision were made for the bat, not one would be left alive after the first week or ten days of winter. The same may be said of the hedgehog, the very Nimrod of insect hunters, as everyone knows who has seen its exploits among the cockroaches. Now and then the hedgehog takes to eating chickens and ducklings, but when it can get a sufficient supply of insects for food contents itself with its proper diet.

Insect-eaters belonging to other classes are also deprived of food. Frogs and toads, for example, which live almost entirely on insects, can procure no nourishment, and the common snake, which lives on frogs, is similarly circumstanced. As there is no foliage, the slugs and snails would starve did they depend for existence upon winter-food,

and so would the blindworm, which lives on slugs. As for the insects themselves, by far the greater number have died, having completed their ordinary tenure of life, and most of those which remain alive are either in the stages of egg or pupa.

If, therefore, these creatures were obliged to seek their food in the winter, as well as in the summer, they must all inevitably perish of cold and hunger. One resource is still left. The object of food is to renew the tissues of the body, which are perpetually being wasted by the energies of life. If, therefore, the waste can be checked life may be preserved, though no food be taken, and this result is achieved by means of a more or less profound winter's sleep, technically named hibernation. 'Qui dort dine,' says the French proverb; and these creatures not being able to dine are yet able to sleep, and accept their slumber as a succedaneum for food.

To many of our English animals, the winter is one long night, during which their rest is sometimes uninterrupted, and sometimes is broken by short periods of activity. The hedgehog, as far as I know, is one of those beings which do not leave their winter bed until the spring has set in, but coils itself up in its nest of dried leaves, and sleeps uninterruptedly through the cold months. Sometimes in the depth of winter a few bright sunshiny days bring out the gnats and various flies, and then, even before the sun has set, the bats come out for a while, make a meal while they can, and then return to their sleeping place in some old building, rock-cleft, or hollow tree. As to the frogs and toads, they are sure to remain in their hiding-place, for they cannot, like the bats, catch the flying insects, and none others are tempted into the open air during the winter. Of the vegetable-eating hibernators, the squirrel is a familiar example. We may, perhaps, ask ourselves why the squirrel should hibernate, and other rodent animals, such as the hare or rabbit, should remain active throughout the winter. The reason is simple enough; the squirrel, essentially a fruit eater, in the winter could not obtain a sufficient supply of food for the maintenance of its life. So during the autumn it is led by instinct to lay up a store of nuts and similar food, and whenever a warm day in winter arouses it from its sleep, it goes to its storehouse, makes a slight meal, and returns again to its warm winter nest and deep slumber.

Here I cannot but note the curious resemblance which exists between certain habits common to some animals, and some portion of mankind. Everyone who has watched the squirrel in its wild state knows perfectly well that it has two distinct dwellings, one for the summer and the other for the winter. The summer 'cage,' as it is called in the New Forest where squirrels abound, is slight, pervious to the air, and placed at the end of a lofty bough; while the winter cage is a large

mass of dry leaves, moss, and grass, fixed at the junction of a large branch with the trunk of the tree, so that when the inhabitant is within it cannot be disturbed even by a breath of air, though a violent gale may be blowing.

Now there are several parts of the world where men build dwellings of a similar character, light and airy for summer, close and massive for winter. Such, for example, is the habitation of the Kamskatkan, the summer dwelling being a slight structure of branches supported on a sort of scaffold, while the winter house, or 'jurt,' is deeply sunk in the ground, built of stones or large timber, and thickly and warmly thatched. The winter huts of the Tschutski, at the North East of Asia, are constructed after a similar fashion, the roofs looking like low hillocks surrounded with stones. The ancients as well as the moderns had similar huts, the 'Ganggraben' or Passage Graves of Scandinavia, so familiar to all ethnologists, being constructed in precisely the same principle as that employed in the Kamskatkan 'jurt.'

To return to our hibernating animals. The dormouse has many of the habits of the squirrel, and, like that animal, lays by a winter store of food. It wakes less frequently than the squirrel; but whenever it is roused from its sleep, it always goes to its storehouse, and takes a slight repast.

There has been much controversy about the mole, and its method of passing the winter, some persons thinking that it is one of the hibernators, and others that it is active throughout the winter. I decidedly incline to the latter opinion, thinking that the mole can have no need for hibernation. In its subterranean abode the frost cannot touch it. All who have worked with the spade in winter know perfectly well that, however hard and stone-like the surface of the ground may be, the effect of the severest frost is very superficial, and that at a spade's depth or so the earth is as soft and penetrable as in the middle of summer. Consequently the worms on which the mole lives almost exclusively are able to traverse the soil, and the mole is equally able to pursue them. Moreover, the mole is a creature so strangely unable to endure even a short fast, that it would most probably perish of hunger before it had time to pass into a state of hibernation.

As to the frogs and toads, which I have already mentioned among hibernators, they contrive to insinuate themselves underground in some strange way, and there pass the whole winter. I should think that, of all creatures, the frog would be the least fitted to endure either extreme cold or heat. Being destitute of any clothing of fur or feathers, and having a thin and highly porous skin, through which the moisture of the body rapidly exudes, the creature is necessarily

sensitive to changes of temperature. If a frog happen to be in an unsheltered spot on a hot summer day it soon dies, the sunbeams drawing out through the skin the moisture on which its life depends, and rapidly drying up its dead body until it is like a piece of flat horn. So unprotected a creature would necessarily feel the cold as severely as the heat; and I very much doubt whether in a really severe frost a frog would traverse a distance of many yards without being first numbed by the cold, and then frozen as stiff as it would be baked stiff in summer.

Snails and slugs are also safely at rest, guarded from the immediate influence of the cold. The reader may possibly have noticed that after an exceptionally severe winter slugs are always more numerous than snails when the spring has brought out the fresh foliage of the new year. The reason is simple enough: slugs, soft as their bodies may be, live for the most part underground, managing in some mysterious manner to force themselves below the surface of the earth. This they do even in the summer time; so that possessors of gardens, when they see the leaves of their favourite plants gnawed into rags, mostly lay the blame on the wrong creature. For example, they eat off the tender tops of the early peas as soon as they appear above ground; and the sparrow generally gets the blame, and often suffers the punishment due to a delinquency which it did not commit. They even eat tobacco, in spite of the pungency of the leaf. Perhaps they take it as a zest with their ordinary meals, or eat it out of curiosity; but I do sincerely hope that the slugs which this year ate nearly all my tobacco plants found themselves very ill afterwards.

Snails are much more suspected of doing ill than are slugs, because the latter are completely hidden under the earth, while the former can only conceal themselves in crevices. As far as I know, the snail does not retire underground, though there is no apparent reason why it should not do so. It is quite capable of burrowing, and always does so when it lays its round, translucent eggs. However, unless disturbed by men or birds, it is quite safe in its retreat, and, like the slug, fasts and sleeps throughout the entire winter.

Many insects are hibernators. Putting aside those which pass the winter in one of the preliminary forms of egg, larva, or inactive pupa, and therefore can scarcely be ranked among insects, there are many which retire to some hiding-place at the end of autumn and do not make their appearance again until the spring. The great ground-beetles mostly seek a refuge below the surface of the earth, between the bark and the wood of trees, or under the moss. So do the rove-beetles, many of the sunshiners, and others, while many a ladybird contrives to remain unharmed throughout the winter.

Whether or not the cockchafers, rose-beetles, and stag-beetles hibernate I cannot say, but I have never succeeded in discovering either of these creatures alive in the depth of winter, while those which I have already mentioned may be found in plenty by anyone who knows where to look for them.

Perhaps the hibernating insects which are most frequently found are the wasps and hornets, which pass the time of their inaction to some purpose. None but the females survive the year. At the end of autumn they have found their mates, and immediately becoming widows, retire to some obscure spot, leaving not only their husbands, but their companions and nurselings, to perish from cold and want of food. They themselves have eaten enough to keep up their lives during the period of sleep; and at the beginning of the next spring they issue from their places of concealment, ready and anxious to found a new colony of their own. Thus, then, we see how provision is made for the subsistence of beings who cannot obtain food in the winter time and cannot leave the country. The winter to them is a blank, its frost and storms are unknown, and the nourishment stored within them is sufficient for their subsistence during the months of sleep.

Those insects which inhabit the water are much less affected by the cold than those of the land. Even in the depth of winter, if the ice which covers the surface of a pond be broken, and the net passed rapidly through the water, some insects are sure to be found in it, all quite active and lively, though the insects of the land have disappeared for weeks. Water is a very bad conductor of heat. Most of us have seen, or at least read, of the well-known experiment of placing the hand at the bottom of a vessel of water, and making the surface water boil without affecting the hand. Similarly, though a thick coating of ice be on the surface, the water below may be at a comparatively mild temperature. If any of my readers have ever bathed in winter time, they will remember that the water itself was always warmer than the external air, especially if any wind were blowing, and that coming into the air required even more courage than going into the water.

Now let us turn to the creatures which pass the winter in an active state, and which, therefore, not only require food, but need even more than in the summer time, the warmth of their bodies being no more supplemented by external heat, and requiring a larger supply of fuel to maintain the internal fire, for the warmth of a living creature, be it more or less, is, indeed, a fire, burning slowly but as veritably as any fire that gives warmth to our chambers or energy to our steam-engines.

Unless the snow lies very deep, the hare and rabbit can manage to find a subsistence, the grass and other perennial herbage affording

them a sufficient supply of food. But when the snow lies thickly on the ground, and the grass is hidden beneath it, both hares and rabbits are sorely tried, and are obliged to abandon their ordinary food. They then make their way through the snow towards the nearest copse, and with their chisel-like teeth cut away the bark of the trees. The youngest trees are the first victims; but if the snow should lie for any length of time, scarcely a tree will escape, and it is really wonderful to see the height which animals so small can reach by standing on their hind legs. Of course, the hare fares better than the rabbit, for it is a larger animal, has longer hind legs, can reach higher when standing on them, and so when the rabbit has stripped the tree of bark as high as it can reach; the hare is still able to gnaw away the bark which was too high for the rabbit.

The tracks which these animals make in the snow are very peculiar, and are so conspicuous that they enable poachers to work great havoc among the hares by tracking them to their forms. It is astonishing how different are the tracks of an animal which has passed through rather deep snow to those of the same animal when it has merely traversed a soft soil. They are always much larger than the size of the creature seems to warrant, the size being caused by the fact that snow adheres to the limbs, is drawn at every step out of the hole made by the foot, and is then shaken off before the animal makes another step. Few persons would recognise the snow-track of a cat. If obliged to traverse the snow, pussy gathers her fore-feet together, and proceeds with a series of short jumps, each jump clearing about a yard.

The tracks thus made are wonderfully like those of a man, and I have no doubt are often mistaken for them. Some years ago there was a wonderful disturbance in a country village. It was winter, the snow was deep, and at daybreak were seen the footprints as of a giant, striding over the smooth, white surface. The country people, who are always afraid of anything which they do not understand, were horribly frightened at these tracks, and the rumour got about that they were made by some diabolical being prowling about in the night after its prey. Night after night fresh tracks appeared, and at last the terror of the people was raised to its utmost pitch by the fact that one night the mysterious being had not only walked over level ground, but had passed, with its giant strides, up one side of a house-roof, down the other, and so to the snow on the other side. At last the mystery was solved; the tracks were that of a racoon which had escaped from captivity, and, after the manner of its kind, was enjoying itself by nocturnal promenades in the snow.

As this is a wintry article, and we are on the subject of snow, I may

briefly mention an effective mode of making a path through snow with very little trouble and in very little time. Take a couple of planks, of some seven or eight feet in length, set them on edge, and place them at an acute angle with each other, like the letter V. Nail a few pieces of wood across so as to keep them in position, and there is the 'snow-plough.' If a couple of handles be fastened to it, a man can easily push it along the ground, and, as it passes along, it throws off the snow on either side, and makes a clear path without requiring the aid of hoes and brooms.

For many of the birds there is sufficient winter food in the various berries, especially those of the ivy and mountain ash. But there are some birds that need animal food of some kind during the winter, though they care little about it in summer. Chief among them is the song-thrush, a bird whose song seems more redolent of happiness than that of any other bird except the skylark. Deprived of its ordinary food, the thrush betakes itself to the task of snail-hunting, and a most keen hunter it is. If the winter be very severe, and the thrush in consequence very hungry, the snail must indeed be cleverly concealed that will escape the eye of the thrush, which can peep into crannies that the eye of man could not penetrate. And, as snails mostly congregate together in their winter homes, the bird is sure of a good meal when once he comes upon a hibernating snail.

The value of the thrush in snail hunting can scarcely be appreciated, unless we know the ingenious way in which these molluscs conceal themselves. Though the snail cannot, like the slug, burrow under ground, it nevertheless makes use of the earth in constructing its winter's habitation. It seeks some sheltered spot, especially favouring such places where there is long moss, or where dead leaves have fallen and congregated. Having settled itself, the snail protrudes its body from the shell, pours out of the foot a large quantity of slime, to which the loose earth, leaves, &c., adhere. The slime rapidly hardens, and in a few minutes forms a tolerably firm layer, which is thrown on one side and forms part of the wall of the intended habitation. Layer after layer is thus made, and in a short time the snail is enclosed in a habitation which is strong, warm, and so exactly resembles the surrounding objects that scarcely any eye except that of a hungry thrush could detect it.

Then come the titmice, which are inordinate consumers of animal food. In winter-time they sometimes seem to lose all sense of fear in their craving after such nourishment. They have been known to take pieces of suet from butchers' shops, to steal meat from the dogs' plate, to nibble at the candle in a stable lantern, and even to eat the cocoa-nut oil used for lubricating the wheels of railway carriages, apparently

disregarding the fact that the oil is vegetable and not animal. Urged by this longing after animal food, the titmice search the trees with the greatest minuteness, prying into the smallest crevice in the bark, and eating not only the insects that have hidden themselves there, but even their eggs. It is specially serviceable in devouring the eggs of the well-known Vapourer moth, which often exists in such numbers that it inflicts great damage on trees, and, unless subjected to such checks as are given by the titmice and one or two other birds with similar habits, would often destroy them entirely. So is the hunger of the bird made useful in preserving the food of man.

These, then, are the three ways in which provision is made for winter fare. Those creatures which are unable to endure our winter, but are able to fly, take to wing and migrate to other lands, leaving more food for the permanent denizens of the country. Those which cannot migrate and cannot find food in winter pass that time in sleep, so that they are also taken out of the category of food consumers. Lastly, those which are hardy enough to bear the winter of England, but are deprived of their ordinary food, obtain their subsistence by change of diet, and by so doing confer benefits on man, which, if they were better understood, would be better appreciated, and, we will hope, better recompensed.

In the Twilight.

Well hath one asked if it can even be
  Useful, or helpful, to believe a lie:
  Ah, let us ponder ere we make reply,
Nor rashly judge in our obscurity:
Lo, Faith and Hope transplanted we may see
  On the chill heights of Truth decay and die;
  And he that hath the keener, piercing eye
Perchance would fain know less of misery.
Ah! what, if in our breasts abide a fear,
  Lest when our knowledge and our powers increase,—
Lest in the harvest of our truth-sown year,
  The pious fervour of our glad hearts cease;
Lest in the day when all things grow more clear
  We feel no passion, and we find no peace.

Nay, fear not thus, while loving life is ours,
  And love, sweet love, burns ever in each breast;
  While hate of hatred stands of love confest,
And love of loving two-fold blessing showers:
Not till all grace hath faded from earth's flowers,
  And all its glory from the sun-lit West,
  Shall peace and passion, life with loving blest,
Pass to the outer darkness of past powers.
And Faith and Hope shall they not still inspire
  New aspirations in man's eager soul?
From point to point, still mounting ever higher,
  Shall he not with this thought his grief console,
Knowing that tho' he must ere long expire
  He lives a part of one eternal whole.

S. Waddington.

The Ashen Faggot.

The Oak Parlour at the 'Jolly Sandboys' is not as the common herd of inn parlours, any more than the 'Jolly Sandboys' is as the common herd of inns. The Oak Parlour is the oldest room in an old house, four hundred years old, if the figures '1490' graven on the lintel are to be taken as a genuine register of birth. At all events, everyone pays the 'Jolly Sandboys' the compliment of saying that it looks its age, and though inside the house there are traces of furbishing and renovation, yet, once ushered into the Oak Parlour, not a soul but would recognise its venerable aspect, and feel elevated or depressed accordingly. By the advance of its gables, and the protrusion of carved beams bearing the weight of two bulging stories, the 'Jolly Sandboys' is the most conspicuous object in the main street of Cranford. Other respectable straight-down houses keep back in orderly rows, but the 'Jolly Sandboys' doesn't care what forward postures it assumes, so long as it looks quaint and comfortable. It is the house for tawny ales and curious home-made wines—cordials they are called—and old hearths and old settles by them, and old clocks, and wide oak staircases that part when they reach the first floor into various little streamlets and cascades, leading mysteriously up and down, with twists and turns and sudden descents. The bannisters are fit for a king to slide down; flat and broad and fluted, polished and not too steep. The breadth and flatness give you a comfortable seat; the fluting acts as metals to a locomotive, keeping you on the track; the polished surface makes the passage easy; and the moderate angle of the incline prolongs the pleasurable slide. These bannisters, whose merits a true lover of bannister-sliding cannot overlook, end on the first floor, and in the square low-ceilinged landing, just opposite the carved bannister-finial, stands a door with 'Oak Parlour' inscribed upon it.

The Oak Parlour is one of those old rooms that seem to defy time

and decay, with cross-beams and tie-beams and supports, and uncouth protrusions like the bulkheads of a ship, all of black oak that no penknife can enter and no wood-worm catacomb. The oak shines out with the polish of centuries, in sombre and yet cheerful contrast to the white-washed interspaces. The room is low-ceilinged and wide-hearthed, and the warm fire-light penetrates every corner of it; a piece of comfortable snugness that our Saxon forefathers did not always keep in mind. In such a room as this one could wish to spend Christmas Eve, with every sound snow-muffled except the Christmas bells; good cheer within the heart, good cheer without; not forgetting the punch-bowl and lemons, and an Ashen Faggot crackling up the chimney, 'a sound to drive away the brood of cares.'

In this room, one Christmas Eve in the present century, a dull heart of fire was glowing on the hearth, and the light from it, mingling with and crossing the candle-light, threw restless shadows on the white intervals of wall and ceiling. John Anderson and Titus Hoskin were sitting in the two arm-chairs of the Oak Parlour, and between them lay the Ashen Faggot, ready to be immolated.

'Well, Titus, my boy, what do you think of it? Three binds round this faggot, stout withies all of them, and here are only two of us to honour them in the cracking.'

'Aye,' said John Anderson, 'last year and ever so many years before we've had some third man who's told his tale with us; but this year, somehow, we're alone. It don't seem like Christmas.'

Now the custom of John Anderson and Titus Hoskin had been for many Christmas Eves to meet in the Oak Parlour, and, being west-country men, to burn an ashen faggot. The three bands of this sacred *fascis* were to them emblematic of the errors and sorrows of the past year, to be snapped and utterly consumed on the eve of a great peace-making. As the faggot was tied up with three withies, it was their habit to tell three stories whilst it lay a-burning, stories of what had come to them in the past year; and as each withy snapped, it was the law that the story then being told should end, finished or unfinished, as it was; for no trouble must outlast the withies on an ashen faggot.

The difficulty was who should tell the third tale: on former Christmas Eves one friend or another had been there to throw off the year's troubles with the snapping of the faggot-band; this year John Anderson and his friend Titus were alone, and they hesitated to throw on the sacred peace-maker, because there were three bands to it, and but two men to tell the tales.

'It don't seem like Christmas,' said John Anderson; 'and I propose we keep back the faggot till some one turns up to make the third.

The landlord shall send up his next customer—man, woman, or child—and then we'll begin.'

'Agreed,' said Titus; and a message was sent down to that effect.

The 'Jolly Sandboys' was so popular a place of resort, both for the mellowness of its aspect and the goodness of its cheer, that the two friends had not long to wait. In a few minutes the servant came to say that two travellers—a man and a woman—had arrived at the inn, and that the man would step up to the Oak Parlour, if the gentlemen were agreeable.

Accordingly, there entered the room an elderly man, with a growth of beard and moustache that overshadowed his face. There was a tinge of grey in his hair, a sobriety in his face that commanded respect; and Titus Hoskin and John Anderson felt that they had here got the right man to complete their party, old enough to enter soberly into their festivities, and yet not too old to enjoy them.

'It has always been our custom,' said Titus, 'to burn an Ashen Faggot on Christmas Eve.'

'I know the custom,' said the stranger, 'I was born in Somersetshire.'

'Possibly then,' continued Titus, 'you know the custom of each man in order telling the principal thing that has befallen him in the past year, and ending his story at the crack of a withy-band, or else ending not at all. In either case we consider'—including John Anderson, with a sweep of his head—'that the trouble which may be oppressing him is by that means thrown aside, utterly done for, burnt up with the ashes of the faggot. It is rare that a determined effort to shake off trouble fails; to-night we hope to be rid of the past year's vexations; for this reason we continue the custom; and in order that nothing may be wanting to make the spell work, we have asked you to join us, and complete the required number.'

John Anderson nodded, but in rather a desponding fashion, as if, though he assented to the perpetuation of the custom, he had doubts as to its efficacy.

Turning to the stranger, he said: 'I hope you, sir, believe in this virtue of the Ashen Faggot.'

'I should do,' said the stranger, 'being as I have said a Somersetshire man, but I must say that this evening I have troubles connected partly with myself and partly with one very dear to me that will be very hard to clear away.'

'Three men in the dumps want an Ashen Faggot to cheer them,' said Titus solemnly. 'We will now proceed to burn the faggot and, if possible, the dumps with it. But in the first place, what shall be the order of the story-telling?'

'As this has come upon me unexpectedly,' said the stranger, 'I should like to put mine off till the last.' So it was arranged that John Anderson as being the younger of the two friends should begin and that the stranger's tale should be the last.

The Ashen Faggot was lifted tenderly into its place, and with the first simmering of the green wood, John Anderson began:

'To be particular as to dates, I may say that the occurrences I am going to relate happened on the 26th of last June.'

'How very remarkable!' said Titus and the stranger in one voice.

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, nothing. I'll tell you by-and-by,' said Titus; and the stranger leant back in his chair absorbed in thought.

'The 26th June saw me not in this, my native town, as you are aware, Hoskin, but in the city of Bath, where I had stayed a week on business, bent a month more for pleasure, and a month more for a purpose which will, unless the Ashen Faggot gives relief, be added to the number of the unfulfilled.'

A loud crack from the hearth, followed by a seething of indignant sap, seemed to be a protest on the part of the faggot.

'The pleasure that detained me for a month was that of falling in love, earnestly in love, with the daughter of a clown. Don't stare, Titus; I mean not a countryman, but a real circus clown, as fine and true a man as ever walked this earth, and his daughter as fine and true a woman.'

The stranger nodded his head doubtfully, and yet approvingly.

'The purpose still unfulfilled, and still destined to be unfulfilled in spite of yonder peace-making faggot, was to marry this girl and bring her home to surprise you, Titus, and all the other old fogies of Cranford.'

'Allow me to say,' interrupted Titus Hoskin, 'on the part of the old fogies of Cranford, that we are very glad Mr. John Anderson proved himself to be above marrying a clown's daughter.'

'Allow me to ask,' said the stranger, 'Why you didn't marry the clown's daughter;' and, having spoken, as much as was to been seen of his face under whiskerly adornment seemed alert for the reply.

John Anderson paid no attention to these interruptions and continued:

'This purpose, as I have said, remains unfulfilled, for on the night of the 26th of June occurred the strange events which I shall describe to you this evening. I may as well begin by telling you the position in which I stood toward the lady whom I hope to make my wife. Her father, an honest God-fearing man, Titus—and his daughter an honest

God-fearing woman—had given his consent to the marriage; and Margaret had sworn to me, and I to her, that we would love each other well, and serve each other truly in the capacities of husband and wife.'

Here a slight interruption ensued, Titus apologising for his former hasty expressions; after which John Anderson went on in a deep voice which all the old beams in the Oak Parlour leaned forward to hear.

'The weather was hot and sultry, and having several little matters to settle as to the wedding-day, and so on—and, further, being minded to have a moonlight walk into the country with kisses and protestations in the shady parts—I had ordained on the evening in question a stroll along the canal side, and so through the fields to Batheaston. You, gentlemen, not knowing the place, will not be aware how suitable a neighbourhood it is for a walk with a loving woman. We had not chosen it that day for the first time, nor yet for the second; consequently, I was surprised on coming up to the canal-side, near her father's door, where she was wont to meet me—he being gone already to his work at the circus—I was surprised, I say, to find the spot empty, and wondered if she had missed lighting upon it, and was wandering elsewhere along the bank. So, without pause, I walked first to right and then to left with great strides looking for her; and as I made a long sweep to the left, still holding by the canal, I saw in the distance the flutter of a dress as of something rapidly moving. And there, indeed, after a smart run, and a merry intent to surprise her made me tread softly, I saw Margaret skirting along the canal at a quick walk, and a stranger by her side. She talked to him and he to her; and so I hung back, not knowing what to do. Presently they turned into the field-path that led back into Bath Street again, and was a short cut to her father's door; and running, stooping fashion, under a hedge, and creeping at times into the shadow of the ditch, I came before them to a stile they must needs pass, determined to gaze into the stranger's face, and discern, if possible, who he was. And as they drew to the stile, I caught the insolent manner of his face, for it was Cranshaw Tagliano, the mongrel son of the proprietor of that circus where Margaret's father tumbled. His mother was an Englishwoman, and old Tagliano was in some sort an Italian, and very hard and grasping upon Saturday nights. But young Cranshaw was worse than he, and had been hankering after Margaret for many months, so I had heard, as indeed he had after many girls of the company; and Margaret, I am proud to say, never thought a rush of him or his glossy moustache, shining as it did on a moonlight night, and beautifully scented. What, then,

she did now walking with him through the fields, and leaving me, for anything she knew, fretting on the canal-bank, I could not imagine. So I fell back into the covert of a May-bush, and heard words as they approached that made my feet restless in my boots and my hands clench nervously, for I longed both to kick and to smite young Cranshaw Tagliano.

'"Mr. Tagliano," my Margaret was saying to him, "over this stile I will climb with my own help."

'From which I concluded that Mr. Tagliano had tried at the last stile to snatch a vile kiss, which was also my reward sometimes at stiles; but never taken insolently.

'Then I was glad to see Mistress Margaret get her own way in the matter, and Master Cranshaw stepping unwillingly over, and halting a few yards beyond till she should come up. By great good fortune, Mr. Tagliano halted with his back towards us, whistling a tune; so coming lightly from the shade, I presented my hand in a truly civil manner which I hoped would be acceptable to the lady. She knew me at once, and started less than one would have supposed, and quite noiselessly she made the sign of silence, pressed my hand very hard, and whispered: "Don't speak; keep near me."

'So I, with little brains to understand all this, but being hard set in my own mind that mischief was abroad, followed these two into the city, and noted how Margaret shrunk from the touch of him, and ever and anon held back as though she would go no further; but Cranshaw Tagliano forced her on with a gesture and a tone of voice that was too high to please me. Nor did they pause on her father's threshold, but went in—young Cranshaw first and Margaret last, so that she caught a glimpse of me as she shut the door. And this, knowing that her father was at the circus, and these two alone in the house, vexed me more than all that had gone before, so that I was in two minds whether to follow them or not. Indeed I advanced to the door with that intent, but as I did so Margaret's head looked out at the window, making some remark about the moon, at which I heard young Cranshaw laugh; and at my feet there fell a screw of paper, on which I read—"Fetch father at once! I am in danger."

'With this distinct command upon me, I could not but run straight for the circus, though I would have given much to be divided in half, so that one half might watch at the window that no harm came to Margaret. As I turned round at the end of the street I saw the window shut down and the blind drawn across it, and this gave me more speed to run. It was not far to the wooden shed where Tagliano's company performed; a great shapeless thing reared up on a waste of land, and answering comfortably enough for the

DRAWN BY M. FITZGERALD. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'THE ASHEN-FAGGOT.'

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purpose. At my quick knock on the back-door, the door-keeper came running, and ran back with great haste to tell the clown that Mr. Anderson had a message for him, evidently catching from my voice that there was some urgency in the matter. And sure my zeal stood me in good stead, for, impatient of staying by the door, I plucked up the barrier that stood across the way, and advanced into a dark place that smelt badly of horses, and there I heard the roaring of the band and the sound of the public applauding. Now, it was against rules to pass this barrier during a performance, but my eagerness led me forward, and I came to a passage leading to the dressing-rooms, and there was the door-keeper talking with another man about my message.

'"Here's Mr. Anderson wants to see Joe."

'"Joe's not to be seen."

'"What d' ye mean? Joe's off, ain't he?"

'"Yes, just going on; but look here, Bill;" and the man poked his mouth into the door-keeper's ear, so that I could scarcely catch the words. Nevertheless I heard this. "Young Cranshaw gave me a crown to keep Joe here till midnight, and promised me another if I kept him. You'll have half of it if you send the gentleman back with civil words."

'This speech, by such great good fortune overheard, showed me a depth and a wickedness in young Cranshaw's design that I had never before suspected. So whilst these men were haggling over their money, I cast about for some way to defeat this wickedness, and come at Joe in spite of Cranshaw's precautions.

'And this was what I decided. Not to deny the doorkeeper, and say roundly I would see Joe, for the door-keeper and his friend being two, and further having right on their side, could have thrust me out into the street; and even if the noise fetched the Signor Tagliano himself, it was a chance but he was leagued with his son, and would in any case, being a choleric man, have paid no heed to one who had forced his way so far into the premises, contrary to rule. My plan was a wiser one than this; so slipping quietly back as well as I could in the dark, and dropping the barrier again into its place, I waited the door-keeper's coming. Presently he appeared; "Joe's on just now, master, but I'll give him your message when he comes off," and with that he shut the door in my face.

'I went at once to the gallery door, paid my sixpence, and went in. There was my friend Joe, in motley, capering and careering about the ring, while the Signor himself handled the whip.

'Mademoiselle Josephine was posturing on a bare-backed steed which presently stopped, and that in so sudden a manner that the

young lady tumbled most ungracefully, with much laughter from the unsympathising folk in the gallery, and a great effort on the part of Joe to do some laughable thing that might divert attention from Mademoiselle Josephine's fall. At that moment I caught his eye, and standing near to the gallery entrance and twenty feet above him in height, and fifty feet away in point of distance, I made those mesmeric passes with which I had before mastered him. The gallery was a shelving slope of rough steps stretching from the level of the ring to the point where I stood; and these steps or seats were thickly packed with young men and their maidens, and old people, and children, both serious and laughing. But now that I had Joe under my power, as I soon saw that he was, up through all these he came squeezing his way between as they shrank aside half amused and half awed by his clownish dress. And those who were not near, and could not see his face, being prepared by his previous contortions, thought for the life of them this was some new piece of wit; and so, amid a hearty sound of clapping, and some astonishment in the ring below, he followed me out into the open air, and there hailing a coach and thrusting him in, I made haste to restore him as we drove to his house, and to explain the reasons of my conduct.

'I have never since that time ceased to blame myself for daring to put a man under the mesmeric spell when he might the next moment have great need for his wits. What with his sudden recovery from the trance and the strangeness of finding himself rolling along in a hackney-coach in a clown's garb, and the vehemence with which I impressed upon him my fear of young Cranshaw Tagliano's designs, the man was confused and hurried in his manner; and upon my head, I feel it upon this blessed Christmas Eve, lie in part the consequences of that confusion of wits. In using the power I had over him to take him out of the circus, it never occurred to me that there was risk in bringing Joe into awkward, and it might be dangerous, contact with his daughter's enemy. For this thoughtlessness I shall ever suffer in mind, laying very great blame upon myself for what ensued.

'We left the coach at the bottom of the street in which stood his house, and advancing quietly up it, I was glad to find it occupied by none but ourselves.

'It was, however, small satisfaction to me to see on the blind the shadow of a head I knew to be Margaret's, and standing over her a tall figure that I recognised as Cranshaw Tagliano by the slope of the profile, and a peculiar bend I had before now noticed in his moustache. My friend Joe seemed to be taking note of all this too, but his look was dazed, as is often the case with those who have been under the

mesmeric spell. I stretched out my hand to the window, and said as clearly as I could, without raising my voice to a shout, "Those are Margaret and Cranshaw Tagliano; she is *in danger*." After this he seem to some extent awake, and stood at my side, saying in a dreary, absent tone, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" It was pure misery to me to see him stand there helpless in his fool's garb, and I curst again and again that fatal trance that was yet upon him. "*She is in danger!*" I said again, hoping to rouse the fatherly spirit of the man, and I hissed the words into his ear. He drew himself up, and looked almost a man in spite of his paint and powder, the fool's cap, the tights, and the wide trunks.

'Just then the shadow of the standing man leaned forward, and she that was sitting drew back, and from the motion of those shadows there seemed to be a threatening on the one side and a shrinking on the other that set the blood tingling in my veins. Joe ran across to the door and tried the handle with a quick sharp turn of the wrist; a bolt was slipped on the inside that prevented its opening.

'Meanwhile young Cranshaw had come nearer to Margaret, and I could even hear his voice calling her by name. Joe, who had stepped baffled from the door, saw this motion of the figures, and heard Cranshaw's voice. Then, without a word or any hint of what he was doing, I saw him run, in strange clownish fashion and yet very swiftly, down the street, and disappear into a court that led to the backs of the houses. Without thinking what was best for me to do, I ran after him down the street, and to the backs of the houses. He was out of sight when I got there, but in a minute there appeared above the dark garden walls a white figure, climbing to a window where the light glimmered as from a distance. Knowing the clown's rooms as I did, I knew this to be the window of the back room that led by a wide doorway into the front sitting-room. So I knew that Joe was climbing into his house, and I wished him God-speed, and ran back to the front to watch the shadows as before.

'And now came the most abominable thing a man can see, and the thought of that moment will ever be a terror to me, knowing, as I did, both the murderer and the murdered, and being in part blood-guilty myself, through the great delusion of my mesmerism, that still obscured the clown's brain. For on the blind, at the moment of my return, I saw the figures of Margaret and young Cranshaw, and Cranshaw's arm was held out and grasped Margaret by the wrist, and before I had time to think of any rescue on my part, there came a shadow between them—a head with a crest of hair to it, and an arm raised up with a weapon in the hand. And this new figure grew small, and became as distinct upon the blind as the figures of the other

two; and the weapon fell on Cranshaw's head, and I heard the sound of young Cranshaw's fall, and my Margaret shrieking and falling out of sight; and three times the weapon in the hand of that third figure rose and fell, and I knew that there was murder done, of which I was the witness.

'In the suddenness of the moment I had little sense to do the right thing; so I ran to the court that led to the backs of the houses, and getting some way into it, I saw a white figure climbing down again from the window, and I knew that the clown was escaping from his house. And with that there came a cry of "Murder! murder! murder!" in the street without, and I knew that the neighbours were up; so, running quickly along in the shadow, I escaped from the place, and the horror of the scene; and the cry, thrice repeated, "Murder! murder! murder!" so urged me forward that I fled like a guilty man along the silent street, and into the country roads; and from the time I took on the return, my course must have been two miles from the street of the murder before I slackened speed to consider what I had seen.

'I cannot say with what thoughts or intentions I returned home. I was so confused and unnerved by the horrible thing which had happened to those shadows on the blind, that nothing was plain to me but the rising and falling in the murderer's hand, and the cry of "Murder!" thrice repeated as I fled from the street. Had a man come to me and said, "John Anderson, you killed him!" I should hardly have denied him.

'I will not weary you with telling what I learnt on this day and what on that of the murder of Cranshaw Tagliano. You shall hear all that became known when enquiry had been made on the matter, and then you shall judge whether I did wrong to keep counsel as to what happened before my eyes. The clown's absence from the circus was never known. His exit by the gallery door was treated, I suppose, as some witty invention of the moment, and as he was not wanted again for half-an-hour, he had time to be in his place as if nothing had happened.

'Margaret denied in evidence that she had seen the murderer's face. She had fainted at the moment when young Cranshaw fell, and had no recollection of anything but a very grievous blow dealt from behind on Mr. Tagliano's head as he was stooping towards her. She was discreetly silent about any insolent behaviour on the part of the deceased; so the murder was laid at the door of some unknown person who had entered the house for plunder, and ended with violence, making his escape by the back window before the outcry was raised. And, indeed, a neighbour had heard the pelting of feet in the court

behind, which must have been the sound of my feet or the clown's, supposing that the clown avoided the place by that means, and did not rather, as I think, get away across some walls into a neighbouring street. In any case, one of us was near being caught. Here was a proper story of the case, and if I upset it, it would be to the sad ruin of my dear friend Joe, Margaret's father, who, even if greatly provoked, would still be proved a murderer, myself also being in a measure implicated in his guilt, through the spell I had carelessly put upon him.

'Oh! you, my friends—for you, sir,' said John Anderson, addressing the stranger, 'I cannot but consider a friend—think of me on this Christmas Eve; for on that night my Margaret became a murderer's daughter, and I held the secret of her father's guilt; my friend became a murderer, and I dared not look on his face, for I had seen the deed, and God and my own soul struggled with me to make it known. I left Bath in a week, and since then guilt has sat upon me day and night, and sometimes I feel like a murderer, and sometimes in the night like a murdered man with a weapon lifted and falling upon my head. I have never set eyes on Joe or Margaret since, and never may they come before me again, unless there be a furnace where Joe may be purified of his stain as in this crackling roar on the hearth.'

'Then you haven't lost your love for the girl?' asked the stranger in a low tone, for both the listeners were awed and silenced at the story.

'I love her still,' said John Anderson, 'but her father is a *murderer*.'

Just then the middle withy, which had been giving signs of yielding, went apart, and the other two appeared so nearly exhausted that Mr. Titus Hoskin began his story at a rapid pace.

'What I am going to relate, the story which since the time that I heard it has most dwelt upon my mind, causing me great misery as being powerless to redress the wrongs, refers to occurrences which took place on that very 26th of June which Mr. Anderson has mentioned. It was told me by a dwarf, who, dying a short time ago at a house near my own, sent for me, as a respectable citizen of Cranford, though a stranger to him, that I might hear his last depositions which he entrusted to me rather than officially to a magistrate, judging that I should show more zeal in prosecuting his wishes. However, through certain omissions that he made through the feebleness of his memory, I have been unable to advance at all in the matter, and I can only give you the story as it fell from his lips.'

The Dwarf's Story.

In the month of June I was lodging somewhere in an English town, where my mind doesn't tell me just now, and there, since the bodily deformity with which God has endowed me had left me yet the mental grace of admiration, I admired and fell in love with a beautiful young lady, who lived with her father on the first floor of the same house with me.

There was scarcely a day on which I did not catch a glimpse of her on the stairs or in the passages. This I contrived so that she seldom saw me, or suspected that I was looking at her, for I knew that though she was kind and civil she did not love to see me, poor twisted thing that I am, and worse by a whole heaven's breadth in mind than in body. I overheard her saying one day to her father, 'It makes me ill to look at him,' and I knew what she meant, for I believe we dwarfs do by our crookedness cause some very miserable feelings to arise in men's minds; and if they could have seen my hateful and passionate nature they would have thrust me down in the mud and spat upon me. But my love for this young lady was so strong that I forgave her all her thoughtless words, and keeping well away from her sight worshipped her none the less. The father of this lady was the kindest man I have ever known; he treated me not as a boy, but as a man, asking my advice as his equal many a time, which no one had done to me before. So, in my silent and quiet way I liked this man very much, and loved the beautiful young lady so well that it is impossible for me now to say how much I loved her. It was natural that so beautiful a young lady should have other lovers, and these were two in number, one whom I liked, and one whom I hated. There is something I can dwell upon with pleasure in the liking I felt for the one man, for though I had never spoken to him or met him face to face, yet I knew he was a fine, worthy fellow, as good as he was tall, and I included him in my thoughts of the beautiful young lady, and I hoped *he* would marry her and not the other. There was something narrow and loathsome in the hatred I felt for the other lover—I spited him in every way I could, I dropped spiders on him as he came upstairs, I have tried to trip him up in the dark, and once I fixed some nails in the bannister-rail to tear his hand, which by ill luck tore the lady's hand, she chancing to be the next who came down that way.

It did me good to find the visits of the bad man getting rarer and rarer, and those of the good man becoming more and more frequent, so that I thought all was going on well, and many times I went and listened at the door, and they were saying soft things to one another,

she and the lover I liked, and I was happy to think that I was always in my garret over her head wishing them well, and hating the other man with all my heart.

One evening, it was on the 26th of last June, I had heard the beautiful young lady come in, and another step follow her upstairs, and presently, coming down to bless them at their love-making through the door, I recognised the voice of the other man whom I hated, and he sat by my young lady and talked to her in false flattering words. Until now, though I had often listened before, it had been a point of honour with me to use no means of spying, easy as it would have been to do on account of the badly-fitting door. But I felt that there was no restraint of honour with this man, and he was there, as I knew from my young lady's words, against her will. She was forever beseeching him to go, and he was forever answering that if he did go her father should suffer for it. So without much hesitation I looked at them through the crack of the door, and what I saw made me return to my room; and when I came down again, stepping like a cat over the creaking stairs, there was a piece of iron in my hand, an old hinge that I had picked up somewhere, and what I meant to do with it I didn't know. I stood there on watch, and heard every word that passed between them, and I thought, Now, perhaps, I may help the beautiful young lady if she wants a helper.

I need not tell you all that passed between them, and what the man said, and how he looked; but at every move he made, and every word he said, bringing the blush into my beautiful lady's cheek, I felt a new life springing up within me, and I seemed to grow in those few minutes into a full-shaped man with terrible thoughts whirling in my brain, and a heavy iron hinge in my hand. At last the moment came when what I saw stung me past endurance; I went calmly and resolutely to the back drawing-room door, and opened it noiselessly. It was used as a bed-room, and I passed by her bed, so spotlessly white that I dared not touch it with my finger, and on into the front room where the beautiful young lady stood, as I saw, at bay, and he was advancing upon her. I killed him: I thought the beautiful young lady had died too, but it was fright only that made her swoon away. I ran out into the street and cried 'Murder!' and folk came running in, and I the murderer among them, and none knew it. And when enquiry was made I got off for many reasons. The young lady, I doubt, had not seen me, or if she had, she refused to swear to me, for which, if it were so, I thank her; I have loved her always. Then they said I had poor wits, and would never do such a thing; I cannot tell how that may be, I did it. Then I had no strength to deal the blows under which the murdered man fell; they were right there, I have

never had the strength before or since. Then such evidence as I gave, not with any wish to save myself, and never being asked the question directly, seemed to show some man had been there watching the house for ever so long, by whom I suppose I meant myself. They said, too, for I heard all the talk about it when they thought I wasn't listening, I had no motive to the crime. Fools! I laughed at them for this, till they laughed again.

But, oh! the dreary things that came of it. The beautiful young lady, whether she knew it or not, suspected what I had done, and the father, that good friend of mine, knew all as if he had seen it; I could read it in the horror of his eyes. He took the beautiful young lady and went away with her; and since then I have taken the hinge, rusted all over, and red at the thicker end, with man's hairs upon it, and kept it with me wherever I went. I have been wandering for months to find the beautiful young lady, but the bloody hinge, frightens her away. And now I am going somewhere else to look for her; but take you the hinge and bury it in a churchyard grave for it is red with the blood of a man. Tell the beautiful young lady all that I have told you; I am still looking for her.

'This was the end of the Dwarf's story, and he soon afterwards died in great agony, having suffered all his life, so the physicians said, from an accumulation of disorders. I found the hinge just as he described it, but anything about the murder, or whether indeed it ever occurred, I have not made out.'

When Titus finished his story, John Anderson gave a great sigh of sympathy.

'Blessed is that dwarf,' he said, 'for whether he was a murderer in life, or was merely vexed with the phantom of bloodshed, he has escaped from it all; but I am here, on this peace-making Christmas Eve, ill at ease, and ever shall be, for the things that I have seen and heard, and for that stain of crime that shuts me out from Margaret. You too, Titus, have told a terrible thing, but the trouble of it rests not with you; it came in at the ear and out at the mouth, even as the words were spoken. Is it not so?'

And his friend Titus, who for many months, and ever since his return from Bath had marked trouble in his eye, and did not know until this night the cause of it, tried to cheer him up with assurances of the griefs an Ashen Faggot had been known to cure, when it was well burnt up, and the punch just cool enough for the palate. Indeed Titus Hoskin had thought as he told his story that pity for the poor dwarf, and his load of murderous thoughts would go some way towards soothing his friend's disorder; but it proved otherwise, some likeness

in the deed that had been done breeding an excess of misery that was not to be relieved by pity.

And in the midst of all this the faggot, which had been burning but slowly, bestirred itself, and the second band of withies snapped and fell apart with glowing ends; the ashen billets separated a little, and there were signs that the third band would not last long.

'Sir,' said Titus Hoskin, addressing the stranger, 'if there happens to be anything on your mind, and it will at all relieve you to tell a story, do so. For myself I am curious to know the truth of the dwarf's confession which I have just narrated to you; otherwise my conscience is clear, and my heart would be merry enough but for the dumps into which my friend Mr. Anderson has fallen, in part through love and in part through murder. For his sake let your story be of a cheerful complexion.'

John Anderson smiled in a way that meant he was beyond reach of cheering, but he motioned to the stranger to begin his story.

The stranger removed his hand from his hairy face, and began:

'By a singular providence, I who am at this moment sitting in the Oak Parlour of the "Jolly Sandboys" was, on the 26th of June, in this year of our Lord 18—, Clown and Shakesperian Jester on the establishment of horse-riders under Signor Tagliano. My name is Joe Fillis.'

Titus Hoskin and John Anderson started back at this announcement like the two sides of a ripe broom-pod when the sun shines upon it. They jumped up and left their chairs on each side of him, astonished that they could have sat so long by a man who had blood upon his hands.

'You have killed a man, sir; what business have you with us?' said John Anderson, and he shuddered and hid his eyes.

Titus Hoskin keeping his eyes fixed upon the stranger stepped to the door, and stood there waiting for what might happen next.

The stranger, who seemed to have been prepared for the consternation caused by his words, was silent for a minute, and then spoke.

'You didn't know me, John Anderson; but under professional paint and powder I had a strong stubble rising every day. I left Tagliano three months ago, and let it grow. No one knows me now. You, Mr. Hoskin, have never set eyes on me before, but you account me a murderer as your friend does; you are also troubled with the deed of that poor dead dwarf. Was his name Crucifix Dalton?'

This question, which was addressed to Mr. Hoskin, was answered by a nod of assent, and the ex-clown proceeded.

'Tidings of Crucifix's death come to me this evening for the first time. I was drawn to this Inn and into this Parlour by the will of

John Anderson; within the last twelve hours his thoughts have been concentrated on me, no doubt because of that which prevents this blessed season being a season of peace to him. He may not have known that he was exercising any influence over me; he was doing so, however, and I was forced to come. I entered this room under that influence, feeling compelled to make a clean breast of all that happened on that 26th of June. I did not wish to come, I was forced to come; I did not wish to speak, but I knew I could not keep silence. Since I have come into this room, and between the snapping of the first and second bands of that faggot on the hearth, I have heard a thing which shows me that what I speak will be believed.

'What you have said about my faculties being not what they should be on that night is quite correct. Though in a general way the influence you brought to bear upon me has been harmless, yet on that the last night you mesmerised me, the sudden shock of what you said and did put me out of myself so that my head was not what it should be. Although I have suspected it, I never heard till now of the orders young Cranshaw Tagliano had given to the ostlers and attendants about keeping me away from home. I have had something of the sort whispered in my ear, and I have thought that the Signor himself had some connection with the affair, and knew pretty well what his son was about when he met his death. But the Signor never suspected that *I* had lifted up a hand against his son, and never thought from the quickness with which I returned to the Ring ten minutes after the time I left it, that I had ever gone from the premises. He suspected nothing, and more especially because there was strong evidence of another man having committed the murder who had escaped over some garden-walls, and could not be traced any further. From the description of the dress of this man they must have referred to you, Mr. Anderson.'

At this point of the story Mr. Hoskin, who had edged away from the door and taken his stand at the side of John Anderson, returned to the door again, and fixed his eyes on his friend. The clown meanwhile continued:

'All that Mr. Anderson has said up to the moment when I climbed the spout in white tights, their chalkiness helping me, is true. Mr. Anderson then ran back to the front of the house, and I looked in at the window. Through that back drawing-room which was for the time the bedroom of my daughter, Margaret Fillis, I looked and saw Crucifix Dalton stealing up to young Cranshaw with the iron in his hand. That dwarf has appeared before God without a lie on his soul. God be merciful to his other sin. He lived in our house, as he told Mr. Hoskin, keeping to his own room, seeing no one, and yet knowing everything; all about *you*, for instance, Mr. Anderson, though you

never saw or heard of him. I was not blinded into thinking him less a man for his crooked body and his poor wits; I knew him for a true friend, but one thing I had not guessed, his beautiful love for Margaret. Poor man! It was a pure and beautiful passion, and it led him to murder.'

Joe Fillis paused in his story, and the other two men standing together now with something of the true explanation of things breaking in upon them, waited breathlessly and listened to the ticking of the clock.

'At the moment I reached the window-sill and looked in, Crucifix was raising the weapon in his hands; I could not have stopped the blow, but there was time to warn Cranshaw Tagliano of his danger with a shout. Young Cranshaw had always been my enemy and Margaret's enemy, forever trying, and almost succeeding through his influence with the Signor, to get us both into his power. He had done me more harm than any man alive, but whether I remembered this and let him die I cannot tell; I think not; I think in the sudden realisation of the dwarf's purpose I lost the power of speech. The moment for Cranshaw to turn and avoid the blow was past; the blow fell, and the enemy of myself and my child was a dead man.

'I can't tell how I got back to the Circus. I did somehow, and was in the Ring before anyone guessed I had done aught but run round the corner for a pot of porter. The Signor came up in a minute to compliment me in his stately way for the hit I had made by going off through the gallery-door, and asked me to repeat it next day, with variations. I stared him in the face till he must have thought me mad, for I had just seen his son beaten down and killed in my home, and I dared not speak of it. I said to myself, "If I tell him I shall get into a mess myself, and poor mad Crucifix will be hanged; I will wait and see if Crucifix is taken:" and just then a man came running with the news.

'I will do the Signor justice; whatever he may have been before, Cranshaw's death softened him. He treated me more kindly after that; so that knowing what I did, and not daring to tell it (for the course matters took kept me silent), I could not bear to be with him; I could not jump, and joke, and drink, and laugh with him, when all that weight was on my mind. So three months ago I left Signor Tagliano's Grand Sardinian Circus, and my beard grew till no one knew me.'

The ex-clown would have prolonged his explanations but for the yielding of the third and last faggot-band. The billets rolled apart, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney, and turned their uncharred sides to the flames.

Titus Hoskin held out his hand to Fillis, and began to speak; but Anderson checked him with the word, 'Stop!' and ran out of the room. In a minute he reappeared, leading or rather dragging into the Oak Parlour, Margaret Fillis.

Bewildered as she was, she allowed John Anderson to retain her hand in his whilst she looked to her father for some explanation of what had occurred.

This, as may be supposed, was no easy matter when everyone spoke at once, and John Anderson stopped every ten seconds to assure everyone that he was never happier in his whole life.

Titus Hoskin was the first to recover himself; and his suggestion, urged in the name of order and sobriety, was that he and Fillis should retire to the sideboard and prepare the first brew of punch. Agreed unanimously; and John Anderson and Margaret having a great deal to say to each other chose the ingle corner of the fireplace to say it in, and, finding that too hot, changed to the settle where they sat till the clock struck twelve, and the bells came crashing down from their perch, trying to beat and hammer a new heart into the old world.

Then as the Ashen Faggot, green a few hours ago, lay in grey ashes on the hearth, they drank 'A grey good-bye to this Christmas Eve, and a green welcome to the next;' and so parted for the night.

PERRIN BROWNE.

The Duchy of Brittany and the Crown of France.

PART I.

The historic rotation of the Capet family may be said to have been the gradual evolving of the uniform and centralised nation of modern France out of the miscellaneous assemblage of Aliens, and detached countries which covered the French soil in the tenth century. This stupendous task—the complete execution of which required many ages of protracted statesmanship—nowhere encountered more delays and difficulties in the way of its accomplishment than in the rugged peninsula, which, in the middle ages, formed the Duchy of Brittany. This circumstance may be very easily accounted for. The geographical position of this province, the long period during which it maintained its existence as a separate State under its own native dynasty, and its own freely-elected assemblies; the precise and emphatic terms of the Union-Charter, by which it at length consented to join itself to the great nation at its side; and, finally, the stubborn and unyielding temperament of its race and people. All these causes long conspired to make of Brittany a little world apart, and to paralyse within its borders for, at least, three centuries and a-half the action of those various moral, social, and governmental influences which, in many parts of France, had been steadily and busily at work ever since the reign of St. Louis.

The bond by which France and Brittany were joined together at the close of the 15th century began, like that between Spain and the Low Countries between Castile and Arragon, by being a purely matrimonial one; and the tie thus formed, having been twice broken by the hand of Death within the first thirty years, needed to be knitted together for the third time before it was made fast and secure.

In 1491 the marriage of Charles VIII. of France with Anne of

Brittany established for the first time a personal union between the two countries; but upon the death of the king without issue, the work had to be begun over again; and Charles' successor, Louis of Orleans, having, not without difficulty, procured a divorce from his first wife, obtained the hand of the widowed queen. But, here again, the chapter of accidents proved adverse; for from this marriage resulted nothing but daughters, who were indeed capable of succeeding to their mother's duchy, but whom the fundamental law of the French monarchy excluded from their father's throne. On the death of Louis XII., therefore, the crowns of France and Brittany would again pass to different heads; and a third dynastic marriage had in consequence to be contracted between Claude, the eldest daughter of Anne, and Francis of Angoulême, who succeeded his cousin in 1514.

But here a final difficulty still presented itself for solution. Anne of Brittany, desirous to prevent the absorption of her hereditary duchy into the general body of the French monarchy, had been careful to stipulate that the Breton crown should pass, on her daughter's death, to the second son, or, failing one, to the eldest daughter of Claude's marriage.

The execution of this clause would have entailed the most disastrous result. The death of Queen Claude, whose eldest daughter had married the Duke of Savoy, would have transferred Brittany to a family who, during the sixteenth century, were constantly at bitter feud with the House of Valois, and France would thus have been grievously dismembered just at the crisis when her whole strength was scarcely capable of coping with Charles V. and Philip II. The danger was at that time far too obvious to be overlooked, and accordingly the first step towards parrying it was taken by the province of Brittany itself. In the year 1532 the Estates of Vannes requested Francis I. 'to attach their country to the kingdom of France by a perpetual union, in order that no war, dissension, or enmity might henceforth arise between them.' The connection, merely temporary and personal, which had for forty years subsisted between the two crowns, was thus changed into an intimate and irrevocable union between the two countries. France gained thereby a most important guarantee for the integrity of her territory on the north-west side, and Brittany received in exchange a charter whereby her old laws, franchises, and institutions, were acknowledged and confirmed in the most ample terms.

Each of the two contracting parties appeared to feel the most cordial satisfaction at the conclusion of this transaction, and in virtue of it the Duchy of Brittany enjoyed for the next half-century a larger measure of Parliamentary liberty than was at that time

possessed by any other continental country. The province was administered by a succession of governors, acting for the most part in perfect harmony with the Estates of Brittany, which were convoked from year to year at Rennes, Nantes, Vannes, or Vitie. These assemblies were here, as elsewhere, composed of deputies from the three political orders, between whom, however, a much greater degree of friendship and good understanding appears to have prevailed in Brittany than in the rest of France. The nobles and high clergy, the privileged classes, distinguished by exceptional honours and preferments, were here not severed morally from the general mass of the people by any tradition of violent conquest, and all the three ranks were intimately knit together by their common devotion to the cause of the Roman Catholic faith, which nowhere exercised the same complete ascendant over the popular sentiment as in this country.

This religious loyalty was destined ere long to undergo a searching and decisive test. In the reign of Francis I., the theological movement of Germany and Switzerland began to propagate itself in the French provinces, and by the middle of the century it had made such progress that the whole kingdom was divided into two bitterly hostile camps. The Reformers covered the country with a number of churches which, in the year 1565, were said to number upwards of two thousand: the royal House of Navarre, and many of the most powerful feudal families of France declared for them, and the party thus formed, finding themselves compelled to draw the sword in self-defence, held its own in a series of civil wars against the utmost efforts of the royal authority, contracted peace treaties on equal terms with the sons of Henry II., and even extorted the cession to themselves of Rochelle and other strong places as guarantee towns. It was feared that they might ultimately gain the upper hand throughout the kingdom, and re-enact in France the scenes which Scotland, England, and half Germany had already witnessed; and this alarm, acting with the utmost energy upon the fanatic masses of the French people, was the chief among the moral forces which combined to produce the famous Catholic League.

Meanwhile the Protestant missionaries had not overlooked the province of Brittany, and their chances of success in this country at first seemed all the more promising that the great houses of Rohan and others, whom the whole population had hitherto regarded as their natural leaders, were at an early period won over to the League. Yet all the zeal and influence of these princes proved powerless for all purposes of conversion elsewhere than within the immediate precincts of their own castles. In the most flourishing days of French Calvinism, when the Reformers, as we have seen

counted two thousand five hundred churches attached to their rite, only eighteen of these belonged to the Duchy of Brittany; and out of this scanty number only one remained thirty years later to represent Protestant Brittany at the Synod of Saumur.

The very weakness of the Reformers in this duchy became, however, their best safeguard; and in spite of a few partial commotions at various points we nowhere read of civil war, massacres, or even of any serious application of the successive proscriptive edicts published by the last Valois kings, and for a long time this province escaped being drawn into the hideous circle of fire and blood which, since the first appeal to arms in 1562, had never ceased to desolate the other countries of the monarchy.

But when the thoughtlessness of Henry III. committed the duchy, which had been hitherto administered by a succession of discreet and moderate governors, into the hands of a Lorraine prince, a near relative of the Guises, the first prognostics of an untoward change began to be visible.

Philippe Emmanuel de Lorraine, Duc de Mercœur, who in 1582 succeeded the Duc de Penthièvre as Governor, was about the most perversely dangerous choice that the King could have possibly made. The new comer was beset on all sides by motives and influences not at all of a nature to strengthen him in the way of his duty. On the one hand his cousinship with the factious Guises must necessarily predispose him, when the crisis should arrive, to prefer the cause of the League to the service of his royal master; and in the second place he was married to a wife, whose descent, through the Penthièvres from the old ducal House of Brittany, promised, on the threatened extinction of Duchess Anne's lineal descendants, to give him and his children a very plausible pretext for fishing with advantage in troubled waters. Accordingly the new Governor's gratitude could not long prevail against the temptations which impelled him in a contrary direction. For two years he did indeed maintain an outward appearance of caution and reserve; but in 1784, when the decease of the Duc d'Anjou, the King's only surviving brother, gave fresh authority and energy to the action of the League, he himself, together with a large part of his province, openly declared for that party. In fact the death referred to had totally changed the relations hitherto existing in Brittany between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants.

The childless Henry III. was now the sole survivor of the race of Valois. On his death the constitution required that he should be succeeded by the nearest heir, in the male line, of the royal house, and to find one it was necessary to go back three centuries, to the sixth son of St. Louis, Robert of Clermont, whose representative, Henry of

Navarre, was the acknowledged head of the Protestant interest. A most embarrassing dilemma was thus created for the great mass of the Frenchmen of that day, who followed the lead of the so-called politiques, and wishing to remain both Catholics and Royalists held a middling position between the two extreme parties of the Huguenots and the Leaguers. To the mind of the sixteenth century it seemed out of the question that a nation of Catholics should obey a Protestant sovereign; and yet the Frenchmen of that time could hardly reconcile themselves to the idea of setting aside the fundamental law of the monarchy. Thus the question, hitherto apparently a purely religious one, which had till now divided the nation against itself, was now further embroiled with a political problem; the feud became still more bitter and angry in the regions where it had hitherto prevailed most keenly; and in provinces like Brittany that practical understanding to keep the peace on both sides which, as we have seen, had been rendered possible by the weakness of one of the contending factions, could no longer be maintained now that the newly risen constitutional problem had disturbed the old party balance.

After four years of painful suspense, the crisis seemed to be pressing forward to rapid solution. In the last months of 1588, the capital, where Lorraine influences had long been secretly at work, rose in armed revolt against the Louvre, and the weak Henry III., having in vain sought a point of support for his tottering throne in the States-General of Blois, saw no means of safety and self-defence left him except that of striking his enemies in the person of their two principal leaders. The double crime of December roused every part of France against the royal assassin; and Mercœur had now no difficulty in enlisting his province heart and soul in the cause of the League. The urban masses rose and installed popular governments in the large towns, the impulsion and example of the Commune of Nantes spread the movement through the whole peninsula, and Mercœur was proclaimed with one voice 'Chief and Governor of Brittany pending the assembling of the Estates for the maintenance and protection of Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and the conservation of the liberties of the province.' Armed with this popular sanction, he hastened to Rennes, where the Catholic party had gained the upper hand, and, appearing in the midst of the parliament, sought to gain their support for the policy on which he was about to enter. But having failed to make the slightest impression on this body, notably the most royalist company in Brittany, he hurried in disgust from the town which, soon after his departure, was recovered for the Royalists by a bold and skilful *coup de main*.

This success had important results, as Rennes was never won back by the Catholic party, and during the whole ensuing period of civil

war the parliamentary city was one of the few points in the province which remained faithful throughout to the cause of hereditary right. The entire country outside its walls, with the exception of two or three garrison towns held by troops of the line, and of a few fortified chateaux belonging to the domains of the Rohan, Laval, and de Rieux families, implicitly obeyed Mercœur, who, encouraged by the general compliance of the duchy during the next few years, appears to have combined his devotion to the cause of the League with certain plans of ambition on his own account. His only daughter, the date of whose birth happened to coincide with the beginning of the troubles, was christened with the name of the province, and a chorus of salaried pamphleteers were busily employed keeping the circumstance of his wife's descent constantly present to the minds of the Bretons. The first few years of the civil war in Brittany, which formed a kind of side scene to the great struggle that was transacting itself in France, appears to favour the Governor's views. The fall of Henry III., under the dagger of Jacques Clement, and the succession of Henry of Navarre to the crown, was, in the first instance, a severe blow to the Royalists, as they now had to grapple at once with that perplexing dilemma between their religious belief and their political allegiance, which had hitherto been a mere question of the 'contingent future.' Accordingly, when in the early days of August, Mercœur sent to the parliament of Rennes a herald with an announcement of the news, and a summons that they should either adhere to the Catholic Union, or else recognise a Protestant king, that loyal company, sorely embarrassed and confounded, could think of no better rejoinder to the message than that of hanging the messenger as a traitorous alarmist who had sought to terrify them with false tidings. This step, however, in no way removed the logical difficulty in which the event of St. Cloud had placed both them and all the other defenders of legal right in France, and after a short period of trouble and uncertainty, the opponents of the League fell back upon the only tenable position left to them. They declared that they remained faithful to the royal authority, pending the fulfilment of the promise solemnly made by the present holder of the kingly title, that he would shortly undergo instruction and conversion. On the faith of this assurance most of the leading organs of opinion had from the first pronounced themselves against disturbing the lineal order of succession, and in the trial of strength which followed between the League and the King's adherents, the bulk of the French nation took an expectant attitude as neutrals and spectators, but with their sympathies visibly setting more and more against the allies of the Spaniards, and in favour of the heroic victor of Argues and Ivry. The capital indeed,

its religious ardour inflamed by the harangues of fanatic preachers, and its soul stirred to the depths by the blindest attachment to its slaughtered idol, seemed for a time to prefer the prospect of a change of dynasty, of a foreign yoke, and even of its own annihilation, to the infamy of submission to its heretic besieger; but the day was not yet come when the fiat of the Paris populace should circulate through the provinces with the authority of a Mahometan firman, bearing its errand of crime, destruction, and anarchy to the remotest corners of the empire.

Nowhere, however, did the fire of civil and religious discord burn longer or more fiercely than in Brittany. The town of Rennes, indeed, under the influence of its parliament, adhered steadily to the royal cause, but in all other places the Catholic Union was almost everywhere recognised, and Nantes, the largest and richest city in the duchy, showed itself a second Paris in the ardour of its devotion to the Lorraine party, and in its hatred for the Calvinist successor of Henry III. In fact, whereas the reception given by Paris to the King, after his conversion in the year 1593, proved that the violent temperament of the capital had been but a transient fever crisis, destined, after running its course to abate and die away by reason of its very excess, the strong and stubborn fibre of the Breton character asserted itself in the sturdy resistance made by the Nantese down to the year 1598. It is true, however, that in Brittany, as elsewhere, the civil war passed through two very distinct phases. From 1589 to 1593 the action of the Catholic Union was resolute, determined, and well combined; their party steadily gained ground on the enemy even in 1592, a success of some importance over his whole force, and would inevitably have overpowered the Royalists in the province, but for the constant supplies of men and arms with which its long coast line enabled England to furnish her Protestant allies. But when the abjuration of St. Denis had notably diminished the number and the valor of the King's enemies, the campaigns in Brittany slackened visibly; and Mercœur was only able to hold his position by the free employment of Spanish mercenaries whose presence did not tend to win the popular sympathy for the party which they served. And finally, when in 1595 the converted prince received the Pope's plenary absolution for his former errors of faith, the cause of the League became morally so weak that its total collapse was merely a question of time. The fickle capital was now keenly repentant and royalist. Mayenne and the chief ringleaders of the Lorraine faction had laid their swords at the feet of the Bearnese; in Brittany itself town after town had seceded from the Union, which was only able to maintain a tottering authority over certain districts of the province by enlisting in its

service a number of felon marauders, who took advantage of the disturbance of the time to carry out a wholesale system of licensed brigandage under the cover of the Catholic banner. The first place on this list of bandits must be assigned to one Guy Baron de Fontenelle, a personage whose career of distinction and incendiarism was so sweeping and so thoroughgoing, that traces of his may to this day be observed in the Finisterre region, and who might almost be regarded (making due allowance for the limited science and the imperfect appliances of those times) as the forerunner and founder of the modern school of petroleurs and petroleuses. As this hero enjoyed the singular good fortune of finding a good and able chronicler, who had known him in his younger days at the College of Navarre, and who has taken extreme pains to keep a minute and authentic journal of his schoolfellow's exploits in Brittany, it will perhaps be interesting to relate a few specimen incidents of his career.

When the Paris barricades of 1588 gave the signal for troubles which were soon to become general throughout the kingdom, Fontenelle, then aged 16, ran away from school and returned to his native district in Brittany. Before the civil war was fairly afoot, he had begun to pillage the region of Treguer, with a band of men recruited from the vassals of his family, and several open towns, such as Lannion, Pampol, and Landernian were plundered by him. Having then hoisted the colours of the League, he seized and fortified a point called Coet, which became his first head-quarters. Here, in the intervals between his plundering sallies, he amused himself with hideous orgies, seasoned with the most frightful cruelties towards his prisoners, and hither he brought a young girl of eight years of age, whom he had kidnapped, and whom he afterwards married. Driven from this place he next seized the château of Cranec, won by an infamous piece of treachery employed against an adherent of the party which he professed to serve.

He then attacked and pillaged the towns of Roscoff and Douarnenerne. Near this latter place he noticed to the seaward a point of rock which, being daily cut off from the land by the rising tide, could not be reduced by regular siege operations. Here he established and fortified himself as in a spider's web, defying the royal force, bringing home from his repeated excursions plunder and prisoners, and often subjecting the latter to the most cruel tortures for the purpose of extracting from them the maximum of ransom.

Having beaten off several parties of troops that were sent against him, he made a bold sally, and burnt to the ground Pont-Croix and the important town of Penmarch, whose ghastly ruins still scare the natives of that region. He then returned with an enormous booty to

his fastness, there to wait patiently till the impending treaty of peace should enable him to enjoy in peace and quietness the full fruition of the great fortune which the war had given him the means of earning.

The long civil war in Brittany, disastrous and destructive as was its general effect, had none the less brought about one excellent result—it had given a strong and keen impulsion to the public life of the province; its Estates, which though convoked from year to year, and treated with much respect and deference by the successive governors, had steadily declined in importance in the half century since the Act of Union, now recovered their full measure of power and influence, and the old Parliamentary traditions of the duchy were able to assert themselves with renewed energy at the moment when the two contending parties leaned on two rival representative assemblies sitting at Nantes and Rennes, and attached, the former to the cause of the Catholic Union, the latter to the Royalist side.

The Estates of Rennes particularly, in virtue of the moral authority and support given by them to the cause which was at first the weaker one, were in a position to exert a decisive action on the policy of the Royal Governor, the Prince de Dombes. They sent agents to foreign Powers, suggested the contracting of certain alliances, and with a view to maintaining their control over the march of affairs during their vocation, established a permanent committee under the title of 'Commission Intermediate.' The employment of English troops to balance the Spanish mercenaries whom Mercœur introduced into the province, was resorted to at their advice, but the timely aid rendered by these foreign allies was entirely outweighed by their repeated outbreaks of religious Vandalism against the churches, by their acts of rapine and insolence among the peasantry, and above all by their loudly-declared intention of exacting the permanent possession of Brest or Morlaix in requital for their good services; and the Estates demanded and obtained their dismissal from the French soil, in spite of the extreme reluctance of the King, who desired to avoid offending his good sister Elizabeth. Their power likewise asserted itself at the expense of the Prince de Dombes himself, who, having incurred the personal dislike of some among their members, was compelled to give up his post as soon as he could find an honourable reason for doing so; and his successor, M. d'Epernay, could only maintain himself in office by deferring in all respects to the will of the Intermediate Commission. He found himself constrained to make concession after concession to the Estates of 1595, who, without paying the slightest attention to his urgent protests and objections, insisted on ordering, according to their own views, all matters of war, taxation, and police. During the Session of 1596, they even went so far as to

annul a royal treaty concluded and ratified by the royal authority. The deputies of St. Malo, which, on its recent secession from the Catholic Union, had procured for itself terms of exceptional advantage, appeared at the Estates, holding in their hands a covenant whereby the King had consented to exempt their town from all imports during the next six years. The three orders, however, declared with one voice that no power on earth could relieve any member of the Breton body-politic from the obligation to bear its due proportion of the public burden; and the astute treaty-makers were fain to see their townsmen and themselves included, without favour or privilege, in the general body of taxpayers.

The firmly-expressed wish of the Estates moreover availed to bring about the step, which at length concluded the protracted period of warfare. Henry IV., who had hitherto devoted his special attention to the campaigns on the Netherland's side of his kingdom, and left the struggle in Brittany to take care of itself, was at length induced, at the repeated instances of the three orders, to proceed in person to the disturbed duchy. His appearance produced a magical effect. The weapons fell from the hands of the last warriors of the exhausted Catholic Union, the few towns still in revolt vied with one another in the promptness of their submission, and Mercœur himself was glad to purchase the conqueror's pardon and favour by betrothing his only child to the young Duc de Vendôme, son of Henry and of Gabrielle d'Estrées; a transaction by which a splendid marriage connection together with the reversion of the immense Penthièvre succession was secured for the royal bastard. This concession completely reconciled Henry with the obstinate Leaguers, but unfortunately the over-forgiving monarch was prevailed upon to extend an almost equal measure of indulgence to the odious Fontenelle, who received the King's pardon for his rebellion, together with a full and formal absolution for all his acts of murder, arson, and brigandage, and notably for the destruction of Penmarch.

It is, however, pleasant to relate that this measure of mischievous clemency was merely a short respite for the criminal; the decree concerning him was only registered under emphatic protest by the Parliaments of France, and these companies, whose strong corporate feeling and robust judicial memory often enabled them to rectify a first miscarriage of justice, found means to implicate Fontenelle in Buon's conspiracy, three years later, and in 1601 the arch-felon paid the penalty of his crimes on the Place de Grève.

[*To be continued.*]

Sport in the Rajahmundry District, India.

When I consider the difficulty of obtaining shooting, even of the very roughest description, in England, or, obtaining it, the annoyance, vexation, and expense of preserving the game that costs far more than it is worth, my thoughts—like those, I daresay, of many Anglo-Indians at home—revert fondly to sport in Hindostan, though indeed there are many parts of that vast country where it is as difficult to shoot a hare, a deer, or a partridge as in Great Britain itself. No such place was Rajahmundry in the Madras Presidency, however, fifteen years ago: the little station was a perfect paradise for an active sportsman, and though I have seen a good deal of India I have never known any other part of the country so abundant in game as the Rajahmundry District—of late years called 'Godavery,' after the great river of that name flowing through it.

Duty compelled me to reside in this district for upwards of a twelvemonth, and although I had frequently heard of the magnificent sport to be had in the neighbourhood of the Godavery River, I was quite unprepared for the abundance of game I saw there; the more so as I had previously little experience of sport in India, and had never shot anything bigger than a snipe there. I recollect my first introduction to the delights of Rajahmundry was as follows:—The District Judge there observed me one morning shooting green pigeons, with great enthusiasm; and it may be remarked, *en passant*, that this is no bad fun, for it requires a keen eye and a ready trigger to observe and bring down these birds that are the colour of the leaves of the Banyan trees in which they conceal themselves—and, entering into conversation, recommended me to try some plains a mile-and-a-half from the station, which he assured me were well stocked with antelope. He further kindly offered to lend me his rifle, as I did not possess one myself—an offer I accepted; and the following afternoon

cantered off, about three p.m., for the ground indicated. To be candid, I had little expectation of seeing deer so close to the station. What was my surprise, then, to come upon a herd of between thirty and forty, the greater part of them lying down, and so tame that the sentinel does allowed me to ride within a hundred yards of them before they expressed any uneasiness at my approach. The ground was a large *maidan*, or plain, cultivated in patches here and there, and showing at intervals long coarse yellow grass, in thick tufts, as we see rushes grow in ill-drained fields at home; but where the herd lay the ground was as bare as a public road, and I accordingly slipped off my horse, and snatched the rifle from the horsekeeper. Holding the reins in one hand and the cocked rifle in the other, I edged a little nearer to the herd; but the sentinel does were now on the *qui vive*, and each sharp tap of their fore feet upon the ground had at once the effect of rousing one or more of the deer lying down, until at last the whole herd—black bucks, and brown does, and fawns stood huddled up together watching me, at about eighty yards' distance, and ready for a 'bolt,' to which course of action one or two of the old bucks apparently impelled them by dunts of their horns, pushing one deer against another.

Now was my chance! I dropped the reins, letting the horse walk on, brought the rifle to my shoulder, and banged both barrels into the 'brown' of the herd. It was unsportsmanlike, I know, to do so; I should have selected a black buck for the first shot, and another, or a picked doe, for the second; but recollect that it was my first shot at deer, that I was trembling with excitement, and that I foolishly supposed that the present was a chance that might not occur to me again for a long time. With the double report I saw two deer on the ground, one a full grown doe, the other a fawn. The first lay, kicking, on her back, but the second, with a broken leg, was hobbling away at a pretty good pace. Hastily reloading the rifle, I holloaed to the horsekeeper to come up, threw him my *shikar* knife, with directions to cut the doe's throat, and mounting my nag, who was, as an old charger, perfectly steady under fire, rode away at my best pace after the wounded fawn. After a short chase I got alongside her, pulled up the horse, and shot her dead off his back—when, on examination, I found that the first shot had broken a fore-leg near the knee-joint; the other doe had been shot slap through the body.

Meanwhile the herd had gone away at their best pace, and were lost in the distance by this time; but the reader may imagine the satisfaction with which I admired the brace of deer while the horsekeeper ran off to a few huts, at some little distance, to find a coolie or two to carry home the game. It never struck me that I might get more

deer that evening, for it was now five o'clock; but on the horsekeeper returning with the coolies, and the latter telling me that I would be sure to find other herds not half-a-mile away, I left one man with the dead deer, and taking the other and the horsekeeper with me, rode after my guide. True enough, after we had gone about the distance mentioned, we came upon another herd of ten or fifteen deer, who seemed, while grazing under some *mimosa* bushes, to be quite unconscious of our presence. There was a fine and very black buck among them which I decided to make my own if possible, so directing the horsekeeper to take my nag and the coolie a circuit so as to attract the attention of the herd, I threw myself on the ground and commenced to stalk it from bush to bush. The ground was very favourable for my purpose, as there were numerous *mimosa* bushes and tufts of grass to afford cover; and, taking advantage of the concealment offered by these, and occasionally creeping over bare spots, *ventre à terre*, I managed at last to get to a bush about sixty yards from the big buck, who was busy watching, with the rest of the herd, my horse and his progress.

Here I crouched for a little time, partly to recover breath and partly to afford the buck an opportunity of changing his position, an unfavourable one for a shot, as he was end on to me. Haply, as I watched him, lying on my chest, a doe annoyed him in some way or other, and to chastise her he chased her in a small circle, which brought him still closer to me, and caused him for a moment to offer an easy broadside shot. That moment was his last. My bullet sped true to its mark, a spot behind the shoulder; and the buck, after a kind of scurry for a few yards, toppled over, and was stone dead by the time I reached him. I was, griffin that I was, so overjoyed with my good fortune that I never thought of firing the second barrel at one of the flying herd. The remaining deer all skedaddled in safety, while I stupidly looked after them until they were far beyond the range of the loaded barrel I held in my hand. Still three antelope—one a fine black buck, with a handsome pair of spiral horns twenty-seven inches in length—was not a bad bag for an afternoon's shooting, and I returned in high glee to the station, four stout coolies bearing the game between them, tied by the legs to a long bamboo pole. The same evening I wrote to my agent in London directing him to send me a rifle by Westley Richards, made to order; and, as I killed a great number of antelope with this weapon afterwards—so many indeed that, before I left Rajahmundry, I had a tolerably large bedroom completely carpetted with their skins—I may as well say that it was a double Enfield, highly finished as a sporting rifle, and so true up to three or four hundred yards, that I always credited misses at those

distances to my own bad shooting, rather than to that justly celebrated maker.

About the same time that I received this rifle, I was lucky enough to purchase, for one hundred and fifty rupees, a pair of Australian kangaroo hounds from a gentleman leaving Rajahmundry for Europe, and a great assistance I found them in this sport, rarely losing a wounded deer once the dogs were put upon its track. Poor old Rufus! I believe a stauncher dog was never whelped. I remember on one occasion wounding a solitary black buck by a 'fluke' shot at a long distance—over four hundred yards. It was the season of the monsoon, and a great portion of the country was then under water, making it not only difficult but dangerous work to ride over it; for the plain, being intersected with *nullahs* many feet in depth and width, carrying the drainage to the river, a horseman was as likely to plop into one of them as not during the chase. Nevertheless, I ordered the dog-boy—a smart young native of about sixteen years of age—to slip the dogs, and away we went best speed after the wounded buck. In the course, Fairy, the other dog, started a fawn out of some long grass, and pursued it; but Rufus stuck close to the buck, and was nearly on him, when dog and deer both disappeared of a sudden in a deep *nullah*, with a tremendous splash. When I got to the bank, Rufus was holding on to the buck's throat like grim death, and every now and then his head would go under in the foaming torrent that was fast sweeping the pair to the great river. Still Rufus would not let go, though I shouted to him like a madman to do so. In all probability I should have lost him—for once in the furious current of the flooded river, he would have had no chance of getting on shore again—but for the plucky dog-boy, who boldly plunged into the *nullah*, and, swimming, towed both dog and buck to the bank. The latter was drowned; and it was with no little difficulty that I managed, with the dog-boy's assistance, to drag the carcase up the precipitous side of the *nullah*. But he was a fine buck; I think the largest and heaviest I have ever shot, though carrying an indifferent pair of horns.

But I soon found that I had as yet seen very little of the abundance of game in the district. One day the Collector, with whom I was on friendly terms, knowing my fondness for sport, sent me a letter, wretchedly written in the *Telegu* language upon a dirty piece of brown paper, and which, after much trouble and the aid of an interpreter, I found to prove an humble petition from certain *ryots* or agriculturists in the district, setting forth their grievances with regard to game, and praying that the *Burra Sahib* would remit all or a portion of their taxation by Government in consequence of the daily ravages committed upon their crops by innumerable wild pigs and deer—animals

that seemed to render them as dolorous as ground game the farmers at home. The Collector's invitation to go shoot and report upon the truth of the Memorialists' statement was promptly accepted, and as the place mentioned was about twelve miles from Rajahmundry, and in the heart of a wild jungly country, I sent out a single pole tent, my camp equipage, and a case of Bass's pale ale, at six in the morning, with my servants, and started myself on horseback at three in the afternoon, taking a gun with me to pick up something for dinner on the road. This last was easy work. Riding under the magnificent avenue of *Banyan* trees that extends some distance out of the station of Rajahmundry, I, by keeping one eye cocked aloft, detected many a green pigeon among the foliage overhead, when I had nothing to do but pull up my horse for a moment, drop the bird off his back, reload, and go on a few trees further where the same game would be played.

In this manner I picked up four couple of green pigeon, which are excellent eating—not unlike a grouse when roasted with bread sauce, and even better when curried. Bye-and-bye, I came upon the carcase of a starved and broken down bullock, no uncommon sight in India, lying in the middle of the road, and at this a troop of jackals were burrowing and tearing with ravenous eyes and bloody snouts. Riding among them, I started one fellow off the road, and telling the dog-boy to slip Rufus and Fairy, had a capital run for a mile or so across a plain when the dogs ran into the 'varmint,' Fairy getting her ear nastily torn in the death struggle. This accident prevented me coursing another '*jack*,' so I proceeded on my way until I came to a small lake close to the jungle path I was pursuing, covered with teal and wild-duck, and surrounded by patches of wet, brown grass and rushes, that I knew to be a sure find for snipe at that season of the year. On these small Indian *jheels* I have always noticed that it is easy enough to get a first shot at the wild-fowl with which they are crowded; it is after the first that the difficulty arises, for they then fly off to the next tank if the *jheel* is small, or huddle together in the centre and out of shot if it happens to be a large one. Knowing their tactics I rode 'slantindicularly' towards the tank, and when within range dropped the reins and blazed both barrels into the thick of the flock; one barrel as they sat on the water, the other as they rose upon the wing. Thirteen fell to the double shot, and the *jheel* being free from weeds, my dog-boy, partly wading, partly swimming, retrieved all but three, which managed to escape by diving. When he brought the game ashore, I found that I had shot one grey duck, five cotton teal, two whistling teal, and the remainder the ordinary brown teal of the Indian tanks. The amount killed was nothing wonderful, for I could have made the same bag almost any day in the cold weather, and at any one of the numerous—

innumerable, I should say—*jheels* about the country; but it serves to show the abundance of wild-fowl in the district, and which would appear incredible to those who have not observed the myriads which the irrigation canals leading from the Godavery River bring to that part of the country. The ducks having disappeared with many a quack in the clouds, I walked round the *jheel*, putting up snipe at almost every step I made on the wet grass. As the *jheel* was only a few acres in extent, I soon beat it, and the shades of evening falling fast, made the best of my way to the tent, having added three and a half couple of snipe to the bag. The latter I directed my cook to do for dinner; the ducks I gave to the servants, knowing I could get any number of them about the *jheels* when required; and let me inform the reader here that there are few better dinners than a dish of snipe roasted to a turn, and washed down by Bass's pale ale, which it appears to me never tastes so well as in the East Indies.

Next morning at sunrise my tent was surrounded by the aggrieved agriculturists, every man-jack of them armed with spears or bamboo poles for purposes of beating. In answer to my enquries regarding the ravages committed by the wild beasts, they tore their hair, slapped their breasts, and made such a clamorous recital of their injuries as almost to deafen me. I wanted action, not speech, as I told them, when they eagerly led me off to some of their fields which were situated here and there in that peculiar description of low jungle which is much affected by spotted deer in all parts of the country. A few hundred yards from my tent, a leading and apparently influential *ryot* stopped short at a field of some oil seed, and, pointing to the way the land was seared in every direction by wild pig, began to bewail his hard fortune with the usual extravagant gestures. These I cut short by enquiring where the mischief-makers were, when to my surprise he positively affirmed that they—the pigs—were then in the field. I did not credit him, but agreed to try a beat, when he posted me in some wild indigo at the furthest end of the cultivation, he and his friends beating in line towards me. They had not beaten one half of the field before they put up an immense *sounder* of hog. The field seemed alive with them, and I should say there were not less than a hundred in the herd. They dashed past me, some of them so close that I could have prodded them with my rifle barrel, and as they passed I rolled over a big boar in his tracks with the right of the little 'Westley Richards,' and hit a sow hard with the left. Then I snatched my smooth-bore, loaded with ball, from the dog-boy and shot another boar so close that I could have easily kicked him as he passed. He rolled over and over like a hare, but I made a clean miss with the other barrel at the biggest pig of all that went by at a tremendous pace behind me. The two boars I sent

into Rajahmundry the same day; I had no compunction in shooting them, as it was a part of the country where hog hunting was an impossibility on horseback, and the next day the wounded sow was brought in by some of the natives who had tracked her. I was well pleased with the commencement of the sport, but thinking I had enough of bacon for one day, enquired after the spotted deer.

My friend, the leading agriculturist, who was a long, lank, cadaverous being, clad in a ragged, brown sheet, and a breach-clout, at once threw himself into a theatrical attitude, pointing impressively to the surrounding jungle. Under his directions another beat was arranged in this manner. He drew up his friends, of whom there were about forty, in line in the jungle, then led me silently to a spot half a mile distant in front, where there was an open glade that it was likely the game would cross when driven by the beaters. My friend got up in a tall tree, where he looked like a big scald-crow; myself and the trusty dog-boy holding my smooth-bore ensconced ourselves in a thicket where we could see well without being seen ourselves. For some time we heard nothing, but at length the shouts of the beaters could be heard, and were soon followed by a stag and four spotted does, which crossed the glade at a trot. They were not twenty yards from me so that I made an easy shot, and rolled the stag over with a shot behind the shoulder from my rifle. The does turned sharp round, and bolted back towards the beaters. I hastily reloaded, and just in time to be ready for another herd of deer, numbering ten or twelve. These were seventy or eighty yards distant, and went across the glade at a slapping pace, nevertheless I think I hit one, for I heard the thud of the bullet distinctly; if I did I never got him however. Next came a flock of pea-fowl, of which I could have easily had a brace with a shot-gun, but I was loaded with ball, and let them pass. A *sounder* of pig followed at their best speed, and I fired haphazard two barrels into the thick of them—the result *nil*, though the shots were saluted with squeaks that showed someone's hide was rubbed the wrong way. After this we had two more beats, much the same as the above, except that in one the beaters put up more jungle-fowl than I ever saw before or since; a good shot, indeed, might have bagged his ten brace as they flew from one patch of jungle to another, and generally right over head. In these beats I shot one spotted doe and two more pigs, when, a great deal of time being wasted by the beaters, I thought it well to return to the tent for a late breakfast, it being eleven o'clock. The Collector's firman procured me all the supplies the poor people had to give, such as a few eggs and chickens, and plenty of milk; but I found I could not get any more beaters for that day's work, as they had to look after their own concerns. Still, five pig and two spotted deer was

not a bad bag for a morning's performance, and though not content, I was obliged to think the best of it since it was useless to walk the jungles by myself.

It would weary the reader to recount the details of my beats for the next three days that I remained at this place; it suffices to say that I enjoyed the cream of the sport on the first day, and at the end of the fourth could not find a single animal, as they had retreated to some haunts best known to themselves. But in the four days I made a total of eleven hog, five spotted deer, and two antelope, to say nothing of many pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, wild-duck, and snipe, of which I made no account. During this time the only ferocious animal I saw was a panther, which, in one of the beats, bounded across the 'open' with such speed that he was gone before I could raise rifle to shoulder, nor did the people about speak of any tigers, though, the quantity of game considered, it might be supposed they would abound there.

Curiously enough, two friends, hearing of my good luck, went out to this same place a few weeks later, and got nothing but a solitary pig and some antelope. The villagers said, and I suspect they were correct, that the wild animals gathered from all parts annually to ravage the crops the people sowed in the patches of cleared land about the jungles, and disappeared for the remainder of the year after being well hunted, as they were in my instance. For the rest, I returned to Rajahmundry in triumph, determined to have another few days' sport in the district at an early opportunity; but the narrative of this, and of some pig-sticking and fishing I enjoyed across and in the Godavery, must stand over for another paper, as I have already exceeded my limits in this one.

RAMASAWMY.

My Festive Countrymen.

By Robert Batson.

If a snuff-box is the wedlock of innocence and recreation, why is not a sneeze the wedlock of dew and music? The Puritan might as well have been guilty of conceiving the second absurdity as of imagining the first. To his noble scrutiny of the mysteries of this stupendous universe the eternal nature of things was unveiled. To him the tobacco-pouch appeared unholy—the snuff-box sacred. While rejecting the pomp and vanity of the wicked weed with a disdain, as moral as it was proud—as beautiful as it was profound—on the other hand, with the severe logic of Puritanical fervour, his exquisitely susceptible conscience did not forbid him the frequent application of

A dose
Of snuff-mundungus to his nose.

Helvetius pronounced man to be 'a bundle of habits.' In his modest moments the Puritan considered himself merely a bundle of interesting habits. But these moments were rare. His general view did his unearthly merits more justice: his nose was a musical instrument; his nasal twang was a hymn; his snuff was a reminder that we are but dust. Besides the Puritan went about trying to sniff and snuff harm where there was none, and in adopting the snuff-box, as the stately symbol of esoteric purity, he paid a generous, a graceful, and a touching, a nose-touching, tribute to the perceptive delicacy of his moral nostrils. If, on the other hand, it be urged that the Puritan was not very wise in maintaining that it was perfectly right for him to take a pinch of snuff, and perfectly wrong for the cavalier to take a whiff of tobacco, the reply may be made that, in their arbitrary and capricious treatment of my festive countrymen, the Government and Lord Chamberlain of this country are guilty of a precisely similar absurdity. They elongate dresses, but they do not curtail songs. They multiply the folds of apparel, but they do not minimise the antics of gesture

In the name of common sense, why is this? Why should language however improper, and gesticulation however suggestive, be legal; the only restrictions being, in reference to long skirts, and short-lived Parliamentary bills?

Why is this, Robin; won't you tell me why? It is the old Puritanical chimera over again. Smoking is sinful, snuff-taking holy. Clothes may be suggestive, but gestures are innocent and songs are noble—by the eternal necessity of things, as Shakespeare says, 'This is a strange world, my masters.'

Suppose, now, we take a rapid sketch of amusements in times past.

French gaiety died with the Revolution. The Gaul gained the muscle of freedom, but he lost the fat of laughter. His brow wrinkled with politics, and the instant that his locks were permitted to flow they waxed grey. Responsibility is a grand privilege, but it is a lugubrious burthen, and the ample waistcoat of plutocracy paradoxically clothed the starved ribs of mirth. The busy Fleming bee and the polite Tuscan butterfly put the British down as the merriest dogs in Europe. The Reformation came, and, lo! the obese kine were metamorphosed into the emaciated kine, the merriest dogs in Europe into the saddest dogs of history. The Geneva preachers eyed the games of the period, as if the games were the theatricals of a wicked Pagan Rome, and as if the preachers were St. Augustine and St. Jerome. As a matter of fact, most of the games were Innocents, and most of the preachers just failed of being monuments of infallible wisdom. The massacre of the festive innocents was at once a policy, a ritual, and a pomp. Then came the rebound, *Naturam expellas furcæ, tamen usque recurret.* You may prod nature out of her path with a fork, but she returns in a canter. Chivalry languished, gunpowder took the shine out of heavy armour, the printing press awoke that "sleeping beauty," the modern mind, with a start, commerce thrived, industry answered to whip and spur, men had something to lose, and recklessness yielded to purses anxious to burst their skins; foot-ball was kicked into oblivion; dice were shaken out of court; hunting was hounded into desuetude; cards were shuffled out of use; nobody was to dance round a Maypole, or to see a miracle play; but everybody had leave to look a solemn idiot, and to be a vain baby. The more so the better. Teutonic Europe wore a steeple hat, and sanctimonious Rome indulged in a sickly smile of disciplined approbation.

Coleridge said that in Shakespeare's mind the creator and the critic wrestled in a war embrace. So in the 17th century strove together the inventive spirit of the juggler and the censorious spirit of the fanatic. The painter who was told that he was an ass at an angel, and an angel at an ass, *àpropos* of his picture of Balaam, was very much

like Britain was then. In things religious and ritualistic, poor John Bull made the angels weep. He was an ass at an angel. In things jovial, poor John Bull was himself again. He was an angel at an ass. The very markets rang to the roar of the commercial jovialist's onsets. Then followed another reaction.

Britons had long gone in for culture. One faction had cultivated long faces; the other now cultivated long ears.

The lugubrious school was beaten by the inane school, and then the inane school was beaten by itself. On those doorsteps, which are now the begrudged pillows of Nobody's Darling, Somebody's Child, tatterdermalions, played at dice, and on dunghills, to which a valuable waif and stray fancy fowl of a Duke would decline to pay a second visit, lisping starvelings enjoyed cards. This was bad; but what followed was worse. Then, Madam, came the self-styled children of Light—the children of the Sun—eclipsed, the swagger of Puritanism, the reign of cant, and the penury of recreation. Simple Giles and good old Hodge, playing at Pope Joan for a groat-sake, Marjory Daw luribboned on Sunday, the players, who positively illustrated Ben Jonson's monstrous rubbish, and Will Shakespeare's silly stuff, were consigned by the snuff-taking, tobacco-eschewing, Puritanical elect, to penance, to the stocks, the pillory, and the scourge. The Restoration came at once of a banished necessity and an exiled king. The festivity of my countrymen returned with royalty. But they did not take root as before. The Duke of York told his jolly Jack Tars to erect the most monstrous May-pole ever seen. The Puritans 'blew it up.' The wind blew it down. Wharton stooped from his dignity to cudgel-play before a Buckinghamshire mob. Monmouthshire stooped from his horse to out-run bare-footed clowns, in his boots and spurs. But all this stooping was not to conquer the hearts of the bamboozled people. Penn bitterly reviled Dives in the parable, with his frivolous pack of dogs, and in the interest of country gentlemen, Parliament swallowed up the village greens in Enclosure bills. The overtures made to the English people by the gentry in point of sincerity remind one of the overtures made to the Germans by Bismarck. The accidental connection between his name and that of the King of Diplomatists, occasioned the despatch of the following telegram: 'Otto Bismarck of Osterburg, King of the Marksmen, sends his greeting on the present festival day, to his Excellency Prince Bismarck, as his countryman and namesake.' It will thus be seen that the cobbler of Osterburg has more reverence for Prince Bismarck than the cobbler of Southwark has mercy for the Prince of Wales. Great was the joy in Osterburg when the blood-and-iron diplomatist wrote back with his own 'fist'—laughing, no doubt in the very largest sleeve with which the most whimsical tailor

could supply him. 'I return my hearty thanks to my distinguished namesake, Herr Otto Bismarck, of Osterburg, for his friendly compatriot salutation.'

Poor Otto Bismarck! Perhaps he thinks Bismarck is the people's friend. The cobbler of Southwark has, he tells us, found out that Gladstone is not the people's William. Let us hope that the cobbler of Osterburg will not live to learn that Bismarck is not the people's Otto. Let him see that he never runs down, in Bismarck's hearing, the high-handed policy of the old houses of Hohenzollern and Bismarck. An orator, it is said, did so one day in an inn. The real Otto Bismarck was there. The speaker was a man and a brother in fustian, but Bismarck did not hob and nob with the snob in hobnails—not exactly. He did not merge the political denouncer in the German countryman, and friend. The 'hob' would not hob and nob with the hobnailed 'snob.' True, he took a glass with him; but the manner of doing it was peculiar. He took a glass, and smashed it on his fellow-countryman's head, of course merely as 'a friendly compatriot salutation.' He then paid for the glass, and retired. I don't say that Otto Bismarck wouldn't take a glass with Otto Bismarck, but the way would differ with the occasion. This anecdote will illustrate, incidentally, the fact that men trust for their happiness to chance. These and friendly 'compatriot salutations,' are 'flukes.' We elaborate everything but the amicable relationship of man to man.

We idolise a Professor Macquorn Rankine on the Economy of Fuel, comprising mineral oils. We rejoice when a M. Auguste Berlioz devises a magneto-electric apparatus intended to supply a brilliant flame for lighthouses. We are very busy devising systems from which we can derive the largest quantity of table salmon. But how is it we never dream of economising human nature? We want police for our bodies, and gas for our eyes; moral police for our susceptible hearts, and honest laughing gas for our jaded minds. We never dream of organising. The clergy are not moral police, gentlemen, scholars, hierarchs, lady's men, poets, dreamers, monks, enthusiasts, saints—but not moral police. The illness of the Prince of Wales evoked far better appeals to the British heart from the London press than from the London pulpit. It is easier to be eloquent when addressing hundreds of thousands of excited human beings than when addressing hundreds. It is easier to be eloquent when you write a dozen leading articles a week than when you preach one sermon. It is easier to be eloquent when your business sends you into the complex interests of an empire, than when it locks you up in the outer-worldliness of a clique and in the limits of a parish. It is easier to be eloquent when you have your hand on the pulse of the public taste, than when you weave theological

cobwebs, dilute scriptural phrases, and distribute sectarian tracts. Not that the London press consider it their business to be moral police. What that hydra-headed engine might do in this direction is almost beyond computation. As it is, the *Echo* cannot be too highly praised for its incessant efforts to improve the tone of public relaxation. The *Daily Telegraph*, enormous as is its influence for good, does not, in my opinion, turn the opportunities presented by its vast circulation quite as much into the channel of recreative reform as it might do, and as the *Advertiser* does; but it is a staff of moral police in its unflinching exposure of abuses, and it probably regards its own laughing-gas as in itself enough to counteract the dreary and mischievous facetiæ of those places of amusement where the unwary go to be entertained, but return unfed. Those whom the gods love die early; and in the absence of moral police and laughing gas at our public halls of delight, it were to be wished that, in spite of their repulsive and forbidding features, the gods would love the music-halls *if* the axiomatic result ensued. As facts stand, however, it is to be regretted that the gods occasionally do patronise the boxes; for no one better likes a live lord or 'distinguished personage' to stare at than the people who read about the achievements of, and listen to the comments upon, 'howling swells.' Those amusement which the gods love die late. In days of yore, as I have said, the gentry withdrew from the people the sunshine at once of their open spaces and their frank smiles. Discountenanced by 'nobs,' 'snobs' behaved badly. The trumpet-voice of John Wesley was heard, but he could not slay all the hole-and-corner mirth of the country. The Tennysonian squire did not dance with the miller's daughter; and then she was not very particular as to whom she did gyrate with. This brings us up within a respectful distance of the magnificent game of croquet, a contrast between which and cricket I hope to depict on a future occasion. Meanwhile I merely mention the fact of our unworthy festivity at the present day, and propose a cure.

Now, evil itself has its good side, and music-halls are no exception. Most of us can enjoy a large slice of at least negative happiness. We can say, 'I am not in prison; I am not listening to one of Gladstone's speeches; I am not dying of small-pox; and I am not at a music-hall.' My festive countrymen, why will you not be really festive? My manly countrymen, why will you not be in your diversions manly? My practical countrymen, why will you not be practical at the fountain-spring of the social river as well as at the emanating divergent rills? It would be no use suspending music-halls; the same appetite would go and browse elsewhere. Little by little, inch by inch, we must educate, enlarge, refine, exalt the tastes of our poor festive

countrymen. We must economise human fuel, and we must go to its roots. It is impossible to regard the halls of evening entertainment apart from the routine of our lives. In these temples of folly, in the streets, in our homes, a desecration, or at least a degradation, of love is ubiquitous. The music-hall is partly the cause, partly the effect, of the unlovely love of the period.

It is astonishing how smart now-a-days is the tender passion. Romeo goes to market, brings all his erotic sheaves with him, and drives a roaring trade in sighs. Juliet puts into the lottery of marriage, and is anxious to hive the sweetest thing in honeymoons. The busy, business bee constructs his cells on the severest principles of mathematical economy; and full many a beauty, which would otherwise be born to blush unmarried, keeps her weather eye open on the best arrangement of the honey combs of matrimony on the main chance of bridal enterprise. On the other hand, the whiskered wooer, Love, forges homage, and fabricates respect. Churchgoers, according to Goldsmith, often, though they come to scoff, remain to pray. Churchgoers, also, frequently propose to marry, and prefer to scoff. The dove of courtship uses his beak. We have all heard of the landlady, who, being head over ears in love with the handsome, impecunious lodger, who was also head over ears, but only in debt, with her, insisted on an immediate settlement either of her feelings or her bill, on instant payment or instant marriage. But, after all, she was but the founder of a school of practical love-making fast becoming very formidable.

For example: it stands on record that a forlorn maiden wanted back the woollen mittens which she had dotingly lavished on her faithless swain. Some minds can distinguish between a parsnip and a rainbow, and that is about all. However, it so happened that his intellect was essentially of the nice discriminating order, and he regarded the woollen mittens from two points of view. As love-gifts, he could spare them comfortably enough; as articles of clothing, on the other hand, he possessed no comfort so handy. In a word, he could not give them to her, for the very simple reason that he wanted them himself. This brought the love passage to a termination rather abrupt than graceful, and the once enamoured donor of love-gifts retired in high dudgeon. The pair separated as lovers; they next met as plaintiff and prisoner at the bar. Now was the time at one masterly stroke to chastise the obnoxious fickleness of his passion for herself, and the equally obnoxious tenacity of his regard for her woollen mittens. But she found, to her bitter chagrin, that what sobbing love in whispers sighs away that loud-voiced law is unable to recall. The associations of pink notes cannot be neutralised by the associations of

parchment. When soft-bosomed love flies out at the window, penal enactments cannot hop in at the door.

Take an analogous case, illustrating the metamorphosis of unreciprocated devotion into petty spite, one which came under the notice of Mr. Barker, at the Clerkenwell Police-court, in the person of a young man of very seedy appearance, due, no doubt, to the combined wear and tear of his affections, and of his anxiety to recover his bran-new love gifts, who applied to him for the immediate restoration of twenty-five shillings' worth of furniture. The good magistrate, though he was kind enough to smile at his enthralling narrative, at this keen jealousy of the other fellow could not 'assist' him. Now, it seems sufficiently clear that, if the lover of the period means, at however respectful a distance, to approach the tradition of times gone by, chivalry sanctioned no meaner hope anent love-gifts than that the jilt should keep them, and some day, when annoyed by her husband, cast a regretful eye on such eloquent reminders of the superior being she madly rejected in his favour. But inasmuch as this is an utilitarian age, as there is no half-way house in love and business, as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go every inch of the way to the mountain; as business refuses to be absorbed in love, love must be made subservient to business, the associations of love gifts to assessments of their value, why not in every parish establish a clerk or staff of clerks to register the despatch and receipt of every love gift? The chronicles of methodical officials would not merely recoup, but probably have the effect of checking, the extravagance which leads to such loud complaints on the part of impulsive lovers. The price of the unfortunate investments of the 14th of February might be made recoverable on the 1st of April next, after the discovery of the hideous perfidy of the donor.

Forgotten forget-me-nots might be rated according to their value at Covent Garden. The precise pecuniary equivalent to the solemn vows and honied raptures of a sonnet might be regulated by the magazine price in fashion at Cornhill. The proper satisfaction for wollen mittens and furniture it would be still easier to determine, and it is certain that it would not be an iota more preposterous to fix their price in the first instance, than afterwards to reclaim them. But in the absence of any such system, the lover of the perils must make up his mind for the triumphs as well as the periods of courtship. If he presents young Love, with a quiverful of arrows, feathered by his own dove-like pinions, the wanton archer may wound him with the painful reflex of his own curiosity. If he shows him his hand, it is on the cards that the knave of hearts may trump his diamonds by virtue of the knowledge which he himself imparted. If he constitutes himself

Love's spendrift he may expect to find himself in Love's bankruptcy court. If he gives himself the unparalleled pleasure of giving away his all to his idol, he really must not sue it for wollen mittens or furniture. I beg to assure not merely the young man of very seedy appearance, who I hope will come up smiling for his next encounter with the fickle fair, but the whole rapidly increasing unseemly pack of our time-wasting legal lovers that the attempt to march Don Cupid, who happens to have wings, either to Clerkenwell, or any Police Court is a policy which the possession on their part of wide-awake eyes, which one flash of chivalry, one wink of humour, would suffice instantaneously to condemn.

The love of the period is business-like. Q.E.D.

In this terribly practical age there is an impatient roughness in the tender passion, which first eyes its victim, then charges it with extended arms, next encircles it in the bowery mazes of one long delirious paroxysm of devoted rapture, and finally decamps with its worldly goods. Everywhere this fashionable love-making is evoking the bitterest complaints. For example, a country person alights from her railway carriage, and the process begins. 'My dearest aunt,' exclaims a totally strange but sweet silvery voice, 'This is joy!' and a hospitable hand opens the prison door. Hardly had the traveller touched the platform with her feet, than kisses, sighs, hugs, and hysteria, in delectable, unstinted profusion were lavished on her neck. This was the sort of treatment which the kindhearted romantic old lady had long pined for in secret, envied in books, missed in reality. Now she had it. Whether her niece had been all her life abroad, and so or somehow been lost sight of by the family, or whether the old lady had herself been kept in the dark as to her true position, and this graceful being was merely some impulsive scion of the aristocracy, rushing forward to claim her place in the bosom of her noble relative, she had no immediate authority to enquire. That she would learn in time, in the progress of happy hours of affectionate intercourse. All that was now settled was that her niece should shortly meet her at tea. Tea came, but no niece, only the discovery that she had emptied her aunt's pockets of its valuables.

So much for the country and relations—now for the metropolis and lovers. Thomas Hoster, a costermonger, sells baked potates in a barrow. Up comes Elizabeth Harrow, aged thirty-four, and invests in two pennyworth. But the costermonger, with all his modesty, was a sly fellow, and he saw at a glance that his soft-eyed customer was after something rather more attractive than well-cooked vegetables. He was right on principle. She did want something else. She began to entwine her fair arms round his neck, to press her fresh lips to his

cheek. At last he grew cloyed with so much honeyed love. Not without a struggle, he tore himself from the passionate woer; and then, to his intense mortification, ascertained that, though she had prized his person, it was not its charms so much as its pockets. The swag amounted to one shilling and twelvepence, the sentence to six months, which shows that the magisterial experience is alive to 'the power of love' and its literally captivating wiles. The best incantation against it resolves itself into—*crede experto*— the following easy to-be-remembered strategy. The instant that you are attacked shut your eyes as if speechless with gratification, or at least resigned to fate. The amiable thief then relaxes her tight hold, flattering herself she has plenty of time. Then you can suddenly shake her off. She staggers, not falls. Chivalry is not hopelessly wounded, and your pocket not hopelessly picked. As for the worthy costermonger, next time he surveys his features in the glass, let him, through the lucid medium of common sense survey also his potatoes and his coins; and if he does not then recognise the fact that a perfect stranger, very demonstrative in her attention, is likely infinitely to prefer his property to himself, it is to be feared that a most formidable, fast-increasing type of love-making will receive more encouragement at his hands than is at all desirable in the interests of society.

The love of the period is rough. Q. E. D. A man can forgive much but not everything. A camel can contentedly stagger beneath an incredible load, but not for ever. There comes one particular 'wee bit' of straw that breaks the back of the camel—the heart of the man. On the 15th of February, 1870, Mr. Francis Johnson, landlord of the Red Lion Inn, Market Place, Altrincham, handed over to his wife a large sum of money to pay his bills at Manchester. She came back after the pleasant little trip, a perfect monument, at once of pressing unsatisfied pecuniary obligations and of leisurely drowsy intoxication. Her husband forgave her. In March she eloped with an extraordinarily fine specimen of our police inspectors, who embraced his new duties with such self-forgetful ardour as to omit to say, 'Good-bye' to his wife and five children. Her husband still showed himself a forgiving man. She had left him, he ascertained, saddled with 'old associations,' mementoes of extravagance—bills to the tune of £300. Her husband forgave her, as usual; but when, all of a sudden, it came home to him that she had bought a chignon, valued at 'six-and-ninepence,' then the full tether of his forgiveness had fairly run itself out, and nothing remained but a paroxysm of justifiable fury. However, Mr. P. Yearsley, hair-dresser, must have his 'six-and-ninepence' —sues him at the Altrincham County Court accordingly; though when Mr. Francis Johnson demands of him at least every particular

anent to the unhappy purchase of his spouse, he seemed stupidly to have forgotten every item of the momentous transaction. How it became her, where she wore it, who its admirers he could not say. But the judge, apparently entertaining the opinion that forgiveness which extraordinary ought to be inexhaustible, decreed that the six-and-ninepence should be paid—the absence of the history of the chignon notwithstanding. The moral is refreshingly simple. Bad wives, use a little self-control. Get drunk, elope, and leave behind you £300 of bills; but as you value the forgiveness of your husbands—I mean your legal husbands—don't leave unpaid for a six-and-ninepenny chignon.

The love of the period is occasionally capricious. Q.E.D. Leominster was once the scene of a somewhat original wedding. One Saturday that town was startled with a placard, announcing a marriage on the following Tuesday at ten o'clock at the Primitive Methodist chapel, inviting the world and his wife to come and see the bridegroom and the heroine of the honeymoon.

The day and hour found the chapel crammed with not an empty pew. However, the crowd, though startled, was not interested in exactly the orthodox manner. Its forecasts could hardly have been verified. Instead of the bride being lit up with sunshine by her Apollo, or the bridegroom blushing with the sense of his individual unworthiness, awkward sex, and speechless bliss, the gentleman declared that his 'intended' was forbidden by her father-in-law to accede to his petition to be released from the odious engagement, proffered six months ago, and that she was present at the ceremony now only on compulsion; while the lady, in answer to the question, whether she would have this man for her wedded husband, in stentorian accents thumped out the thundering negative, 'No, I will not.' This brought the service to an abrupt termination. The lady stalked out radiant. The gentleman drove off amidst a tempest of popular acclaims, his honest features serene with unexpected satisfaction. Here were representatives of the sexes, who, as the event showed, regarded each other with exceptional abhorrence, but who had nearly been condemned to each other's society for life by a third party. However, they were rid of each other now—a great comfort to them both. As to the would-be father-in-law, my admiration for him has its limits. He was, it is true, anxious to embrace a fresh set of duties—to enjoy with exemplary resignation to the inevitable, the collateral, benefits incidental to a new relationship—to consummate an old decree of the church: 'Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder.' Reverence for this injunction it is impossible to overestimate. But there happens to be another sentiment, not indeed

formulated into any rubric, yet sanctioned, I believe, by the respect of society: 'Whom nature hath put asunder, let no man join.'

Love is sometimes compulsory. Q. E. D. Take the exact antiposes to this case.

When Tennyson wrote:—

> Ah, yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
> I, falling on his faithful heart
> Would, breathing through his lips, impart
> The life that almost dies in me.

Beautiful as the sentiment is, he was only after all saying in poetry what he would do for a beloved friend. Friendship and poetry apart, however, what he contemplated has been achieved—the resuscitation of another's life at the expense of one's own. A woman pitched herself from the Quai de Bercey into the Seine. Some young men brought her to shore, apparently a corpse; Dr. Launessau arrived in time to crown two hours' constant impouring of his own breath to her lungs with the first suffering recovery, and his own fatal exhaustion. The practical, chivalrous love of the French doctor, in the interests of a stranger, is to be preferred even to the exquisite pathos of an English poet to the memory of a friend. *Ergo*, love is sometimes adventitious. Q. E. D. Instances of the latter freak of chivalry are, alas, very rare in comparison with the perpetual tide of music-hall-encouraged marketing love. The names of some of the songs in the music-halls are almost too vulgar to mention.

The upshot of the whole matter is that the instant that men cease to idolise women in theory, they will begin to sympathise with her in practice. Unfortunately woman thirsts to be at one and the same time the god of lucrative action and the goddess of domestic seclusion. The very minute that women join the professions, they will be shunted from the hierarchies. Women show their dependence on men by their indignation, at the real or supposed 'contempt.' Suppose all the women in England thought all the men in England beneath them—to use their favourite expression—What man would care? Again, if man be brutal and woman be pure, the two first articles in the new post-Athanasian feminine creed, why cannot women transfer some of the passionate purity of their angelic love to the non-brutal, the adorable female sex?

Girls form intensely affectionate friendships with girls. What endless kisses, embraces, walks, fifty-times-crossed letters, sobbing farewells at railway stations? Why cannot this noble, this safe attachment, in a measure continue to satisfy the yearnings of woman's devoted nature? If it cannot, then I am forced very much against my will right against

the horns of the dilemma, that either man is not the cruel monster, or woman is not the pure paragon, which she remarks that the sexes respectively are. The fact is that woman has many faults, but not a single fault that is not ultimately referrable to man. Tennyson has written two lines about women which are true, and which, if it be allowed for one instant to break through the wretched cant of the drawing-room, I will quote,—

> Woman is the lesser man, and all thy thoughts are matched with mine,
> As moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.

How a man, once sincere enough to pen that couplet, could have had the heart to put forth such torrents of false, sickly stuff representing woman as a fair tissue of floating langours too subtly-sweet for languishing knights to worship, is beyond all comprehension. In a number of the minor—in point of length—Tennysonian poems, you have a woman reclining in a window-niche on a sofa, one third maiden, one-third statue, and one-third dream. The man is entranced, a voluble stream of plaintive rose-water and syrups, apparently sprawling about on the carpet, a true carpet-knight, enamoured of the dust. Servant-girls read worse stuff than this in cheap illustrations.

They expect worshippers in the smart young fellows who each of them 'takes his gal' to the music-hall. The music-hall songs are full of hypocritical gushing adoration, rising, like stupefying incense, up to the weaker vessel. The girl marries, and the woman is beaten. Then the press cry out. But the harm began in effeminate 'poetry' and music-hall songs. I can answer for the truth of the following facts: Lover No. 1, instead of leading his lady to the hymeneal altar, puts her head under the domestic grate; Lover No 2 is head over ears in love, and he pushes his intended till she is over head and ears in a canal; Lover No 3 burns, as to his bosom, with the charms of his mistress, and she burns, as to her back, with the vitriol of her lord.

Well, what are we to say for our festive selves as a whole?

The smallest web-footed bird known—the stormy petrel—is a paradox in feathers. It must be a diabolical bird, or why should the sailors call it 'the devil's witch?' It must be a human bird, or why did Captain Carteret's crew dub it Mother Carey's Chichen, Mother Carey being a notoriously tempestuous hag. It must be a sacred bird, or why is it named petrel—the paddler who chips yeasty flakes crisply off the crest of the waves with his wings, as did the Apostle Saint Peter with his feet? The stormy Englishman on the other hand is a paradox in flesh. The biped is human—witness the massive harmony of his frame; diabolical—witness the infernal stupidity of his amusements; sacred—witness his kinship to Shakspeare—

> Oh! what a falling off was there.

Then the monks of old set life to music. The monk jovial revelled in the delights of Bolton Abbey. The monk learned was the shield of erudition against Goths and Vandals. The monk spiritual enjoyed tenderly beautiful choral services. What are these things to my festive countrymen?

Shakespeare and the Epicurean Stoicism, if the oxymoron may be permitted of life monastic, are nothing. The extreme ecstasies are departed. The stage is no more: the cloister is dead. What my festive countrymen relish is a musical hall, one nigger licking another nigger's head, a bold lady twirling like a pink and white teetotum, an acrobat twisting his smarting boys, a juggler teasing his nose with a knife, a clown yelling like an idiot, a vocalist gushing like a treble-voiced costermonger, a 'swell' dressed in yellow trousers and blue coat and hat knowingly on one side, a simpleton with plenty of 'dash' and 'go' and babyish rant about champagne. Character may be told by amusements—nic-nacs, anything. Take the pictorial pocket-handkerchief which the frequenter of a music-hall flourishes so ostentatiously. Delineating, for instance, the handsome features of Traupmann, it may be said to allegorise the plausible exterior which is nowadays so easily assumed by vice. Representing an Amazon, bestriding a war-horse, it satirises the martial and other possibly unwomanly aspirations of the gentle sex. Pourtraying the familiar features of Dickens, it illustrates the unprecedented, unbounded popularity of fiction. Embodying the scenery of Alsace and Lorraine—the very place for a broken head or a bleeding nose—it rendered it impossible for the Prussians, in the supreme moment of their triumphant annexation, to flatter themselves that they were not to be sneezed at. Indeed, judging by the sale of these graceful triumphs of art, many a Frenchman has turned up his nose at the domains which have been wrenched from his country. The historian of the nineteenth century, who we are so often told will include among his most valuable materials the cartoons of *Punch*, will do well not to pass over that ornamental index of passing phases in the relationship of mankind—moral, literary, domestic, and bellicose—the pictorial pocket-handkerchief.

'What I spend in amusements is myself,' said somebody or other; and if he didn't I say it. Know a man by the pictures on his pocket-handkerchief and by his use of his pocket money. Judged by this standard, we Englishmen may well hang down our heads. We are 'a bad lot:' we really don't know what to do with ourselves; we care for nothing more etherial than juicy beefsteaks and buxom wives. We have supplied the poet of the world, and on dear, gentle, loving Will Shakespeare's neck hangs the incubus of our proseness, our ponderous excess, our religion which shoves up the cross among the heathen,

pressed hard by the cotton-bale, our fog of brain—because of Shakespeare we won't be considered dull fellows. Nevertheless our amusements do not refresh, our amusements do not edify, our amusements do not even amuse. They neither soothe the soul, ease the mind, nor rest the body. They exercise nothing but the resources of ingenuity and lust. They appeal to no ennobling taste. In one word, they *pander*. They pander to the fetichism which professes to idolise the sex, but does not in reality give her the respect which is her due. They pander to the wanton love of danger. They pander to the inhuman neglect of the young. They pander to our British self-consciousness. They pander to our British love of material display. They pander to the flood of voluptuousness which Paris has poured into London, the bubbles of frivolity which the Seine has added to the native mud of the Thames. They pander to hypocrisy. They are driving us to a worse than pagan debauchery, without the almost ideal gracefulness of Greek refinement, without the almost perfect force of Greek intellect. We have produced some men. Shakespeare was not an idiot; Turner was not a Philistine; Nelson was not a coward. Nevertheless, we cannot—the bulk of us cannot—afford to be judged by our amusements. Our amusements as a whole find us, with all our civilisation, uncivil; with all our poetry, unsusceptible; with all our art, unelevated; with all our science, inquisitive; with all our statesmanship, unguided; with all our education, uninstructed; with all our chivalry, ungallant; with all our humanity, unfeeling; with all our religion, unconscientious, unmanly, and untrue.

Marble Life.

All who have the honour of Aunt Mary's acquaintance must have seen her twin handmaids, the dwarfs Maxsy and Paxsy; and perhaps others beside myself have wondered where she found them, and what induced her to take them into her service. My curiosity was satisfied last week when I was staying with my Aunt. I give the tale in her own words.

In the year 18—— (says Aunt Mary) I was travelling in Switzerland. It was a fine autumn, and every hotel and pension was crowded. At Interlacken I with some difficulty obtained a small room at Ober's, and in the evening, as was my custom, I repaired to the *salon*, where I anticipated some amusement in making observations on the company.

I was not long in singling out an English lady, whose appearance inspired me with unusual interest and curiosity. It would have been hard to conjecture her age; for while her face and complexion were those of a young woman, her face wore a look which is only acquired with years. It was a face that told of deep suffering, but of what nature I failed, with all my skill, to divine. The eyes were large, deep set, and brilliant when she spoke; but the dark circles around them, the worn, weary lids, and the look of inexpressible sadness in repose, might have belonged to one who had lived through years of trouble. There were lines of pain about the quiet mouth, but it was not from these that I drew my conclusions of peculiar suffering. Alas! such lines are common enough in womanhood. It was from the fixed stony setting of that mouth, nay, of the whole face, that I argued; and if the sorrow had been violent, it was plain, too, that it had been long. A burden of anguish—hopelessly, silently endured—had been that woman's portion. My heart ached for her, and I moved nearer to her in hopes of beginning an acquaintance. My advances were gently and civilly received, but her reserve was unconquerable. Clearly it was a case in which I had no concern. It was one, the mystery of which I should never fathom, though the memory of it would cling to me

through life, in that mysterious way in which memories of some strangers do remain by us, without apparent reason.

I was, however, mistaken. I was to have more to do with Mademoiselle Ellé than I imagined. She was an artist, and was staying at Ober's to avail herself the patronage of the crowd of visitors. Her talent was of a high order, and her time fully occupied. It chanced, however, that a grand fête at Lucerne emptied the hotels at Interlacken for a full week. Mademoiselle Ellé availed herself of the time to work up some of her pictures, and my interest in her induced me likewise to remain.

The very day the other guests departed, Mademoiselle Ellé had an attack of fever; and on Madam Ober consulting me about her, I seized the opportunity I had so long desired, and installed myself as nurse, doctor, friend. I had the double reward of seeing her restored to health, and of gaining some of that love which my heart told me was well worth the winning. There was no vehemence of protestation, no wordy gratitude, and, alas, no relaxation of reserve; but her eyes were lifted to mine with a look which spoke volumes, and she constantly sought my society.

Days passed, and the company returned. Guests arrived and departed, and still we lingered on at Pension Ober. Mademoiselle Ellé had many orders, and I would not leave her.

One day I found her in the *salon* in her usual seat, which commanded alike a good view from the window and of the apartment. She had been even more than usually silent all day; and now, as I tried to draw her into conversation, her answers were monosyllabic, and her face was rigid in its stonelike gravity. Once or twice she crossed the room, and I remarked that a certain peculiarity, always visible in her movements, was more than ever apparent. She was very graceful, and her figure statuesque in repose. In motion it was strangely suggestive of animated marble, and each gesture appeared mechanical in spite of its grace. On this day I fancied that she moved with difficulty, and I wondered if she had ever been threatened with paralysis.

At this moment my attention was diverted by an arrival, and in a few minutes Monsieur Ober entered the room with a fat, fair, mild man; certainly the most harmless-looking individual I had ever seen. I looked at him with the passing interest one feels in a new face. I noticed his flabby features, void of expression, his very small light-blue eyes, and I turned to address an observation to Mademoiselle Ellé. She was gone. I rose to join her, and as I crossed the room I could not help noticing that the fair, fat man gazed at me with undisguised admiration. He started forward to open the door with alacrity. I bowed and passed on.

My friend was in her room, but not at work. Her face, always pale, was now deadly white. She was lying down, and pleaded a violent headache, but seemed pleased when I offered to remain with her, and to order tea in her room instead of joining the *table d'hôte*. She questioned me most minutely about the party I had left below. 'Who was there? What was everyone doing?' It struck me as odd, being so foreign to her usual indifference; and as I named each name I watched her face narrowly. Perhaps, after all, I had mistaken her tale, and the mystery was one, sad enough truly, yet, alas, the reverse of uncommon. It might be a tale of love after all.

But, no! Not a muscle of her countenance changed as I uttered each name. She did not join in my merriment when I described the eager look of stupid admiration with which the fair, fat man regarded me. But that was not odd, for she seldom laughed. When I ceased speaking, she turned away her head and said she would rest.

And now, to make my story clear, I must remark that at this time I was myself a young woman, and, though no beauty, I was tall, somewhat stately, and possessed of by no means a bad figure. My hand and arm and the fall of my shoulders were remarkably good. In the sequel it will be plain that these apparently vain remarks are necessary to my tale. My attractions had never subjected me to inconvenient admiration, and I had, even at this early period of my life, travelled much under the escort of my faithful Mobville, and had never had cause to regret my independence. I was now, however, half annoyed and wholly amused by the evident admiration with which I was regarded by Herr Baülein, the fair, fat man—admiration most respectful, but most pertinacious. I did not like it. When I was actually out on my travels to admire, observe, and assist others, it did not suit me to find that in my turn I was the object of such marked attention. I endured it as well as I could for the sake of my friend, who was again confined to her room by an attack of fever. It was evident that she was very delicate. I told her I thought her unfit for her profession. She agreed, calmly adding that she did not think she should need it long.

It was the first approach to confidence. I hailed it eagerly, and replied that I hoped she had happier prospects. I foolishly spoiled all by adding an invitation to her to come home with me at once.

'Then you are going home,' said she, speaking more eagerly than usual, and utterly ignoring the first part of my speech; 'You had not told me that.'

'Because I did not know it myself. In fact until this morning I had thought of Rome. But Herr Baülein has invited me so earnestly to visit his studio there that I hesitate. I do not like that man.'

She gazed at me intently. Twice she began to speak, twice she stopped. I was struck by her manner. I had repeatedly tried to cheer her solitude by accounts of what passed below, and my wit had not spared my German admirer; but the consciousness that I endured him for her sake alone had hitherto prevented me from expressing my dislike to the man. I now instinctively felt that I had touched the hidden cause of her sorrow, and I somewhat ruthlessly continued to play upon it. I dwelt upon Herr Baülein's attentions, and I ended by a laughing assertion that sooner or later I should certainly find myself in his studio. Her agitation increased; and at length, suddenly seizing my hand, she exclaimed, 'It must never, never be! I must tell you all. I must save you from a like fate—a fate so horrible—so unspeakably awful that—but you will not believe—you will not, you cannot.' Her voice changed, her agitation was extreme, and I had some difficulty in calming her. Not another word would she utter until I had looked up and down the passage and ascertained that the rooms near us were empty.

Then she began her wonderful tale. I give it with the additional lights thrown upon it by after events.

Her real name was Elizabeth Archdale, and her parents, people of good family but small fortune, died when she was but six years old. She was adopted by her father's elder brother, Mr. Archdale, of Courtlands, whose wife received her as a daughter. Her days passed happily. She was one of those grave, quiet children, who almost in babyhood become companions to those who have the care of them. She never cared to romp or play with others of her age. She was happiest when allowed to wait upon her uncle and aunt, who were both invalids. Mrs. Archdale was a real sufferer, and her husband, by dint of fancying himself very delicate, had become enough so to be much considered. He was many years older than his wife, whose devotion to him was great, and who trained his niece to consider his comfort and happiness the first object in life. He was an old-fashioned gentleman, shy and nervous, of mild, courteous manners and artistic tastes; a great collector of pictures and statues. The little Elizabeth's talent in drawing raised her in her uncle's estimation even more than her attention to his fancies. The life they led was one of utter seclusion, excepting on rare occasions when visitors connected with the fine arts appeared at Courtlands. Very early Lizzy became a person of importance in her new home. Very early she learnt to manage the household, first under her aunt's eye and latterly by herself. There were but three children, twin boys and a girl, all born some years after Lizzy's arrival; and they soon looked up to her more than to their mother, who was entirely confined to her room for some years before her death.

They were gentle, loveable people, these Archdales of Courtlands, and Lizzy's tears fell fast as she dwelt on her aunt's sweetness and patience, and on the beautiful simplicity of her uncle's character, before trial and suffering had rendered him irritable.

Lizzy was fifteen when her aunt died; and at an age when most girls are enjoying all the privileges of childhood, she had to bear the whole burden of a household, which included the many cares of a nursery and the charge of a feeble old man; for Mr. Archdale, entirely broken down by the loss of his wife, now depended for every comfort upon his orphan niece. Fortunately for Lizzy she was tall and womanly for her years, and her quiet manner commanded a measure of respect and obedience seldom accorded to one of her age. For three years she held her responsible situation undisturbed, and so well did she perform her part that not only was the household one of the best ordered in the county, but the children flourished as under a mother's eye, and Mr. Archdale himself grew younger in his ways, and even lost some of the shyness which had for so long been an obstacle to his intercourse with his neighbours.

Every house would have been open to the quiet dignified maiden who so well filled a situation so trying; and while, out of consideration for her uncle she declined general society, he, by her influence broke through his habits of entire seclusion, and a few visitors now enlivened the routine of their lives.

One of their new friends was not long in perceiving Lizzy's worth. Mr. Sempton, the son of a near neighbour, was afflicted with a step-mother who did not tend to promote the harmony of his home. The contrast between that home and Courtlands first attracted him to Elizabeth, and he soon became much attached to her. His affection was returned. Anyone but Mr. Archdale would have seen what was going on; but he was one of those men who are blind to what passes in their own world, and he had no suspicions. Lizzy was at this time very happy. She felt that she was loved. She was satisfied with the present, and did not look forward to the painful choice that lay hidden in the future; the alternative of sacrificing her own happiness and that of one most dear to her, or of deserting the uncle who had sheltered her childhood—the household which depended upon her so entirely.

About a year after the commencement of Mr. Sempton's attachment, another interest was added to the many which occupied Lizzy's time and thoughts. A letter from the sick-bed of an old friend struck terror to Mr. Archdale's feeble mind. It was written in great distress, and contained an entreaty that Mr. Archdale would come to the assistance of the writer who was dying in poverty, and with no

attendant but his only child, a girl of thirteen, who at his death must be destitute. 'What shall I do my dear' asked poor Mr. Archdale, as, with trembling hands, he placed the letter before Lizzy, anxiously watching her face.

Lizzy could not doubt. She and her uncle must start at once. A narrow winding staircase, dirty and broken, led to a still more dirty room. As they entered they heard sounds of passionate crying. Lizzy hastened forward. A child was sitting on the floor in an agony of grief. Without pausing to look round Lizzy sat down by her, and, in spite of rags and dirt, attempted to raise her up and comfort her—but in vain.

'Lizzy!' said her uncle. And his voice was so strange that she started to her feet.

He was pointing to the bed, on which lay crouched a human form.

'That's Papa,' sobbed the child, 'and he won't wake; and I am so hungry, so hungry. Oh! Papa, Papa.'

A feeling of faintness came over Lizzy. For once her uncle looked to her in vain. The child gathered herself up from the floor, and, still sobbing, crept on tiptoe to her father's side.

'See,' said she, 'he sleeps so very, very soundly.'

She gently moved the sheet from the poor face.

He was dead.

It was long before Mr. Archdale recovered from this shock. At first he could hardly endure the sight of the little Rosalie, and Lizzy regretted that she had persuaded him to take the child home. Once she proposed sending her to school, but the fit of nervous excitement into which her uncle was thrown by the mere proposal rendered all repetition of it impossible. It was even more trying to him to talk of her than to see her. To the latter necessity he became by degrees accustomed, but before this desirable state of things was established poor Lizzy had much to endure. Indeed, Mr. Archdale's health failed more than ever from this time, and his nervous irritability was a great trial to those about him. To visitors and strangers he was still most courteous; but his children and servants, and above all his devoted niece, had no easy life with him.

How Lizzy lived through it, maintaining her own cheerfulness, making everybody happy, and soothing the querulous temper of her uncle, it would be hard to tell. Mr. Sempton's devotion was, no doubt, a rich source of happiness to her, though even that was not without alloy; for as each day made his feelings more evident, so each day was teaching her how essential was her presence at Courtlands. She was beginning to realise the incompatibility of the two claims.

Rosalie proved a weighty charge. She might have been taken for

a child of ten from her appearance. She gave promise of singular beauty, but her bursts of passion amounted almost to insanity, while her love of power was only exceeded by her spirit of self-indulgence. She rapidly acquired wonderful influence over the three children, nor was it often exerted for good. At her age she might have been a help and companion for Lizzy, but it was far otherwise. She cared for nobody but her dead father, Mr. Archdale, and herself. To the memory of the former she clung with a tenderness which was the most hopeful trait of her character. Her devotion to Mr. Archdale only increased the difficulties of Lizzy's task, especially as towards Lizzy herself there was a marked aversion. Rosalie would have served her benefactor as devotedly as she had served her father, but she wanted to have him all to herself. Entirely oblivious of the large share Lizzy had taken in rescuing her from destitution, she appeared, strangely enough, to look upon her as the intruder and as a rival. Lizzy felt that it would be cruel and injudicious to repress any feeling of affection in such a character, and she would willingly have made way for the impulsive girl, but there were dark hours when the very sound of Rosalie's voice seemed more than Mr. Archdale could bear. At those times, after pacifying him and endeavouring to make her own peace with Rosalie, Lizzy could not but think sadly of the future. It was more than ever impossible to desert her post. She could, at least, exercise some control, and she trembled to think what might be Rosalie's fate should that control be withdrawn.

And now two more actors are to be introduced on the scene—Herr Baülein and a Miss Palgrave.

About a year after Rosalie's arrival the estate bordering on Courtlands was let. Chadport Park had been uninhabited for years. It was now taken by a foreigner, who proved a valuable neighbour to Mr. Archdale. Their tastes were the same, and Lizzie was grateful to the new-comer for the service he rendered her uncle by his interest in all that Mr. Archdale held most dear. Herr Baülein was himself a collector, and his visits were frequent. The Courtland gallery was a mine of wealth to all lovers of art.

For some time the foreigner afforded real relief to Lizzy by occupying and amusing her uncle; but ere long a vague uneasiness crept into her mind, and before many months her misgivings assumed a decided form. She could not fail to perceive that Herr Baülein was acquiring an influence which not only exceeded her own, but was systematically though cautiously opposed to her. In countless matters, at first trivial, but of increasing importance, she found herself set aside, her advice disregarded, her very orders countermanded. For long she tried to persuade herself that she was mistaken, but the evil became

too plain, and yet it was so cleverly done that she knew not how to complain. True, her uncle relapsed into his former timidity, and lost much of the small amount of self-dependence which she had so carefully fostered. Nay, more: she more than once detected a look of fear on his face. But then he was far less irritable, and, though daily growing more to depend upon Herr Baülein, was at times far happier than he had appeared since the death of his wife. It was strange; it was inexplicable; it was irritating. What possible motive could the man have? He was rich; he was a gentleman. It was impossible to suppose that he had any designs on her uncle's wealth. She could only resolve to keep her eye open, and, as far as in her lay, to counteract the evil. Ere long she imagined that she could divine his motive. He appeared to entertain a decided admiration for her. His manner was most respectful, and his attentions quiet and unobtrusive. But she could not be mistaken. He regarded her with unmistakeable interest. She drew from this the conclusion that his object was to detach his uncle from his excessive dependence upon her, and to supply her place in such a manner as to prepare Mr. Archdale to listen favourably to his proposals. No other interpretation of his conduct appeared possible.

One morning Lizzy had been more than usually annoyed.

Her uncle informed her, with some trepidation, 'that he intended to leave home for two nights, and that he would not trouble her to accompany him. He was going to stay with his good friend, Herr Baülein.' Never before had he imagined it possible to go anywhere without Lizzy. Such an event had not occurred before in all the years of her life at Courtlands, and now he was going off with a man who, a few months before, had been a total stranger to him. He was only going to Chadport Park, it is true, but even that was a step without precedent. The invitation had been given and accepted without consulting her. She knew her uncle too well to complain, and was striving to answer him without allowing her vexation to appear, when Herr Baülein entered the room. He was most polite, too polite. He 'hoped she would trust him with her precious charge —every care should be taken, &c., &c.' But Lizzy saw them drive off with feelings of unmixed apprehension. She knew not what she dreaded, but she had a strong presentiment tha tsome evil was at hand.

The visit, however, passed off well, and she had the pleasure of welcoming her uncle once more in his own library. He returned alone, too, to her great relief. After the usual greetings and enquiries Lizzy perceived that he had something on his mind. He bent over the fragrant wood fire and slowly rubbed his white hands over one another, as was his habit in any perplexity.

Lizzy waited. She knew the difficulty would come out. His first words put all her conjectures to flight.

'My dear,' said he, looking toward her, but not at her, 'I fear you are over-exerting yourself. Yes, you certainly do look pale and worn, though I had not observed it. We must think of some way of lessening your cares.'

'My dear uncle!' exclaimed Lizzy, in great surprise, 'I am perfectly well; I never was better in my life. When you are well and contented, I have no cares.'

'Oh, my dear, it is all very well for you to say that; I know better. It is not human nature, my dear; it is not human nature. No young girl can like to lead the life you lead, chained to such a poor log as I am, and teased to death by those tiresome children. No, no; something must be done, my dear, something must be done to make your life free and happy.'

'My dear, dear uncle, who has been putting this into your head?' exclaimed Lizzy, for once losing her composure in indignation, as she knelt by his chair and gazed on the perplexed expression of his features. 'You must not send me away, Uncle James; indeed, indeed you must not; then truly I should be wretched.'

'Hush, hush! my dear. You are too vehement; you tire me, my love; you overpower me. What was I saying? Oh, my poor head, my poor head.'

He looked about him in a scared manner which pained her very heart.

'My love, we really must settle about it soon. There will be a room to get ready and many things to see to, and she might come, you know.'

Lizzy started up.

'She! My dear uncle, who can you—what do you—mean?'

In a moment she regretted her want of self-command, for his agitation increased.

'My dear, you pain me, you worry me; you are so hasty. If you hurry me in this manner I shall never be able to tell you what I have determined upon.'

This was true enough. That Mr. Archdale should have arrived at any determination by himself was impossible; but, at all events, he must make the communication in his own way. He went on—'What was I saying, my love? oh!—about this governess. Yes, my dear, you are so young, and inexperienced, you know, though you manage very well—very well indeed. I have no fault to find, only of course you are young, you know, and all that, and it takes up your time, and is a dull life for you. And that unhappy girl and her dread-

ful temper. You will excuse me, my dear, but you cannot manage her, so I have arranged for Miss Palgrave to come at once.'

He paused and looked at her with mingled feelings of fear and the triumph of a weak mind asserting for once its own rights in the presence of its master. For some minutes Lizzy could not reply. It was pain to hear such words from her uncle's lips. She, so long his counsellor, his guide, now 'too young—too inexperienced!'

'You know, my dear, you cannot judge as well as I can on these matters, but I assure you everybody is sorry to see you wearing yourself out. Herr Baülein thinks it quite sad; he highly recommends Miss Palgrave.'

Lizzy flushed crimson at the insult. For the moment, however, her only object must be to soothe her uncle, who, too glad to find his disagreeable communication so quietly received, was able not only to relapse into his usual dependence upon her, but to indulge the inclination of fancying himself quite overcome by the exertions he had made, and to allow her to make much of him for the rest of the day.

It might have been worse. It was a relief to hear that the schoolroom department was still to be under her control. The governess was not to be independent of her, far less to be in any way set over her, as she at one moment feared; in fact, the ostensible object was one with which it was impossible to find fault. It was to give her more time for society and for herself, more time, as she told herself, to watch the machinations of Herr Baülein. It was an arrangement which she might even welcome with satisfaction. But Miss Palgrave came 'highly recommended by Herr Baülein.' What might not this imply?

Decidedly Lizzy was not ready to be favourably impressed with the object of such a recommendation, yet her first impressions were favourable. Miss Palgrave was very small, extraordinarily neat, and of a perfectly white complexion. Not one tinge of colour relieved the deadly white of her face. Her eyes were large and prominent, but of a very light blue, and so transparent that one almost fancied one must see through them. Hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were of one uniform colour, betraying a highly nervous temperament. Her *tout ensemble* was perfectly insignificant. The nose crooked, the teeth bad and uneven, the mouth but one thin line. Such a mouth should have told of bad temper, yet no symptom of this appeared, and Lizzy chose to regard those thin, firmly-set lips as indicative rather of patient endurance of a sad, joyless life. Miss Palgrave's manners were gentle and quiet as Lizzy's own, and so unassuming as to dissipate all prejudice. Of Herr Baülein she knew little or nothing. He had only heard of her through friends, and she had never even seen him.

Lizzy was quite satisfied when she saw the careless bow he bestowed upon his supposed *protegée* when he was introduced to her in the drawing-room at Courtlands. For the rest Miss Palgrave proved a failure. She was a nonentity. Her one strong point was a growing attachment to Lizzy herself. She failed to interest the children, and the faults which, during Miss Archdale's reign, had been kept well in hand, soon became beyond control. Mary was always in tears, the twins in disgrace. Basil was allowed to domineer over Arthur, and Arthur's timidity took the form of slyness. Rosalie's battles with those in authority were of daily occurrence, and confusion reigned in the hitherto quiet schoolroom. Lizzy soon found that, far from affording her relief, Miss Palgrave only added to her cares. Lessons once over, the governess's first object appeared to be so to dispose of the children as to be herself at liberty to devote herself to her dear Miss Archdale, an attention which her dear Miss Archdale by no means appreciated, although too good-natured to forbid it. There was a mysterious power in those large, light, unflinching eyes which made Lizzy exceedingly uncomfortable at first. It was really annoying, the way their owner would sometimes fix them upon her. Sometimes Lizzy believed her to be occupied with a book, but looking up suddenly would find those eyes fixed upon her face. She grew accustomed to it ere long, however, and one day laughingly declared that it was very soothing, and that she really believed Miss Palgrave could put her to sleep by looking at her. Mr. Archdale himself had conceived an unconquerable aversion to the quiet governess, and as schoolroom matters grew rather worse than better, Lizzy at length ventured to suggest to him that they should part with her. As formerly, with regard to Rosalie, his agitation amounted to anger, and she dared not again broach the subject. It was some comfort to see that the dislike to Miss Palgrave which Rosalie shared with him had the one good effect of overcoming the dislike he had entertained for Rosalie. She was occasionally allowed to wait upon him, though the attendance usually terminated in an increase of irritability on one side, and a passion of tears on the other.

Lizzy's only comfort was George Sempton's decided though still undeclared attachment. In this Miss Palgrave evinced a vivid sympathy, far more than Lizzy required. She did not want anybody to watch about and tell her that he was coming down the path, nor did she at all wish him to be so constantly informed of her daily plans. Miss Palgrave was eager on no other subject, and Lizzy felt herself obliged to give a quiet hint, that neither she nor Mr. Sempton required any assistance in their respective duties of hostess and guest.

About this time Lizzy first became conscious that her health was not as good at it had been. She was attacked by the most violent headaches, followed by an overpowering langour and great depression of spirits. She could not keep herself from a morbid brooding over the daily troubles and the future cares which might be in store for her and for those she loved. Should she die, what would become of them? Her position was a strange one; for she considered, with bitter pain, that, though to one and all her presence seemed essential, yet she had failed to keep or to win the love of those who most needed her. Her uncle's irritability with her increased, though he was constantly sending for her, and in spite of all Herr Baülein's efforts could never be long without her. Rosalie hated her, and yet after every quarrel with others would rush to her for redress and sympathy, and moreover depended upon her in a way ridiculous in a girl of her age.

When matters were at their worst Herr Baülein stood her friend. He asked her if the new governess suited her, and, reluctant as she was to confide in him, she was drawn into a confession that though she liked Miss Palgrave personally she did not consider her fit for her task.

Next day she surprised Herr Baülein in the shrubbery, in close conversation with Miss Palgrave, who immediately retreated; her handkerchief to her eyes. The German advanced to explain and apologise.

'I have been sitting with your uncle,' said he, 'and, meeting Miss Palgrave, was not sorry to have a word with her. Having been the means of introducing her to the family, I could not endure to see her adding to your cares instead of lightening them. I have ventured to speak a word to her as a friend, advising her to follow more closely your admirable method with the children. She seems a well meaning person, and ardently attached to you. I hope I have not taken a liberty.'

Lizzy considered that he had, and she answered him as coldly as civility would allow. After this, however, there was decided improvement in the schoolroom, and she thought it much to Miss Palgrave's credit that she should so meekly act upon a reproof from a stranger. It was more than Lizzy herself could have done.

One day Lizzy had an unusually violent attack of headache. She was creeping to her room, utterly unable to keep up any longer, when she encountered Miss Palgrave, who insisted upon following her, showing her every kind attention, and at last sitting by her to stroke her head. It was wonderful what relief this afforded. It seemed to draw out the pain, which ere long yielded to a pleasant drowsiness, and in a quarter of an hour she was asleep.

How long she slept she knew not, but she was roused by something cold and wet falling on her ear. She instinctively raised her hand, but it was arrested, and, half opening her eyes, she saw Miss Palgrave bending over her. Then the heavy drowsiness overpowered her again, and she saw no more till after a long sleep she woke to find the evening far advanced, a bright fire, and a cup of tea awaiting her, while her kind nurse was seated at a distance, apparently putting her eyes out over a book. Lizzy watched her for some minutes. So quiet, so motionless was the form, so unmoved the features, that a vague fear stole over her, and she was glad when Miss Palgrave, perceiving that she was awake, arose and came forward.

'Have you really watched me all this time?' exclaimed Lizzy. 'It was very ungrateful of me to feel half afraid of you, as I really did just now. I fancied you were a spirit keeping me down by the power of your will, and that I could not speak till you moved.'

Miss Palgrave was making up the fire. Her face was turned away, and she made no reply.

Lizzy now remembered what she imagined to have been her dream, and she related it.

'It was very vivid,' said she; 'I could have been positive that I saw you.'

'You did,' said Miss Palgrave, still at the fire. 'A fly settled on your ear, and I brushed it off.'

'But my ear really is wet,' exclaimed Lizzy in surprise, as she touched it, and sought her handkerchief. Miss Palgrave turned hastily and forestalled her by passing her own gloved hand over the ear.

'Indeed, you are mistaken, Miss Archdale; I think you are dreaming still.'

Lizzy was still too drowsy to argue. She accepted the tea which Miss Palgrave handed to her, and as she took it, she remarked a high colour on the usually white face.

'You have been burning yourself in my service,' said she reproachfully.

Miss Palgrave looked vexed, and made an indistinct reply.

That night Lizzy had a violent pain in one finger. It continued to increase all the next day, and the doctor pronounced it to be a whitlow. 'A very strange whitlow,' said the old family nurse, with many expressions of contempt for the young doctor. There was no gathering, but the finger was cold and hard as stone. Miss Palgrave's affection was never more evident. She was intensely anxious, almost tiresome, in her solicitude, and timidly suggested a remedy she had met with abroad. She happened to have some of the lotion with her,

and it certainly not only subdued the pain, but restored the finger to a natural state.

The attacks of headache were now still more frequent, and it became a habit for Miss Palgrave to nurse her through them. She was an excellent nurse, so gentle and quiet that Lizzy was hardly conscious of her presence.

'You must possess wonderful mesmeric powers,' said Lizzy one day. I really believe you send me to sleep with a touch of your hand.'

Miss Palgrave looked extremely vexed.

'Miss Archdale, will you be so kind as to promise me never again to allude to such a subject? I know you do not wish to vex me, but I have been brought up in such a horror of mesmerism that it vexes me to have the power attributed to me even in jest. I dare say it is weak, but I cannot help it. Your sleep is but the natural result of exhaustion after excessive pain.'

'Only, that it comes on now with the pain—and, indeed, I always feel half asleep, I believe. However, nothing could be further from my thought, than the wish to vex you. I will never speak of it again.'

That evening the party after dinner consisted of Mr. Archdale, Lizzy, Mr. Sempton, Herr Baülein, Rosalie, and Miss Palgrave.

Lizzy's looks bore evidence of her sufferings during the day, and Mr. Sempton regarded her with anxiety. Rosalie's attention was attracted by his manner, and she abruptly exclaimed with unwonted kindness:

'Cousin Liz! you do look ill. Those headaches are killing you. I declare Miss Palgrave must have given them to you. You never had them before she came.'

Everybody appeared disconcerted. Mr. Archdale disliked to hear of any illness but his own; Mr. Sempton was vexed, and Lizzy herself looking up suddenly was absolutely appalled at a glance which she intercepted between Herr Baülien and Miss Palgrave. The face of the former was almost distorted with terror; Miss Palgrave's features, on the contrary, wore a look of defiance, as for half a moment her eyes met his.

Both faces resumed their usual expression in the space of a second, but Lizzy had seen enough to alarm her. Of one thing she felt from that moment certain Miss Palgrave and Herr Baülein had not met for the first time at Courtlands.

While this was passing through her mind the conversation turned on various matters, and Mr. Sempton took up the *Times* to read an article at Mr. Archdale's request. He was in the act of laying the paper aside when his attention was caught by the heading—'Another

Mysterious Disappearance;' and she remarked that more than one paper had lately contained leading articles on the subject.

'It is quite extraordinary,' said he, 'how, with our excellent police, and with every advantage of rapid communication, people are yet spirited away from among us.'

'Rather say, people spirit themselves away,' said Herr Baülein, almost rudely; and he called several instances to support his correction.

Mr. Sempton had well authenticated tales to produce on the other side, and the argument continued with spirit.

After events indelibly impressed the conversation on Lizzy's memory. She remembered how unusually eager Herr Baülien appeared, and that Mr. Sempton asserted that a growing feeling of uneasiness on the subject existed throughout the country. He reminded them of more than one instance of recent occurrence, of the total and sudden disappearance of the young, the happy, the beautiful from the society of their own and neighbouring counties.

'Should this continue,' said he, 'there must come, ere long, a fearful day of reckoning; England is the country of freedom.'

Again Lizzy caught a rapid glance between the German and the governess; but this time the expressions were changed. Fear sat on Miss Palgrave's face, while Herr Baülein's features wore a look of angry defiance. Lizzy was beyond measure perplexed.

From this time she knew no peace, nor was her distress the less from the impossibility of forming any idea of the nature of the danger. She felt with pain that the welfare of others was in her hand; yet she knew not how to act; her drowsiness and languor increased, and it was vain to struggle against them; her head became confused, and a decision of any kind seemed impossible; but for this she might have found means to rid herself of Miss Palgrave, whom she now thoroughly distrusted, and whose apparent attachment to her redoubled.

Alas! the time for action was short, although Lizzy knew it not. Twice only was she roused from her lethargy before the crisis came.

In the drawing-room stood a small table, covered with miniatures. Coming suddenly into the room, Lizzy surprised Miss Palgrave on her knees at this table; George Sempton's picture was in her hand. She was gazing on it intently, her whole face transformed, while she murmured words which could only be applied to one most dearly loved.

Lizzy stood still from astonishment, until she saw Miss Palgrave raise the picture to her lips. Then she started forward, snatched the miniature from the girl's hands, and stood confronting her.

For one moment miss Palgrave's face assumed a look of terror; she dropped on her knees; for that moment Lizzy's brain was perfectly clear; all langour and confusion had vanished.

'I love him, I love him!' exclaimed the governess. 'What is your love to mine? Tame, cold, heartless as you are, what would it cost you to give up to me this one hope of happiness—you—rich—powerful——'

She stopped suddenly, rose from her knees, and rapidly passed her hand before Lizzy's eyes. The deadly torpor once more reasserted its sway, and Lizzy dropped senseless into the nearest chair.

When she came to herself she was no longer in the drawing-room. She was lying on a sofa in the school-room, perfectly rigid and powerless. She could neither speak nor move, and though she felt that she was not alone, she could distinguish no one. More than one figure moved about her. Words, indistinct and unintelligible fell on her ear, but conveyed for some time no meaning to her brain. After a while she fancied she recognised the voices of Herr Baülein and Miss Palgrave; presently she found that she could even repeat to herself all that they were saying, and yet she failed to attach any meaning to the words.

Again she became insensible. Perhaps she slept. At all events she dreamed that she was dead, yet not dead. Dead to all of earth, yet watching over those she loved; watching, not in the spirit but in the body, and yet they knew it not. She was dead—yet not needing burial. She awoke with a start, exclaiming aloud—

'I am dead, dead, dead, but do not want a coffin.'

There was a hasty noise, as of some one leaving the room, and she turned her head just in time to catch a glimpse of Herr Baülein and Miss Palgrave ere they disappeared. At the same moment the room was entered by another door, and the querulous voice of her uncle asked, 'Is anyone here?' There was no answer, for Lizzy was again speechless. Mr. Archibald and Mr. Sempton advanced without seeing her, for the room was dark and crowded with furniture. They came to look at a picture of which they had been talking, for every room at Courtlands was crowded with works of art. They remained for nearly ten minutes, Mr. Sempton standing so near her that she could almost have touched him. They then went out by the other door, without being aware of her presence. While they were in the room, the mist seemed to roll away from her brain. It was strange, however, that while she was unable to understand what they were saying, the words which she had recently heard, as in a dream, came back clearly and distinctly, with the full meaning attached to them.

The man's voice had said, in German, 'It has been badly managed throughout, owing to your confounded weakness for that scamp. I could have done it in half the time alone.'

The woman had replied: 'Then why did you place me here?'

To which the man: 'Because these are the cases which excite the most suspicion, as you well know, and without mesmerism I had no chance. How could I tell that you would be so weak, so mad. What you have done is this. By failing to concentrate your attention, and by yourself submitting to the very influence which counteracts us, you have placed us in the greatest danger. Should Sempton appear at the last moment, your power over her is gone, unless you can stifle your mad love for him. He is master of you both. All her power will return, as they do return in his presence, and with them will come memory. If so, we are lost. We have now but one chance. It must be concluded at once.'

Said the woman: 'Impossible. I have not the power. I am exhausted. Did I not know him to be in town, I could swear that he is in the house. I am powerless.'

'In town? For how long?'

'Three days at least.'

'Then I have it. If he is away she is safe for forty-eight hours at least. Twenty-four hours of perfect change will restore your powers. We will be off to finish the Chester case, which brooks no long delay, and in which I need your help. On our return you must and shall at once conclude this before his disturbing influence comes back to mar the work. You make your own excuse to the old man. I meet you at ——. You are certain about young Sempton?'

'Certain!'

'That is well; adieu!'

'Stay!' said the woman's voice. 'If I do all this for you, if I finish these two diabolical works, then I claim my liberty. I will no longer be worse than a murderess in your hands. I claim my liberty.'

'Your liberty; to return and fling yourself at his feet, knowing that he will scorn you, laugh at you.' . . . .

'My liberty. To return and force him to love me, *as I can*.'

The last words were hissed, rather than spoken, with a terrible emphasis, and they were the last that Lizzy heard.

Mr. Sempton and her uncle had not been gone long before she found herself able to move. Her head ached terribly, but her brain was wonderfully clear. She could think and reason in a way which had been impossible to her for some weeks. What did it all mean? What villany were these people plotting? It was clear that they wished to get her into their power; but what more? Were they going to carry her off? Did they imagine her to be her uncle's heiress? Impossible! She was utterly at a loss; she only knew that she was in very great danger, that the field would be clear for twenty-four hours, and that she must act at once. She pondered on the events of the last few

months. The silent struggle that had been going on between Miss Palgrave and George Sempton, though on his part an unconscious struggle, was now clear as day. His love for her, the thought of which never left her, had unwittingly protected her from all the efforts of her enemy. How could Miss Palgrave gain complete mastery over his will when her whole heart was devoted to another? She could now remember that the days which had been most free from languor and drowsiness had been those on which she had been in his company. Another thing struck her forcibly: Herr Baülein's absence from Chadport had been long and frequent, and, when he was away, she was certain Miss Palgrave's power over her grew less. It seemed as though, in his absence, his agent allowed other thoughts to interfere with that concentration of purpose which was essential to the end in view. Her power over her victim languished as she, too, allowed George Sempton to occupy her attention.

(To be continued).

'Love is Enough.'*

A morality, Mr. Morris calls it; and such is its true description. We are bound to say that we do not expect it to be so wonderfully popular as either the 'Jason' or the 'Paradise.' The people of this time are not of the seriously reflective turn which seems to have been prevalent in the middle ages; and they wouldn't take twenty allegories or moralities for one good story. Now it has been Mr. Morris's lot to tell more good stories than any poet of our day, and he has found a rapid popularity in consequence; having devoted a whole volume to expound what may be a new form of belief to most people, he must not wonder if he find his readers somewhat fewer, but must resolve to weigh them rather by their quality than their quantity.

Not as a story must his new book be judged; nor are there any contemporary books with which it may be compared. What tale there is in it is entirely subordinate to the doctrine, if so we may call it, which the poet would teach. Naturally the contents are divisible into four distinct parts—those taken by the deity Love, by the players, the spectators, and the personages of the morality. Yet these parts are so intertwined with one another that they form one harmonious whole. The story of Pharamond the Freed is enacted before an emperor, an empress, and their folk. This story is broken into fragments by interludes of music and by speeches of Love, who stands outside as interpreter of the play, and yet, with mediæval licence, is allowed at one period to take a share in its action. But spectators, play, players, music, and Love himself have all the same thought to express—the supremacy of Love. Giles and Joan, the peasants, are one pair of lovers; the Emperor and Empress, another pair; Pharamond and Azalais, a

* Love is Enough: a Morality. By William Morris. London: Ellis and White 29, New Bond Street.

third pair; and the actors who represent them, yet a fourth pair. Even the pompous Mayor, who devised the show, was constrained to do so by Love. Pharamond's councillors, it is true, seem to know little of the mighty god, except good Master Oliver, who had lost all his loves but one—his dear sovereign :—

> Too surely meseemeth
> He seeth me not, and knoweth no more
> Me that have loved him. Woe worth the while, Pharamond,
> That men should love aught, love always as I loved.
> Mother and sister and the sweetling that scorned me
> The wind of the autumn-tide over them sweepeth,
> All are departed but this one, the dear one. . . . .

The central figure of the poem is Love—whom Mr. Morris has pourtrayed as an actual existence. But before entering upon an examination of his attributes, it would be well, perhaps, to sketch the course of the story as briefly as may be.

Emperor, Empress and people having assembled, the music begins, of which this is the first theme :—

> LOVE IS ENOUGH : have no thought for to-morrow
> If ye lie down this even in rest from your pain,
> Ye who have paid for your bliss with great sorrow ;
> For as it was once so it shall be again.

Which is enforçed by this beautiful close :—

> Ah, what shall we say then, but that earth threatened often
> Shall live on for ever that such things may be,
> That the dry seed shall quicken, the hard earth shall soften,
> And the spring-bearing birds flutter north o'er the sea,
> That earth's garden may bloom round my love's feet and me.

Majesty then favourably criticises the aspect of the players, who stand before the curtain as the music is sung; and afterwards enter Love, crowned as a king, who prologises :—

> On this day my crown is not of death :
> My fire-tipped arrows and my kindling breath
> Are all the weapons I shall need to-day.

And then the play proper begins.

King Pharamond has become a mystery to his councillors. The warlike monarch who established firmly a powerful kingdom in five years, becomes listless and sad; neglects everything which it was once his delight to cherish :—

Yea, look you, my lords, if a body late dead
In the lips and the cheeks should gain some little colour,
And arise and wend forth with no change in the eyes,
And wander about as if seeking its soul—
Lo, e'en so sad is my lord and my master;
Yea, e'en so far hath his soul drifted from us.

Tried in the hunt, he is like 'King Nimrod carved fair on the back of the high seat;' aboard the Great Dragon—

It scarce had seemed stranger
If from the ship Argo in seemly wise woven
On the guard-chamber hangings, some early grey dawning
Great Jason had cried, and his golden locks wavered;

in the joust he was as 'red Mars in the council-room window'—in the seat of Justice as 'King Minos in marble there carven.' So the councillors and Master Oliver despair; but a certain rough northern lord will take the matter in his own hands, and harshly bespeaks his sovereign:—

Is it false what the chapmen have told us,
And are thy fair robes all thou hast of a king?

But Pharamond has not even strength to persist in his anger against such insolence, and quickly sheathes his drawn sword in meek submission.

Then music breaks in, telling of the strange growth of love:—

It sprang without sowing, it grew without seeding,
Ye knew not its name and ye knew not its measure,
Ye noted it not mid your hope and your pleasure;
There was pain in its blossom, despair in its seeding,
But day-long your bosom now nurseth its treasure.

Love, clad as an image-maker, shows how he has sown in the mind of Pharamond the seeds of love, which have so wrought within him that

Now must he tear the armour from his breast,
And cast aside all things that men deem best,
And single-hearted for his longing strive
That he at last may save his soul alive.

Accordingly in the scene following Pharamond tells his foster-father of the dreams that haunt him ever: such love-sick fancies that Master Oliver cannot believe he is listening to the 'Freed and the Freer, the Wise, the World's Wonder.' The most beautiful passages of the poem are perhaps to be found in these dreams of the king. However Oliver

mislikes them, he fully submits himself to the will of his fosterling, and goes in fine to seek the keel which shall bear them on that quest he thinks so vain.

Of love which may not be bought, now speaks the Music:—

> Wherewith will ye buy it, ye rich who behold me?
> Draw out from your coffers your rest and your laughter,
> And the fair gilded hope of the dawn coming after!
> Nay this I sell not,—though ye bought me and sold me,—
> For your house stored with such things from threshold to rafter—
> —Pass by me, I hearken, and think of you not!

And Love, clad now as a Maker of Pictured Cloth, tells of her whom Pharamond seeks:—

> For her no marvel of the night I make,
> Nor keep my dream-smiths' drowsy heads awake;
> Only about her have I shed a glory
> Whereby she waiteth trembling for a story
> That she shall play in,—and 'tis not begun.

Years have passed since the king fled his realm, and he, with his faithful fosterer, have at length, unknowingly, come to the land of the loved one. Many are the troubles they have safely passed—war, pestilence, famine, slavery, and beggary—as Oliver tells in a most masterly thirty lines, which those who have been wont to accuse Mr. Morris of garrulity had better read with care. Arrived in the yew-wood of which he has dreamt so often, Pharamond falls asleep despairing—in such wise that his comrade cannot but fear it may be the slumber of death which has overcome him.

Here the Music sings of a combat with what seemed to be Love, and of a dear-bought victory, which happily proved but a triumph over a Shadow of the Night, so that yet 'Love lived to seek;' and the song closes in faith:

> With the host of his faithful through sorrow and bliss
> My Lord goeth forth now and claims me for his.

Love appears with a cup of bitter drink, and his hands bloody, and grieves over poor Pharamond's sorrows, though exhorting his faithful ones to believe in the kindness of old days. In the very brief scene which follows, the king, having left the yew-wood, is now on the highway near it, a mist being over all things. Still weaker than before, he lies down, fully believing that his end has come; and Oliver, with but faint hope, seeks a homestead nigh at hand, which he espies as the mist begins to clear.

A triumphant measure now bursts forth :—

> Live on, for Love liveth and earth shall be shaken
> By the wind of his wings on the triumphing morning
> When the dead and their deeds that die not shall awaken,
> And the world's tale shall sound in your trumpet of warning,
> And the sun smite the banner called Scorn of the Scorning,
> And dead pain ye shall trample, dead fruitless desire
> As ye wend to pluck out the new world from the fire.

Love is now clad as a pilgrim, girt for the succour of his faithful servant, and goes forth upon the stage to speak with Pharamond, who, weary as he is, even deems it to be Death who awakens him. But while they talk, lo! Azalais comes, singing on her way the sweetest melodies, of dawn, of morn, of day, of night—strains that Pharamond had known of old in dreams. Azalais discovers the king asleep, and loves his beauty as he lies there. Fearing yet hoping for his waking, she sits by him; yet can she not refrain from touching his hands, from kissing him, and so bringing about that which she dreads. But when he does wake he dispels her fears, and the scene closes with the complete bliss of these two souls at last made one.

Love's sweetness now fills the Music :—

> Ah, what was all dreaming of pleasure anear you
> To the time when his eyes on your wistful eyes turned,
> And ye saw his lips move and his head bend to hear you,
> As new-born and glad to his kindness ye yearned?

Clad still as a pilgrim, Love enters to tell how Pharamond, though fulfilled of all happiness with his love in her own country, yet will return to his kingdom with Oliver to see if his people still remember him. So, in the scene following, the king and his foster-father are home again; where they find themselves utterly forgotten, whilst the new king and his councillor are well-beloved indeed; though Pharamond says :—

> Better counsel in king-choosing might I have given
> Had ye bided my coming back hither, my people;

and it is plain that the councillor Honorius has hardly full trust in the might of his master, for he prays God to

> Send the Gold lords away satisfied
> That the old sword of Pharamond, lying asleep there,
> In the new golden scabbard, will yet bite as aforetime.

Pharamond, however, will not stoop to re-conquer the affections of his ancient people :—

> Shall I, who was king once, grow griping and weary
> In unclosing the clenched fists of niggards who hold them,
> These gifts that I had once, and, having, scarce heeded?

No; in scorn he apostrophises people, king, and councillor—bids them pass on their way undisturbed by him—

> For your dull morrow cometh that is as to-day is;

and he turns back to his love, crying—

> O sweet wind of the summertide, broad moon a-whitening,
> Bear me witness to Love, and the world he has fashioned!
> It shall change, we shall change, as through rain and through sunshine
> The green rod of the rose-bough to blossoming changeth.
> Still lieth in wait with his sweet tale untold of
> Each long year of Love, and the first scarce beginneth
> Wherein I have hearkened to the word God hath whispered
> Why the fair world was fashioned mid wonders uncounted.

Then comes the last and sweetest strain of music—the call of Love to his faithful ones:—

> Cry out, for one heedeth, who leadeth you home!

and the morality is closed by Love, with crown and palm-branch, who mystically declares of whom his kingdom shall be. He addresses the people:

> Have faith, and crave and suffer, and all ye
> The many mansions of my house shall see
> In all content. * * * *
> . . . . Fear not, I say again; believe it true
> That not as men mete shall I measure you.
> * * * * *
> For whatso folly is, or wisdom was,
> Across my threshold naked all must pass.
> Fear not; no vessel to dishonour born
> Is in my house; there all shall well adorn
> The walls whose stones the lapse of Time has laid.
> * * * * *
> Is the house finished? Nay, come help to build
> Walls that the sun of sorrow once did gild
> Through many a bitter morn and hopeless eve,
> That so at last in bliss ye may believe;
> Then rest with me and turn no more to tears,
> For then no more by days and months and years,
> By hours of pain come back, and joy passed o'er,
> We measure time that was—and is no more.

So he ends; and Giles and Joan are sorry to have seen the last of a tale that has pleased them so well. Presently they resolve to bring the player and his wife to spend some time with them at their stead; whilst the Emperor and his consort are so well pleased also that they must bestow gifts upon the players.

Rightly or wrongly, we find neither in Pharamond nor in Azalais any strong human interest; their story concerns not so much themselves individually as the whole body of the servants of Love. They are images by which the peasants, the imperial pair—yea, the player-folk themselves—are taught how the great master works in the world. So that the true central figure of this noble poem is Love; and we might even go so far as to say that in it Mr. Morris has ventured to preach a new gospel. It is rather the enforcement of one branch of the old gospel, however, than the proclamation of a new one. Our own Christian creed is that God is Love; but that Love is not the Love of Mr. Morris. Yet, with that mixture of Christian with Pagan emblems which characterised the mediæval miracle-plays, our poet has endowed the gospel of his Love with many of the doctrines which shine in the Christian gospel, as will be seen by some of our latest quotations. His Love is not, however, the pagan Cupid alone, but a deity fashioned from the experience of lovers in all ages; who is even *now* being fashioned, as is that House of which Love speaks in the play. But is it not so, too, even with our God, the Almighty, and with His house, which is Heaven? Is not our God even now being fashioned in our thoughts? is not our Heaven even now being built by our desires?

It is perhaps well for the artistic beauty of the poem that no higher power than *this* Love should be recognised through the whole course of its story; but to many, and to us amongst them, such a divinity is not 'enough.' The love of soul to soul is the most beautiful and most complete love of which we can know on earth; but when we idealise it into an abstraction, and try to worship it, we find it but a poor divinity. Gleams of the divine brighten it, but these are but reflections from the Great Power who created it. This Love is enough for earthly happiness; but surely we err when we make it the end of our being, nor seek to find in it means whereby we may glorify the Power who has blessed us with it. When we have gained this Love, our highest hope for earth is won: but oh, even in straining it to our bosom and blessing it, we look on to the future—the future which is brighter for that which has brightened the present by bringing to us the surest promise of immortality we can gain. This Love is enough, if we compare it with riches, or fame, or rank; yet it stirs us to seek even these so contemptible things wherewith to celebrate its triumph the more fitly. But though Love is enough for them, it cannot be right and well for two of the children of the universe to shroud themselves in their own happiness, and to take no heed of their brethren and sisters around who need their help, to take no heed of the progress of that family of which they form a part, and whose fate shall

be either better or worse for the separate as well as the collective work of its members.

We must not say that Mr. Morris does not hold such thoughts as these—for the spirit of other of his tales would rise in witness against us. But we are sorry that here, in this exquisitely beautiful work, he has left this earthly Love supreme, has made him no servant of an Almighty Master, but simply Almighty—as indeed we know he is, although in subjection. Saying this, we do not wish to be thought as censuring the poet: this is a matter foreign to art, and only relates to individual feeling upon this question of Love.

The variety of Mr. Morris's work and the originality of each successive book charm and delight us. From the chaste monotone of 'Jason,' classically severe in its refinement from end to end, we passed to the subtly mixed harmonies of the 'Paradise'—each tale in which is a new wonder. Then came 'Grettir,' and we marvelled at its sturdy quaint prose, yet so full of music; and so, too, with the 'Volsunga Saga.' Mr. Morris is no player of a one-stringed harp—but an artist who will seek and find his music wherever men have lived, and loved, and toiled, and died. In this last work, this 'Love is Enough,' he shows his lyric power more conclusively than ever before; and the verses given to the musicians (from which we have largely quoted) prove our poet to be strong indeed where we little suspected his strength. So again with the new measure (adapted from that old one familiar to us in 'Piers Plowman'), in which the play is written. That Mr. Morris could tell a tale with greater freedom and greater grace than any English poet was well known; but that he, too, was master of the might and grandeur of verse had not been proved. But this new poem abounds with passages of the most heroic ring:—

> Who shall ever forget it? the dead face of thy father,
> And thou in thy fight-battered armour above it,
> Mid the passion of tears long held back by the battle,
> And thy rent banner o'er thee and the ring of men mail-clad.
>
> Hearken yet! through that whirlwind of danger and battle,
> Beaten back, struggling forward, we fought without blemish
> On my banner spear-rent in the days of my father,
> On my love of the land and the longing I cherished,
> For a tale to be told when I, laid in the minster,
> Might hear it no more; was it easy of winning
> Our bread of those days?
>
> Thou rememberest a year agone now when the legate
> Of the Lord of the Waters brought here a broad letter
> Full of prayers for good peace and our friendship thenceforward—
> He who erst set a price on the lost head of Pharamond—

How I bade him stand up on his feet and be merry,
Eat his meat by my side and drink out of my beaker,
In memory of days when my meat was but little
And my drink drunk in haste between saddle and straw.

Full of a different glory are these following lines:

Yet if thou shouldst ask for a sign from that country,
What have I to show thee? I plucked a blue milk-wort
From amidst of the field where she wandered fair-footed—
It was gone when I wakened—and once in my wallet
I set some grey stones from the way through the forest—
They were gone when I wakened—and once as I wandered
A lock of white wool from a thorn bush I gathered—
It was gone when I wakened—the name of that country—
Nay, how should I know it?

We need not say that there are many most exquisite pictures scattered through the book, in that old manner which we love so well. Here are two; the first from the speech of Azalais to her sleeping lover:—

Sweet thy awaking amidst of the wonder
Where thou art, who is nigh thee—and then when thou seest
How the rose-boughs hang in o'er the little loft-window,
And the blue bowl with roses is close to thine hand,
And over thy bed is the quilt sewn with lilies,
And the loft is hung round with the green Southland hangings,
And all smelleth sweet as the low door is opened.

The second is from the talk of the peasants when the play is over.

GILES.—Come, o'er much gold mine eyes have seen,
And long now for the pathway green
And rose-hung ancient walls of grey
Yet warm with sunshine gone away.
JOAN.—Yea, full fain would I rest thereby
And watch the flickering martins fly
About the long eave-bottles red,
And the clouds lessening overhead:
E'en now meseems the cows are come
Unto the grey gates of our home,
And low to hear the milking-pail:
The peacock spreads abroad his tail
Against the sun, as down the lane
The milkmaids pass the moveless wain
And stable-door, where the roan team
An hour agone began to dream
Over the dusty oats.

Never have we read in poetry so sweet a rustic scene as this. Full of movement, and sound, and colour, we have Joan's homestead clearly

in our eyes as the story ends; and we want no more to think if the doctrine of the poet be sound—we are well content with ourselves and with the weary world.

In closing this notice of the most remarkable poem of the year just gone, we trust we have held up some glimmering light by which the outlines of the work may be descried; and we trust that our extracts, carefully chosen, may help our readers, who have not seen the book itself, to appreciate the beauty and skill of its execution. This 'Love is Enough' is one of those gem-like works of poetry which are joys for ever to those who are so happy as to have read them. Should even the leaves in our laureate's crown wither, it proves that the gift of song shall not die out from England whilst this poet, now but in the first bloom of his genius, shall live to work for us.

GEORGE FRASER.

(*From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*)

DRAWN BY G. F. WINTER. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

THE

DARK BLUE.

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AN IMPERIAL CAREER.

By Horace St. John.

SIXTY-FIVE years ago a thunder of artillery told the world that an heir had been born to the fortunes or misfortunes of the most wonderful man since Cæsar. He is not to be compared with Cæsar, or with Charlemagne, but he filled a splendid space in his epoch, and his achievements have impressed a stamp upon its history which neither time nor spite can efface. No 'child of love,' but 'born in bitterness,' his very childhood was a fugitive one, surrounded by doubts, suspicions, and ambiguities. His mother, Hortense, a heroine, a beauty, and a sister of charity when she pleased, taught him early the lessons of pride and power, and assuredly no man ever seemed further from the reach of both, and no man ever wielded his sway with more consummate skill. His birth took place in a palace—the proudest palace in Europe—others say in the Rue Lafitte—the golden bees swarmed about his cradle, and the purple covered his cot. In default of a direct successor, the great statesman and warrior, glorified by Austerlitz, and ruined by Waterloo, adopted this child to be the bearer of his name, his title, and his power. His own career, however, from the day when he stood blushing like a girl in the presence of Marie Antoinette to that on which his 'star' was eclipsed by the triple legions of Leipsic, was not more full of vicissitudes than that of his nephew—now the superior of kings and cardinals, now the patron of a pope, now, not to employ the term in any insulting sense, a vagrant sleeping on a heap of stones in the street; then, almost

suffocated by fever in an Austrian camp; afterwards a common soldier and a most uncommon rebel; and, as a climax, clasping a dearly beloved brother dead in his arms, wandering sick, even hungry, morose, and melancholy, condemned to a dungeon for life, escaping through the means of an English passport as an outlaw, coming over among us to write papers on pauperism and sugar, taking part in the magnificent follies of the Eglintoun Tournament, and then rising to revenge himself on fate by standing highest among the high amidst the monarchs of the earth.

The education of this youth, while yet a child, was severe, and yet tender; but there was in the disposition of his mother a kind of austerity, not preventing her from loving him, which may perhaps partly account for his taciturnity in later years. It is immeasurably to his credit, however, that he never failed to do justice to her affection, or to remember those whom she had made the objects of her benevolence. But the story of that time is a short one. At six years of age the 'star' became a planet and wandered; half of Europe was tramping on the roads to Paris; Hortense fled, and Maria Louise made her disgraceful escape to Vienna, where not long after, to her shame as a woman, and her disgrace as a wife, she danced with the Duke of Wellington. The next period in the younger life of Louis Napoleon takes us to the Chateau of Navarre, where, residing with his mother, he was regarded by the Bourbons as not a dangerous Bonaparte. An idea which his family, had it ever been capable of learning anything or of forgetting anything, speedily found out to be a mistake. It was not in the nature of so quick-minded a young gentleman to be the constant companion of sovereigns, or the heir of a name which had filled the world with admiration and terror, without thinking some thoughts about himself. Besides, he was coaxed into ambition by the intriguers at St. Leu, and, among others, by that deafening talker, whose loquacity spoiled her genius, Madame de Staël. It was at this time that Louis Napoleon encountered the first peril of his life through the violent drawing of a tooth, causing an alarming hæmorrhage during two whole days. And now came the episode of flight and concealment; the Emperor broke loose from Elba; the brief and brilliant chronicle of the Hundred Days raised Hortense again to a position of splendour; a paroxysm of joy took possession of France, for the purple had bloomed again, and had it not been for the terrible infatuation which led the French battalions to the Belgian battle-field that struck their standards to the dust, Hortense might long have sat upon the semi-throne which the falling master of France erected for her. All this while, however, we are rather neglecting the subject of these-

remarks; yet most great men derive their inspirations from their ancestry. 'I am the son of the Constable, or I am nothing,' said the great Bourbon, when he flung his Marshal's baton on the ground of battle and dared the four quarters of the world to touch it. Of course, nobody is simple enough to believe in the anecdote, because it belongs to that class of traditions which the late Mr. James Hannay was wont to designate as 'mock pearls.' This much is certain, that the Emperor who has just been carried to his modest grave at Chislehurst, owed the finest traits in his education and character to his mother, who exhausted all her large and various knowledge in teaching him, notwithstanding his unconquerable restlessness, his imperious disposition, and his verification of the fact asserted by Burke that 'kings are naturally lovers of low company.' Not a boy tossed for twopences on the Bridge of Constance but what the future Emperor, who lived to inhabit that splendid structure pompously dedicated to 'all the glories of France,' but knew him in his shirt sleeves, bare-footed—for he often took off his shoes to give them to a poor child—and this compels us to say that benevolence made up a large part of his character. The years passed in Bavaria in the sumptuous chateau of Arenenberg, and the course of study at Augsburg, impressed an additional stamp upon his mind, and there may be said began that long conspiracy which, often baffled, ultimately raised him to the throne. The Bonapartes, or their adherents, who were to be found everywhere, from the Moors of Scotland to the Marshes of Ancona, commenced assembling, discussing, planning, until they made the young Prince a Pretender almost in spite of himself. But there was this obstacle, that he had imbibed from his Swiss culture strong republican sympathies. With these in his heart he next entered into the burning political atmosphere of Italy, turning his back in hopelessness, as it were, upon France, since the youthful king of Rome still survived at Sienna, and Louis Philippe had won, more through intrigue than through his personal merits, the crown of Charles X. Consequently Louis Napoleon, at this period plotted with the democrats of Italy, compromised himself with the Carbonari, ventured upon revolutionary demonstrations, and gradually brought insurrection into the Campagna. Men from the Sabine mountains, from swamps, from the quarries, began to show their daring countenances in the ancient capital, 'which breathed only sedition.' With his brother he joined the insurgent ranks, and ran a narrow risk of losing his life after the manner of 'Francs-Tireurs' during the late war. But this first enterprise, like many which succeeded it, was not destined to triumph. After a few engagements, and after losing his brother, his only refuge was in flight; and the adventures of his mother during that harrowing time constitute one

of the most remarkable romances of modern history. He being ill, she kept him hidden in the chamber of a palace in Ancona, next to the very one which an Austrian General charged with the order for his arrest occupied. But, ever ingenious and dauntless, she contrived a method. In the livery of a servant, and standing like a footman behind a carriage, travelling day and night, often recognised though never betrayed, sleeping for an hour or two on a heap of broken pebbles, taking hasty meals in the poorest ale-houses, he at length passed the frontier. It was a bold step, because the Bonapartes had been solemnly exiled and forbidden on pain of death to re-enter France. But Hortense took the courageous course and informed the citizen king of her arrival with that of her son. They were permitted to pass through the territory on their way to England, and reached London when Talleyrand was ambassador, when the Napoleonic name was once more popular, and where it was feared that should he visit Belgium the citizens of Brussels would seize upon him and make him king in spite of himself. But the horizon of his ambition had widened, and while he seemed to be enjoying the hospitality of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, to be spending simple days at Hampton Court, at the Tower of London, in the Thames Tunnel, and at Richmond, deep, cogent plans were in his mind, and enough of them oozed out to frighten that hypocritical old poltroon Louis Philippe. This sovereign, who himself was the creature of the lowest machinations, was needlessly alarmed, because nearly twenty years were to elapse before the *avatae* of Napoleonism was to take place. Indeed they revisited France, loitered from Chantilly to St. Denis, and to Malmaison, then a ruin—ruined like the fortunes of its former beautiful and maltreated mistress—and thence the mother and son passed into Switzerland. There he sat down to write mild political reveries, and 'considerations' on the state of politics in the mountain republic; but for all that he did not cease to look down on those giant hills upon the smiling Champagne of France, of course with a yearning which was to be satisfied notwithstanding how hopeless it seemed then. This was the argument by which he reconciled the conspiracy to his own conscience. Had he not an historical name? Did either the eighteenth Louis, or Louis Philippe, possess a superior title; the former thrust upon France by foreign bayonets, the latter crowned in a moment of exultation and confusion by a mob, when the diadem of thirty generations of kings lay literally in the dust? But the method by which the Prince endeavoured to accomplish his mighty purpose was desperation itself. With the merest handful of adherents he undertook the celebrated Strasburg expedition, calculating upon the charm which his great ancestor's name would exercise upon the garrison, the spell which

a glimpse of the Imperial Eagle would work upon those old soldiers then at the plough, the enthusiasm of the students in public schools, and the contempt which by considerable classes was felt for the citizen king, King Louis Philippe. The story of the abortive plot is picturesque, the midnight meeting (lasting until dawn) of the conspirators; their alarm when a galloping of horses, with a jingle of sabres, was heard in the street; their emerging in the cold light of the morning, and with incredible audacity presenting themselves, bearing the Imperial Emblem aloft before the entire fourth regiment, to the cry of 'Behold the Nephew of Napoleon,' to which the response came in an instant, 'Long live the Emperor!' But there the triumph of the treason ended, and in a few hours Louis Napoleon lay in a dungeon of Strasburg, preliminary to his transportation across the Atlantic. It was not the policy of Louis Philippe to treat the man who bore such a name with violence or vindictiveness; but a suspicion was current at the time that by sending him *viâ* the most unhealthy region of South America he might have hoped to get rid of a dangerous pretender. However he passed his leisure on board ship very philosophically, reading Rousseau and Chateaubriand, cultivating the friendship of the officers, writing the most affectionate letters to his mother, whom he loved as he never loved any other person living, and regretting his separation from his first betrothed, the Princess Mathilde. In a terrible storm at sea he exhibited that calm courage which marked the whole of his career: but it is impossible not to believe that all the while he was determined to seize upon the first opportunity of returning to Europe, which he did even earlier than he expected, being summoned to the deathbed of Hortense, arriving only in time to receive her whispered blessing and to close her eyes. Then did the government of Louis Philippe commit the most fatal mistake in its history, not excepting the prohibition of the February banquets, by betraying its fear of him, and demanding his extradition from the territories of the mountain republic. Immediately, the blood of the Switzers took fire; they never yet had surrendered a political refugee; and, small nation though they are, they avowed themselves ready to fight to the last foot of ground rather than give up their guest. With a generosity always characteristic of him, and a tenderness for human life not always so characteristic of him, Louis Napoleon, when the hills of Helvetia were as so many fortresses guarded by armed bands, and the French legions were rolling in an immense array towards the Alpine frontier, voluntarily cancelled the cause of the disruption by removing himself to London. But he had fulfilled his aim; he was now a peril and therefore a power in Europe; Louis Philippe had confessed in him the existence of a rival, and, excepting in one instance, he was

never more ridiculed even by those who believed least in the re-arising 'star,' which was called of 'The brave, whose beam hath shed such glory o'er the quick and dead.' It is true that in England a great many anecdotes gathered round his name concerning his gambling in the metropolis, his betting on the course, his fantastic appearance at the Eglinton tournament, with other episodes which may or may not be authentic, but as for the Boulogne enterprise, though an insane one, it was not so utterly ludicrous as the Orleanist partisans represented it to be. There was something stagey, no doubt, in carrying over a wooden eagle and a tame eagle supported by a following of sixty, but, as he said, when asked where was the Bonapartist party, 'The party is nowhere, but the cause is everywhere.' With reference, however, to his residence in London, it contradicts all human nature to suppose that a man passing his time in the hells of St. James, among the blacklegs of Newmarket, and in society more questionable still, should have devoted himself to political studies so profound, should have applied his pen to works so elaborate and original, and should have so completely mastered the principles of the English Constitution; and recurring to the trivialities of his Boulogne invasion in a little Channel steamer, the French have no right to satirise them, since it was not so very long before they found their liberties taken away by a bribe of sausages and champagne. The adventure at once collapsed; the soldiers would not quit their flags, the eagle would not fly, and in a moment which he must always have repented, Louis Napoleon shot a grenadier who was simply performing his duty. Then came the most extraordinary event of this man's wonderful career. Indicted for high treason, he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the castle of Ham, a dreary fortalice encircled by moats and marshes, and it was a compliment to the fear he inspired that thirty-six feet thickness of wall were not thought too much to confine that Machiavellian genius. He throve in his captivity; he wrote books, he corresponded; but none the less did he concoct new schemes of ambition. His escape in 1846, in spite of four hundred jailors, was a romance in itself. Shaving off his moustache, assuming the dress of an ouvrier, putting on a battered dirty hat, and a pair of wooden shoes, carrying a plank on his shoulder, and leaving a lay-figure in the bed to represent him, he walked out through files of soldiers; he passed the officer on guard, who, luckily for him, happened to be reading a love letter; his short black pipe completed the disguise; and, presto! he was in Belgium, and two or three days afterwards at the St. James's Theatre in London. His turn was come; within two years the imbecility of Louis Philippe had reached its climax, and the hero of the umbrella made a miserable flight of it, leaving the field open whether to a Republic or to an

Empire. Everyone remembers how the Republic perished in its own flames; everyone remembers what a procession of mediocrities during a brief time passed across the scene; and everyone remembers how through that which was indubitably an unscrupulous act, the third Napoleon bounded from the Presidency into the Purple. But it must not be forgotten that France was, while the Republic lasted, one vast nest of intrigues, and it can hardly be doubted that after the first outbreak of terror caused by the Coup d'etat, the general feeling was one of unequivocal relief. Nor was this sentiment diminished when, after a series of fatal struggles, all resulting in his success, the monarch, now dead, assumed the style and title of "Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, by the grace of God and the national will." The country had already revived under his rule. Even Marseilles, whence emanated that splendid song which shook a throne and inspired a revolution, accepted the Empire with joy. But, strangely enough, this man who thus suddenly became autocrat of a vast and magnificent dominion, was never crowned, and never really wore the robes of Cæsar. He contented himself with wearing the uniform of a simple general of division, in which he lies in his tomb at Chislehurst—a concession to a certain spirit of democracy which was affected by the Empire. Now arose the rumour, never verified, that, prompted by his colonels, he would undertake to avenge Waterloo, and then a tremendous hubbub arose. Yet all the time his policy was to fortify his position by cementing an alliance with this country. The army clamoured for employment, and found it in confronting the gigantic hosts of Russia, unequalled in numbers, brilliant in aspect, and poor in materials. From the day when the Czar threw down the gauntlet in the East of Europe, Louis Napoleon was our firm and faithful coadjutor and friend. His fleets sailed into the Black Sea and the Baltic with ours; his legions marched side by side with our own, in a glorious rivalry; and the bravest blood of France was mingled with the bravest blood of England in face of the Malakoff and the Redan. All the events of the part he took in that resultless war; of his marriage; of his visit, in his imperial capacity, to England, where he displayed an almost youthful pride in dating a proclamation from the royal castle of Windsor; in wearing the insignia of the Garter, and in receiving the freedom of the city of London; of the attempts to assassinate him, and of the Italian campaign, are too fresh and familiar to the public mind to necessitate recapitulation. As for the Mexican episode, it was too painfully fatal to be dwelt upon. The French once more gave him their millions of votes, and then came the epoch of disaster. Impelled by an irresistible popular and military feeling throughout his empire, which simply signified an alternative

between war and dethronement, in an evil hour he pronounced those sinister words, 'The Rhine—nothing more, nothing less.' It needs not to be told how the more than million soldiers of Germany—which had schemed to force on this invasion—drove it back, followed it from citadel to citadel to the gates of Paris, and even beyond them to the Tuileries itself, receiving the Emperor as their prisoner through the blood-drenched posterns of Sedan. The Imperial story, as we have briefly essayed it, is now finished; but it should not close without a tribute to the magnificent courage invariably exhibited by this man, who, unlike the German Emperor and his son, shared personally in the battles, endeavouring to the last to rally his men, breaking through wall after wall of fire and steel, and inflicting dreadful wounds on the German army, as at those pits of carnage, the quarries of Gravelotte, until overwhelmed by mere superiority of organisation and of numbers. It merely remains to consider for a moment some causes which plunged him into the venture which proved his ruin and led to the change from Sedan to Wilhelmshohe, and from Wilhelmshohe to Chislehurst. The army under the Emperor took precedence of all other classes and professions; it felt itself to be supreme; indulged and pampered, it lounged about in brutal indolence until satiated, and then raised the cry of 'Glory,' insisted upon being led to fields where plunder and promotion might be obtained, and, nevertheless, did not improve either in discipline or that *élan* which carried the leather-breeches of the Old Guard through Friedland, Wagram, the Pyramids, and Tilsit, not to speak of Jena. We heard, while the war lasted, much concerning the vast columns of reinforcements perpetually marching through Paris to fight for the Empire on the frontier; but not half of these were more morally or physically fit for campaigning against the solid and sober battalions of Prussia. It is not very pleasant to say, but it is the truth, that a sad proportion of them were lazy, licentious, preferring to wait for victory without participating in it, and that not a few were criminals of the deepest dye who deserved to be gnawing the chains of convicted guilt at the galleys rather than to be serving under the still immortal and soon again to be triumphant standards of their country. Those monsters of atrocity, to quote an example from another period, Louvel, Fieschi, and Alibanel, had worn the uniform. While saying this, however, it would be the depth of injustice to deny that another class of the army fought round the Imperial flag with unflinching valour, redeeming the fame of France even in the hour of defeat. But fortune rode with the ranks of the enemy, and thus fell from a zenith of power the man who for twenty years was at once the alarm

and the admiration of the world, and thus has passed away a life which will have left a memory indelible and glorious for History to treat with justice or injustice, according to its caprice, and according to the varying judgments of those who during his reign were stung by the Bees and obscured by the Purple, or of others who understood his genius and were grateful for his generosity.

MARBLE LIFE.

[CONCLUSION.]

LIZZY felt that to George Sempton she must fly for succour. Him she could not doubt. She was troubled with no shadow of fear lest Miss Palgrave had robbed her of his affection. He was all her own.

To tell her uncle of the mysterious machinations actually going on under his roof was not to be thought of; he would not believe her. He would apply to Herr Baülein; he would ruin all precautions; or, could he be induced to believe, terror would be fatal to him. She must act alone, which meant with George Sempton, and she rose to find him ere he left the house.

Her hand was actually on the handle of the door when she paused. How could she seek him? How ask his help? Wherein lay her right so to do? He had never told her that he loved her, well as she knew it. How could she appeal to him with so strange a tale, and how warn him of his own danger from Miss Palgrave?

The hesitation was natural; it was womanly. It lasted but a minute, and then reason told her that it was no time for scruples. The danger was imminent; there was no other help. A woman's tact would teach her how much to repeat. The mesmeric power so meanly acquired, the secret understanding between the German and the governess, would suffice. Lizzy moved downstairs as quickly as she was able.

The hesitation had been natural—but it had been fatal. She was too late.

As she crossed the hall she caught sight of George Sempton, making rapid progress along the avenue. Perhaps even then she would have recalled him—but it was not to be. Even as she stood she felt drowsiness creep over her, and, turning dreamily round, she saw Miss Palgrave standing behind her. How she passed the remainder of that day

Lizzy never knew. Memory seemed on that point a blank. She had vague recollections of much mental suffering, of a strong sense of danger, a powerful determination not to submit to the bands thrown about her, of a struggling against the rivetting of those bands by the concentration of Miss Palgrave's iron will.

The next day there was a sensible relief. Miss Palgrave was gone; probably unconscious of Mr. Sempton's vicinity. What excuse she had made for leaving her charge Lizzy could not remember. It was of no consequence. She was gone. Lizzy felt more herself, though the momentary vigour of the day before had not returned. She, however, felt most acutely that running down-stairs to speak to Mr. Sempton when he was actually in the house, hard as she had found it, was a different thing from writing to him to ask him to call upon her. But it must be done, and it was done. Hardly was the note despatched when a knock at the door roused her from the half-sleep into which she had fallen. It was nurse. The children were ailing. Rosalie and the boys complained of sore throat and were feverish. Nurse was sure it was scarlet fever, and Miss Rosalie, always selfish, would have little Miss Mary to wait on her. The child was sitting on Miss Rosy's bed, and if it were fever had surely caught it by this time. This was alarming news; but even while nurse was speaking, Lizzy's first thought was that the fever might be made an excuse for declining to receive Miss Palgrave again. Her first attention must, however, be given to the invalids.

Rosalie was conquered, though with difficulty, Mary banished from the sick room, and the doctor summoned. The messenger met him, and he was in the house within half an hour.

Nurse's fears were not groundless. It was undoubtedly scarlet fever. One of the twins seemed likely to have it badly. Rosalie was always a refractory patient. The doctor feared Miss Archdale had a hard task before her, but Lizzy's heart rose to the work. If only, if only the fever would keep out the enemy so much more to be feared! For the moment her one wish was to make all essential arrangements in time to meet Mr. Sempton before he could enter the infected house. She had begged him to come at once, and she was most anxious to escape before her uncle heard the ill news. His alarm would, she knew, be so great that it would be impossible to leave him. Unfortunately, her intentions were frustrated. Before leaving the house, Dr. Plant took upon himself to knock at the door of the library, and in the firm belief that he was rendering a great service to Miss Archdale, he gently broke the subject of the fever to her uncle. Poor Lizzy was actually putting on her hat, when a message summoned her to her uncle's presence.

'Don't come in—don't touch anything—don't sit down—I hear you have actually been into the nursery. Stay where you are I beg,' were the first words that greeted her, and they told her what to expect.

Her uncle was walking up and down in a state of painful agitation. The little doctor sat on the very edge of his chair, wiping his scared and blackened face, for at the first mention of fever Mr. Archdale had immediately seized the nearest bottle and dashed the contents all around him, in the firm belief that he was using a disinfectant, and showing great presence of mind, and perfectly unconscious that he was, on the contrary using an ink bottle, and sprinkling the dark fluid on his visitor's face.

In vain Lizzy strove to speak. He seemed to think that infection flowed from her lips.

'Not a word, I beg. How am I to bear these shocks in my weak state. You should have had more consideration for me my dear;' and as Lizzy drew nearer the ink bottle was raised with threatening gestures. 'You should have managed better. After all your years of experience at the head of a household like mine, and such a thing never happening before. It is too bad Lizzy. I must say it is too bad. But it is what I must expect now—alone—neglected in my old age. Not a word I beg. There is more infection in the breath than in anything. Something must be done at once. Have you considered at all? Where am I to go? Have you sent for Herr Baülein? He might take us somewhere. I can be ready in an hour. Don't you think I could be ready in an hour my love? and so could you.'

In vain did Lizzy try to calm him and to convince him that she, at least, must remain with the children; and that he would be safe in a distant part of the house. He was indignant at the idea of being neglected, while by a ludicrous inconsistency he kept her standing at a distance. Then forgetting for a moment his terrors, he tottered to his drawers of treasures, and began opening them one by one, trying to decide what he should carry away, and what might be left without fear of rust, moth, thieves, or fire, four evils which he appeared to imagine must inevitably attack the house the moment he was out of it.

Lizzy, in despair, glanced at the clock. She must go. With a hasty sign to the Doctor, who still trembled in the distance, she rushed from the room; and, as she did so, she heard for the last time her uncle's feeble voice calling to her.

'Lizzy, Lizzy, I cannot settle all this alone. Lizzy, my love, come back! How can I get on without you?'

Ah, how often were those words to ring in her ears in days to come!

She flew to her room and seized her cloak and hat. Nurse tried to

stop her as she rushed down-stairs. The twins were calling to her from their beds, and Rosy's imperious voice was heard reiterating her name. It seemed as though all the voices of her home combined to arrest her from running to destruction.

In vain, in vain. She almost ran down the avenue, and as she turned across the grass, she discerned the figure of George Lempton advancing towards her. She stood still. All her hurry and excitement vanished. He came nearer. She had intended to begin by warning him not to shake hands with her; to keep at a distance for fear of infection. Her little speech was prepared—but warning, fever, danger, all were forgotten as he came eagerly forward and grasped her hand. He had prepared no speech to greet her. Every word was spontaneous.

'At last!' said he. 'How I have watched for this. You have no idea how impossible it is to find you alone. Now, what your business with me may be I don't know and I don't care. I care for one thing alone; afterwards I am ready to go to the world's end for you; but first you have to listen to me. I have vowed a vow that you shall listen to me first and foremost while I tell you of the immeasurable love I have for you. Could you ever, ever learn to think of me?'

If that were all he meant to ask, the colour on her cheeks, the light in her eyes, soon made him bolder. His abruptness had done him no harm. It was not hard to divine the truth. She loved him.

For a few brief minutes Lizzy forgot all but the ecstacy of her happiness. She who all her young life had been the mainstay, the guide and helper of others, had now some one to guide and help her. No longer need she look around in vain for human sympathy and aid. The sad silence of a lonely life would no longer reign within her breast. There was a strong arm, a clear intellect—above all, an honest, loving heart to stand between her and the hard world.

What wonder that Lizzy forgot the danger to be averted; forgot her fears, her uncle, her charges. But it was soo after that dream. First came the thought so long forcibly excluded. What would those at home do without her? Then followed the whole trains of cares—Herr Baülein, Miss Palgrave, the unknown danger, the need of prompt action, the fever. Ay, the fever! and, withdrawing her hand suddenly from his grasp, she exclaimed—

'Oh! what have I done? You must not come near me. The fever! I forgot the fever.'

As she spoke, her upraised wrist was seized from behind; a soft, white hand made a few rapid passes, a momentary vision of a cruel white face flashed before her, a pair of light blue eyes glared fixedly into her own. She grew, white, rigid, powerless.

Yet her senses were all her own. She heard George Sempton's

exclamation of alarm as he caught her in his arms. She saw Miss Palgrave bending eagerly over her. She was even conscious of the concentration of purpose with which the governess held her hand, and while apparently smoothing her brow, continued to make the passes. Nay more, she could mark how studiously the cold blue eyes were averted from George Sempton's face, as though his influence were to be avoided, and she saw that rage and jealousy had for the moment conquered love. He only saw that Miss Archdale had fainted, and he was grateful to Miss Palgrave for her kind care. He tried to help, and obeyed all orders with readiness. They laid her on the grass, but when he tried to take her hand, her whole frame was agitated by a convulsion, subdued by Miss Palgrave's gentle hand, but repeated at the slightest touch of his.

He was bitterly pained. His distress and agitation were very great. Without trusting herself to look at him, without for one instant swerving from the task in hand, Miss Palgrave insisted upon his leaving them to call for help. It was, she said, impossible for him to carry her to the house himself, when his very touch brought on the convulsions. He went, and she seated herself on the grass by Lizzy's side, and, bending over her with apparent tenderness, inserted a small piece of wood between her clenched teeth, and dropped into her mouth one or two drops from a small bottle. Lizzy felt a sensation of icy cold creep through her veins, which then swelled as though they would burst, and again grew cold, as though a stone fluid were circulating through her frame. Miss Palgrave now recommenced the passes, and when George Sempton returned, far in advance of those he had summoned, she was still apparently using every effort to restore consciousness.

Miss Archdale was carried to Courtlands, and the doctor was summoned to her bedside. Twice on George Sempton's approaching her, she fell into violent convulsions; but after each attack she relapsed into a state of lethargy. At sunset it was known throughout the village that Elizabeth Archdale was dead. She died quietly, both hands clasped in those of the kind governess, who never left her from the moment she was taken ill until she breathed her last. It was the most sudden, the most extraordinarily rapid case of scarlet fever, with a very difficult Latin name, that Dr. Prant had ever happened to meet with in the whole course of his practice. He sent an elaborate account of it to one of the first medical journals, and felt himself a great man.

Who can describe the state of that panic-stricken household, thus suddenly and awfully deprived of a mistress. The infection must have been peculiarly malignant, for servant after servant fell ill, and though Dr. Prant continued to assure them that it was only from

fright, that information did not appear to stay the fever. The nurse died within the week. Rosalie was given over. The twins were in danger, and the house was taboo'd by the neighbours far and near. Mr. Archdale's agony of fright drove him to a measure of which no one would have thought him capable. At the first news of Lizzy's death he ordered his carriage and drove to the station, and dismissing his servants, went on to London alone, nor was he again heard of for some weeks. George Sempton at length found him in Edinburgh, helpless and wretched at an hotel, and after some persuasion induced him to return home.

And Lizzy herself? What were her sufferings during this awful period? When she came to this part of her story her agitation was so great that it was some time before she could continue.

'It was,' said she, '*Madness without the power of being mad*,' and the words give one some faint idea of the agonies she endured. Never for one moment did she lose the acuteness of consciousness. She understood all Miss Palgrave's machinations, her determination to keep George Sempton out of the room, to keep him away as well from herself as from her victim. She felt herself becoming every hour more and more subservient to the mesmeric powers, and when the mastery was complete, she marked Miss Palgrave's look of relief, and heard the announcement of her own death, without being able to utter a sound, or to move as much as an eyelid. She was perfectly conscious when she was lifted into her coffin; when George Sempton, disregarding all orders and warnings, made his way to her side, and groaned in bitterness of grief over her pale, still form. That was the acmé of agony. That was the moment when she nearly broke the bands which held her.

Besides all this she had to hear the half-whispered conferences of the household over her coffin. She learnt how she was loved and respected. She heard the miserable situation of the family discussed —the neglected state of the children. She heard of nurse's death and of her uncle's disappearance, and the conjectures and fears respecting his fate. Towards the last rumours of violent war between Rosalie and the governess met her ears.

It was all horrible, horrible. Words fail one to describe her sensations. She could hardly believe that it was a reality—this torture that she was enduring. Every moment she hoped to wake and find it all a dream. But she knew too well that it was real. She was in the power of a wicked unprincipled woman, and, terrible as was the present suffering, worse, far worse was the thought of what might be yet in store for her. What this might be she could form no idea.

Surely they would not bury her alive. The idea was one too awful to be entertained. Yet if this were not their plan, what might not be her fate.

The hour when George Sempton stood by her was perhaps that of the most acute agony; yet there was one other of pain sufficient to part soul and body. When, the door being left ajar, a little step was heard pattering into the room; when the youngest twin, her especial darling, catching sight of her, and then first dimly understanding what had been told him of her death, darted forward with a cry, and fell crouching by her side, sobbing as though his heart would break; when he called her again and again in his soft, child's voice, and implored her to come back to him, for 'Miss Palgrave was so cross,' he wanted Cousin Liz; and when Miss Palgrave, alarmed, at the open door, came quickly in and shook him, dragging him out with a jerk sufficient to dislocate his small bones, as with tearful eyes he turned for the last time to the kind mother-cousin who had never before disregarded his cries for help. Ah, this was hard to bear.

The funeral day arrived. Yes. They meant to let her be buried. As the men entered the room to nail down the coffin she strove to scream—strove as she had striven before, again and again. In vain. Each nail was driven home. And then terror, madness, despair, all were lost in wonder at finding that she could still breathe easily. Suffocation was not the fate reserved for her. The diabolical conspirators had cared for her life.

She was carried to her grave, or rather to her allotted niche in the family vault in the chapel at Courtlands. The service was read over her. In her deep stillness she listened to the sobs which shook the frame of George Sempton, as last of all he lingered. One by one the footsteps died on her ear. She was left alone. Her life was over. Her life, her death, her burial. Yet she lived, breathed, was conscious —and suffered. Ah, how she suffered. Could human ingenuity have devised torture more excruciating? How she listened to each sound—the drip, drip, off the moist walls—the strange creakings and groanings —of what? Of the coffins near her, as though the occupants turned in their narrow beds. The rattling of the old windows. The solemn flapping of the banners which hung over the family pew. With what fearful tension of nerve did she wait for the next act in this horrible drama which to her was so fearfully real.

It was not long in coming. Muffled footsteps, the grating of a key, a light gleaming through the airholes of her coffin lid; whispered voices, voices she had heard before. She was moved, with difficulty, to the ground; the lid was raised, and with the greatest care she was

taken out and wrapped in a dark sheet. The coffin was replaced, and filled with stones. And then slowly and silently she was borne forth, and the cold night air played upon her brow.

No word was now spoken. No light was shown. On—on—on—in silence, in darkness. It was a fearful procession, if procession it could be called. What horrible thoughts reigned in the minds of those who carried her—and, oh! what madness in her own breast. At length they entered a house, and she was left, still wrapped in her sheet, upon a hard floor for hours, still powerless to move or cry.

The next morning all was confusion around her. She could see nothing, but she could distinguish the sounds of packing, the moving of heavy bodies, the closing of cases, hammering of nails, dragging and twisting of ropes. After a time she herself was lifted into a large case, and carefully secured from any possible injury. The voice of Herr Baulein pronounced in German that it was all right, and the lid was closed. A long and terrible journey by land and sea followed, during which bodily suffering was so intense as to drown even the thought of her awful situation. There was, strangely enough, no sense of suffocation, but there was excruciating pain from the rigid state of every fibre and muscle. At length the journey came to an end, and after another weary night of waiting, she was unpacked and carefully placed upright—rigid and motionless, with her hands hanging straight down as they had been placed in her coffin. At the same moment she was once more conscious of the mesmeric passes about her face, and she was able, nay, obliged to open her eyes.

She found herself in a large room, face to face with Miss Palgrave. Herr Baulein was arranging blinds and shutters so as to throw a good light upon the spot where Lizzy stood. Presently he seated himself, and regarded her with a critical eye. Her terror was the more excessive from the absence of all powers of expression. She could only stand motionless, for every limb, every feature was turned to marble.

'The best subject we have had for years,' exclaimed Herr Baulein.

Miss Palgrave continued the passes without reply.

'What a thousand pities that there should be any doubt about the entire subjugation of that brain,' he continued. 'Slacken the limbs—so.' And Lizzy became conscious that her muscles were more flexible. The sudden cessation of pain was hardly a relief, so great was the reaction, the sensation of weakness so overpowering; she attempted to start forward to implore their mercy. In vain!—so completely was she in Miss Palgrave's power, that by her will alone was movement possible. What could they intend to do with her? Again, again she asked herself this question, in an agony of terror.

'How shall I place her?' asked Miss Palgrave.

'I am considering; she would do for so many subjects. Let me think. Ah! I have it. A Florentine flower girl. Good! Extend the arms—so! Head on one side—that is wrong; right, forward—that is good—good!'

And following his directions, Miss Palgrave altered her posture again and again. At one time there was a doubt and a consultation.

'Would she not answer best as a copy of some ancient work of art; or should she represent a fancy piece?' But in the end they resolved upon the original idea—a Florentine flower girl.

Suddenly, to her surprise, she fell flat on her face. Herr Baulien caught her just ere she reached the ground. He was very angry. 'Hein hein, why did you not tell me you were tired?' said he to his confederate. 'Is she chipped? Is she injured?'

Miss Palgrave rapidly swallowed a glass of wine, and a few passes completed the work for that day. Lizzy was left once more to herself, to try to form some idea of her extraordinary situation; but in truth it baffled her. The next day, another 'sitting,' in which all details of attitude and display were arranged, and some fluid was dropped into her eyes and ears, and rubbed into her hands and feet; then she was set on one side.

'Hein hein, that is good, only the basket and the flowers wanting. Ready for the workshop,' pronounced Herr Baulein that day.

In that room stood other packing cases, and Lizzy, set aside in her corner, had an opportunity of seeing another victim undergo the whole process through which she had just passed. It was incomprehensible. Had this man and woman, then, actually the power of turning human beings into marble? The power to suspend animation without extinguishing life! How had they possessed themselves of a secret so diabolical? Would discovery be possible? How long could they detain their victims? Would life, real life, ever return, or were they doomed to centuries of a living death?

In this state of terror she was carried down to the workshop, a room on the ground-floor, where a few workmen, in blouses and paper caps, were engaged on statues of real marble, in various stages of forwardness. Here her basket was fitted on to her arm: it contained flowers, and a few more were cut on the small pedestal on which she placed, great care being taken to match the marble to her own colouring, for every tinge of colour had left her body; she presented every appearance of a faultless marble statue. She was now taken to an inner room, where Herr Baulein was engaged in modelling clay; here he affected to put a few finishing touches on her, and she was then carried through the workshop to an outer room, in which stood a

number of the finished works of the famous sculptor Herr Baulein, who was making all Europe to ring with the sound of his fame.

Here Elizabeth Archdale remained for five years. Years of lingering, protracted agony. Years of hopeless watching and waiting. During that time hundreds of English visitors passed through the studio. More than one familiar face did she gaze upon with longing indescribable. At such times, when the door closed upon some former friend, it was, she said, like dying afresh to all she loved.

By degrees were most of the statues sold and replaced by others. Her price was so high that, though offers were made, she still remained on hand. Lizzy asserts that some of the statues were really of marble, but she knew too well that the best and most admired were of far other material.

One day, in the height of the season, the door opened to admit the revered form of her uncle.

It seemed impossible, yet there he stood—himself and no other. And when he passed beyond her sight without noticing her, the anguish she experienced at being powerless to follow him, powerless even to turn her head to watch his feeble steps, was wellnigh unbearable. It seemed as though reason and consciousness must desert her.

Presently he returned. He approached. He was leaning on the arm of a stranger, a gentleman, and was now accompanied by Monsieur Ponville, who remained in charge during Herr Baulein's frequent and prolonged absences—absences of which Lizzy could never think without a shudder when she considered their probable object.

It was plain that Monsieur Ponville was not in all the secrets of his employer, or, more probably, he did not know Mr. Archdale, for he now drew the old man's attention to the Florentine Flower Girl.

'Herr Baulein considers this one of his best pieces, Monsieur,' were his first words, and Mr. Archdale raised his eyes to his niece's face. Poor Lizzy! It was maddening. It was horrible. She heard once more those loved accents, those feeble tones—more feeble now than when last he uttered her name imploringly in the library at Courtlands. She saw once more the bent figure, the trembling hands, the sunken features of him who had for so long depended upon her for every comfort. Who cared for him now? Ah, who!

His whole attention was rivetted upon her, and he gazed on her only as a work of art, a beautiful object, a thing that money could buy. And she could not make herself known to him. She could not implore him by word, look, or sign to release her from her painful bondage. She could not ask him one question about those loved ones from whom she had been so ruthlessly torn. She must see him disappear from

her sight, to take his part in that living world from which she was banished.

He was strangely drawn to her. Again and again he returned. His friend, who treated him with every attention, placed a chair where he could gaze at her undisturbed, and for nearly an hour he sat there discussing her merits as a work of art, praising, criticising, little dreaming, little dreaming that that graceful statue had once been the mainspring of his home.

Lizzy strained every energy to catch his words, hoping to glean some news of home. And one piece of intelligence she did gain.

'Even Mrs. Archdale must admire this, sir,' said the friend, and her uncle shook his head. There was a visible increase of nervousness as he replied. 'Ah, I don't know—I really don't know. She might. But you know she don't care much for art. She says money may be better spent. And she is right—ah, quite right. One ought not to spend too much on fancies, she says.'

'Always excepting Mrs. Archdale's own,' muttered the friend, almost in Lizzy's ear.

Then he was married—and unhappily! Her poor, poor uncle. How she craved and wearied to know more.

The next day they came again, and she gathered that Mrs. Archdale insisted upon returning to England at once, though her uncle wished to remain in Rome. They spent some time in contemplating her.

'My dear Mr. Fox,' said her uncle somewhat suddenly; 'I really don't know. What do you think of—of course I only throw out a *suggestion*—I don't suppose it would do—still—how would it be if—what should you think of buying this beautiful flower girl?'

'I! my dear sir. Ah, I wish I could afford it.'

'Of course, I knew it wouldn't do. I only meant to *suggest*. I beg you will understand that I only *suggested* that—that is—if you *happened* to buy her, I might, that is we might, take her off your hands.'

'Buy her for you, my dear sir, that is a very different matter. I see no reason on earth against it, and every reason for it.'

'Oh, but I don't mean to *do* it, at least only to *talk it over*, you understand. I'm afraid it wouldn't do.'

'Why not?' returned Mr. Fox. 'I think——' And here, while Lizzy's very life seemed to hang upon their words, some stranger approaching, they walked away to conclude the discussion, and in a few minutes more the door closed upon them.

This was almost worst than all that had gone before, to be so near, yet so far off!

Her poor uncle, how changed, how crushed and subdued. His irrita-

bility has given place to a frightened meekness most painful to witness. What had his home life become, and what had become of all those little ones whom she had left? How she waited, and waited, and watched during the next few days. What if he decided to buy her? What if she were taken once more to Courtlands, and set up a mere graven image in the house where she had lived and loved. There were moments when she felt that this would be unendurable, yet she longed for it intensely; longed, in fact, for any change to break this living death. Of one thing she was however, on reflection, certain. Herr Baulein would never let her go to Courtlands. She had not passed so many years in his studio without noticing his anxious care as to the destination of his living marbles, nor had it escaped her notice that he was more than commonly careful about her, though his motive she could not divine.

About a month after her uncle's visit, Herr Baulein being again absent, Monsieur Ponville entered the studio with an air of triumph, holding in his hand an open letter.

'Sold at last, Mademoiselle,' he exclaimed, 'and a glorious home you will have. Lord B—— is your purchaser, and like an English Milor he pays down the sum at once. Ah, ah! what will Herr Baulein say on his return when he finds you gone. Truly have I done a good stroke of work. You are to be sent off at once. But not for England, *Ma Belle*. The villa at C—— is to be your home.'

It was a bitter disappointment. It cut her off for ever from all hope of re-visiting her home.

The careful and elaborate packing followed, and then a journey. During the latter one circumstance struck her as strange. There was a pause—a very long pause. She was detained for what seemed to her an endless time; then, by the conversation around her, she learned that her destination was altered. She was to go to England. She had been sold again. Ere long the familiar tone of her native tongue fell on her ear. She was in England. Nay, more, she was in Cheshire. Could she mistake the old provincial dialect. Where, oh where, was she bound!

Then came the long hours of silence. The night, she supposed, and then the morning,—movement in the house—a shuffling step along the passage and into the room, and some one walked round and round the packing case. There were a few words—trembling, half-whispered words.

'Perhaps I had better wait; I wonder if I ought to wait. I might ring the bell. Better not—better not; they'd be at dinner. She doesn't like them to be disturbed at dinner. She's at luncheon. If I

could get it done while she is at luncheon! No, no, no: better not. I should want her help, of course. Of course I should. She thinks she knows, that is, she knows all about it. She might drive to-day—no, no, wouldn't do, wouldn't do. I think I'll wait a bit.'

And Mr. Archdale shuffled off. Yes, there could be no doubt, whether she was at Courtlands or not, that could be none other than Mr. Archdale, and Lizzy felt that she was the property of her uncle.

After some time servants entered; there was a bustle and confusion, much placing of chairs and footstools, and then the rustling of a silk dress, accompanied by the shuffling steps and feeble tones of Mr. Archdale. He was apologising, apparently, for the hundredth time, for the liberty he had taken in spending his own money so foolishly upon a mere statue.

'You have said all that a hundred times, and I am sick to death of hearing it, so now let us watch the unpacking of this precious statue,' said a harsh voice, which yet struck on Lizzy's ear as strangely familiar. In a few minutes she was to see her uncle's wife—her new Aunt. In a few minutes the case was opened, the careful packing undone, and Elizabeth Archdale was lifted up and placed before her uncle and aunt.

They sat side by side in two luxurious armchairs. Mr. Archdale bent forward, and began eagerly pointing out, with the knowledge and taste of a connoisseur, the merits of his new purchase, but as the lady leant back in her chair, with a scowl on her handsome face, his manner grew more deprecating and frightened. The servants stood aside waiting for orders.

The statue, motionless before its new owners, was so lifelike, so natural in its *pose*, that it almost seemed to be offering them flowers from the rustic basket, while the expression of sadness in the still, marble face was touching in its intensity.

Mr. Archdale humbly drew his wife's attention to that face, little dreaming that thought worked in the brain, that love and sorrow reigned in the heart, that while he gazed admiringly on the statue, that statue was gazing with all the love and pity of a human being upon him, and with dismay and consternation upon his companion. For Lizzy could hardly believe her eyes. In her uncle's proud and scornful wife, in the insolent fine lady who evidently held him in a state of abject fear, she beheld—Rosalie.

Could she have disbelieved her eyes, doubt would have been set at rest by the words 'My dear, I can't help thinking—I only throw it out as a *suggestion*, you understand—I don't *assert* anything—I mean, the first thing that attracted me, though I said nothing at the time——'

'I wish you would say what you do mean, without all that rigmarole,' was the amiable reply.

'A likeness, my love—only a likeness, that's all. It made me love the Florentine flower girl.'

'Oh, *me*, I suppose you mean. Why don't you speak out? No, I see no likeness. Nothing marble could be like me. Life, spirit, and colouring are my strong points.'

'No, my dear. You are quite right, of course; you always are right, you know; but I did not exactly mean you—not quite, I mean.'

'Who *do* you mean? For goodness' sake speak out, if you can,' said Rosalie, angry at her mistake.

'Oh nobody in particular; nobody at all that signifies,' said Mr. Archdale, cowed by her manner.

'But I insist on knowing. I will know. It must have been somebody. Tell me at once.'

'My dear, it really is nobody—nobody *alive*, I mean. Only my poor dear Lizzy.'

The statue still stood motionless before them, holding out her flowers. Rosalie put up her gold eyeglass, and answered carelessly, 'Cousin Liz! Poor old Liz! Not a bit—never a bit of likeness there. Old Liz was never so graceful or so sweet looking.'

'Lizzy was not so very old, my love. She was considered very graceful in her time.'

'Possibly. But if so, her time, as you call it, was over before I came. I only remember her as a model of prim propriety, always stiff, always a hundred, and generally cross,' was the scornful reply. 'But I wish you would not mention her. You know how nervous it always makes me, Mr. Archdale. She worried me in her life, and her death was the most horrid part of my life, and I won't have her mentioned.'

'As you like, my love,' said the submissive husband; 'but I am very glad you think the statue sweet and graceful. I thought you would. I bought it for you, my dear—to give you pleasure, and I am so glad you like it.'

'But I don't care twopence about it, Mr. Archdale, and I hate falsehoods. You know what I think of spending money on such things, and you only bought it for yourself. I would rather have had a bracelet or a necklace, and you know that well enough. However, I promised to say no more, so pray don't provoke me by that absurd humbug. Only remember, I don't care for it, and it is only graceful compared to Liz.'

The statue stood before them unmoved. The same sad expression on the still, white face; the flowers held out as before.

Then came the task of lifting it to its place, a niche in the beautiful old hall at Courtlands.

It was done. Mr. Archdale and the servants left the room. Mr. Archdale remained to walk up and down and dwell on the glorious beauty of form, feature, and expression before him. For a time he thus employed himself, and then he sank into a chair, and put one white and trembling hand over his eyes, with a deep sigh, which told of many a sad hour unshared, unsoothed; a sigh which went straight to Lizzie's breaking heart, and for the moment banished even her utter astonishment at the recognition of the wild, unmanageable child Rosy as her uncle's wife. How had such an event come about? She could only imagine that in the absence of any one to guide the house Rosalie had taken that duty upon herself, and had made herself necessary to Mr. Archdale's comfort. This was probably what had really occurred.

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, the hall-door burst open to admit two big boys; they were quarrelling, almost fighting, and the smallest of the two was crying bitterly. Mr. Archdale lifted up his hands deprecatingly: but they rushed up to him, and began noisily, and both together, to complain of one another.

'Boys, my dear boys, spare me, I entreat you—Basil, Arthur!'

'But, papa,——' and the torrent of angry complaint continued.

Could these be the well-trained children she had left? Times were, indeed, changed, when they dared to bring their quarrels into the presence of their invalid father.

She felt that she must have power to stop them. But, alas! it was in vain she strove for utterance, and she had to look on and listen, powerless to aid.

Basil had dropped a knife which had been given him, and was certain Arthur had picked it up. Both boys had been looking for it, and Arthur declared he had not seen it, and was as vehement in his denials as was Basil in his accusations. Mr. Archdale's agitation was painful, but neither of the boys regarded it; and engrossed by their own injuries, they were still talking in loud and angry tones, when Rosalie came lazily into the room.

Mr. Archdale appealed to her in a piteous voice, and she darted forward and administered to each boy a sharp box on the ear, joining her own voice in the clamour. None of the three paid the slightest attention to Mr. Archdale; but Lizzy heard plainly the low moan which became almost a cry as he sat trembling from head to foot. Her indignation and grief were so great that she almost fancied she moved, very, very slightly. It must have been fancy, however, for her position was unaltered. Ere long Rosalie and Basil left the room,

and Arthur threw himself on a sofa, crying bitterly. In days past his tears and his sorrows had been brought to Lizzy, and now he was sobbing out his heart within a yard of her, and she could not utter one pitying word; she could not lay her hand on his heated brow. By degrees his sobs ceased. He raised his head and looked cautiously round; his father, though still from time to time moaning, was, apparently, dozing. Arthur crept on tiptoe to the table, and after again looking cautiously around, opened a drawer, and, taking something from his pocket, looked long and lovingly at it, and then proceeded to put it as far back in the drawer as possible, covering it with papers. This did not satisfy him, however, for after a moment's thought he took it out again, and suddenly advancing to where Lizzy, in her enforced graceful attitude, stood watching him with an undefined dread, he carefully examined her drapery, evidently with a view to discover a good hiding-place for his treasure. In another minute the knife, the object of the dispute, was placed by the unhappy boy in a fold of her dress. Poor Lizzy! It was bitter pain. Was this the end of her careful training? What a return, what a welcome home was hers. At this moment she believed there could be no trial greater than her own.

It was a sorrow constantly kept alive; day after day was she forced to look upon the evil her absence had wrought. Her uncle would creep in alone to feast his eyes upon his last purchase. He would totter up and down before her, talking to himself in broken sentences which told of failing intellect, of a joyless, lonely old age, uncheered, unloved, yet clinging still to this life, with no thought of another. Rosalie would burst in with complaints and reproaches, bewildering him, and spoiling the only pleasure of which he was capable. Mary would sit there silent and sad, with a face which told its own tale of unhappiness. The boys never met without a quarrel, which often ended in a fight, in which Arthur was cruelly beaten. And worse, far worse than all, no day passed without a visit from Arthur to his hidden treasure. Sometimes two or three times in a day Lizzy had to see the child creep up and take his stolen knife from her very sleeve. He would gaze on it with an expression of slyness which it grieved her to see on the face she had loved so well. Sometimes when he had been well beaten by Basil, or snubbed by Rosalie, who hated him, he would creep to his treasure, and cry over it as if his heart would break, little dreaming of the loving heart breaking for him so close at hand. Whenever visitors came to the house, Mr. Archdale was certain to bring them to worship at the shrine of his favourite statue, calling upon all old friends to recognise the likeness to his lost niece. On these occasions Mrs. Archdale

never failed to contradict him with a most unbecoming display of temper.

Meanwhile, Lizzy could not help fancying that her limbs were less stiff than they had been. More than once she felt something give way. More than once she felt almost sure that she had moved, though very slightly. One morning she was certainly more lissome than she had felt before. There was a decided difference, and when a peal at the door-bell announced the arrival of a visitor, she almost fancied that she felt the weight of the basket on her arm.

The door opened to admit Mr. Sempton, and as he crossed the threshold, Lizzy *knew* that she tottered in her niche.

Without raising his eyes, he followed the butler to the drawing-room, but Lizzy heard him sigh deeply as he passed her. She tried, oh! how she tried to move. But it was as impossible as ever.

Soon voices were heard approaching. Her uncle and Mr. Sempton.

'It is a great pleasure, I assure you.' It was her uncle's feeble voice, 'The likeness is very great. One does not see it so much at first, perhaps. Mrs. Archdale don't see it at all. But it is very marked —very marked. It grows on one. There—wouldn't you almost say Elizabeth must have sat for that,' and they stood before her.

There was a painful silence. And once more Lizzy felt a sensation of returning life. Her heart—yes! her heart beat feebly—slowly—still perceptibly. Her lips quivered as the two whom she most loved gazed upon her face.

Mr. Sempton was very evidently trying to command himself.

'Don't you see it—is there not a likeness?' Mr. Archdale grew impatient.

'No, sir,' said Mr. Sempton, at length. 'I cannot say that I do. My Lizzy—Miss Archdale—never had so sad an expression.'

'Nay, but the features—the hair of the head—the——' Mr. Archdale stammered in his eagerness. But Mr. Sempton only shook his head. The discussion continued with impetuosity on one side and evident pain on the other, and each moment Lizzy felt returning life. Every tone of his voice penetrated to her heart, and the mysterious influence which had held her prisoner so long was fast vanishing. She almost fancied that if he would touch her it would be dispelled entirely. Either some slight but perceptible change did in reality take place in her expression, or Mr. Sempton wearied of the old man's pertinacity, for at length he changed his tone.

'You are right, sir,' said he, abruptly. I do now see a likeness. It does grow on one, as you say. But will you forgive me if I tell you that this is a painful subject. Those are buried memories.'

What was there in his words to send a pang through her heart? Was it a presentiment?

At this moment Rosalie entered, and Mr. Sempton's attention was turned to her. She received him graciously, and Lizzy learned that it was his first visit to Courtlands since her supposed death, and that he had been travelling or living abroad ever since that event. He took his leave not long after Rosalie's entrance.

Lizzy was certainly more life-like than before. Yet his last words respecting her had not only left a pain in her heart, but they had undone somewhat of the effect of his voice and presence.

A few days after this visit it was evident that company was expected. Lizzy could not hear who was coming, but she gathered that it was a visit which gave pain to Mr. Archdale, and had been arranged by his self-willed wife.

There was at Courtlands another entrance, by which more formal visitors usually entered, and Lizzy was therefore not surprised at hearing one day all the bustle of an arrival in the other part of the house. She knew that her uncle and Rosalie were out, and from the silence which followed she supposed the guests had retired to their rooms. Suddenly, however, a door opened, and a voice which she knew full well said, 'You remember this beautiful old hall. Let us go this way to the garden,' and Mr. Sempton and Miss Palgrave stood before her.

For one moment Lizzy grew more stone-like than ever, and then there was a strange quivering of vein and nerve which was more intense pain than anything she had before experienced. It was evident that Miss Palgrave was not less moved, though her agitation was shown in a different manner. Her eyes at once fell on the well-known statue, and she turned deadly white. Decidedly she had not expected to find it at Courtlands.

Mr. Sempton observed the direction of her eyes, but not her emotion.

'Ah,' said he, with a sigh. 'That is a statue Mr. Archdale saw in Rome, and afterwards bought from St. B. He raves about the likeness to our poor darling. Tell me, do you see it?'

As he spoke he drew her arm within his own, and Lizzy's murderess was forced to gaze upon her, supported by the man who would have shed his heart's blood to save that life.

And the statue? Calm and still the sad eyes gazed upon them, and the graceful form bent slightly forward, still holding the flowers towards them.

Unconsciously he talked on, unconscious of the tragedy in which he even then bore a part. He talked of Lizzy. He could talk of her,

he said, only to one who had loved her so well. He told of the pain his last visit to Courtlands had given him; how ill he had endured old Mr. Archdale's conversation about her, how he should ever cherish her memory, even when he had other ties.

'I could not have married one who had never known her,' said he. The said eyes were still fixed upon them, but Lizzy was eagerly, eagerly looking. Was there a ring upon her finger? Could it be? Was she already his wife, or did his words contain but a pardonable confusion of tenses?

'I can seldom talk of her, even to you,' he continued, 'I can never even try to thank you for all you did for her. It is enough to know that you do not need thanks, that you did it all from pure love, and my life's devotion must be your thanks.'

For the first time he turned from that cold still statue, and looked in the face of his promised wife. Pre-occupied as he was, the expression of abject terror could but strike him.

'You are ill! you are tired. How selfish of me to keep you standing so long after your journey;' and the excitement of the moment drew from him words of endearment which he had never before addressed to Ellen Palgrave.

He drew a chair towards her and she sank into it unable to stand. Lizzy was at a loss to account for such agitation in one so practised in self-command. It inspired her with the most vivid hopes, and as it increased rather than diminished, her terror lest Mr. Sempton should leave the room to call for help, amounted almost to frenzy. Left alone but for five minutes with Miss Palgrave, she felt certain all hope had vanished for ever.

Her fears were justified. Miss Palgrave was apparently on the point of fainting, and George Sempton rushed off to call for help.

Hardly had the door closed upon him, before the whilome invalid arose, and approaching Lizzy, rapidly performed the well-known passes . . . . Powerless! Powerless!

They produced no effect whatever. Nay! Lizzy slightly moved. Miss Palgrave hastily drew a small bottle from her pocket, and mounting on a chair, prepared, Lizzy doubted not, to pour the contents in her ear as before. It was a moment of fearful suspense. Was, then, escape so near—hope, life, happiness—only to be dashed for ever from her path. There was a noise at the door. Miss Palgrave's agitation, never wholly assumed, now returned, and her trembling hand let the bottle fall. She took it up. Not one drop was left. Once again, summoning all her energies, she attempted the passes. In vain, Lizzy's eye grew lifelike, and steadily and sternly regarded her prosecutor.

The wretched girl wrung her hands in agony.

Voices were heard approaching. Suddenly collecting herself once more, she laid hand on the statue, and for the first time, though in trembling accents.

'You may have your revenge. For one short hour you may live —may regain his love—and then you die. No human being living as you have lived, suffering as you have suffered for five years past, could take up again the thread of active life. For one short hour—one hour of bodily agony you may live—and then—death. There is but one chance, one hope—resign yourself to my will. Promise to give him up, I can save you—I alone.'

Not for one second would Lizzy have hesitated, even had there been time, but there was none. Mr. Sempton was already in the room. With eyes and ears only for the living, he advanced towards Miss Palgrave, and as he did so he accidentally placed his hand on the statue.

'George!'

Whence that strange, hoarse voice?

It thrilled through both hearers like a voice from the dead. And white as the dead, George Sempton turned to the tottering statue.

'George!'

Ellen Palgrave sank to the ground, and buried her face in her trembling hands, waiting, waiting for the end.

'George!' said the voice once more, for Mr. Sempton stood still in excess of amazement.

And as the door opened to admit Mr. and Mrs. Archdale, that still, calm statue fell—not forward with a crash as of a marble image, but softly, slowly collapsing as a human being.

Were their eyes deceiving them? Could it be possible that they looked once more upon her—the long buried—the dead?

There was one full moment of silence, awful in its solemnity. It was broken by that voice which they had all believed long silent in the grave. Yet not all. One was there who cowered beneath her guilty knowledge of the truth.

'Save me from her! George Sempton! Save me, save me!' and then shriek after shriek rent the air as Mrs. Archdale fell back in violent hysterics.

All was confusion. Mr. Archdale, moaning feebly, caught hold of his helpless wife, while George Sempton, giddy, bewildered, unable to credit his senses, lifted the long-lost one from her pedestal, and placed her on the very sofa where she had been laid on the day when she was brought home to die.

And invigorated by his touch, Lizzy Archdale sat up once more among those she had loved.

What a return! There she sat in her strange foreign dress, her hand held by him whose wife she was to have been, and at their feet crouched the shame-stricken woman whom he had now promised to marry.

George Sempton was the only person present who retained anything like composure, and it was not without effort that he commanded himself sufficiently to direct the agitated household. Mrs. Archdale was carried to her room, and as the door closed upon her her husband fell backwards with a cry which struck additional terror to every heart. At the sound Lizzy attempted to spring to his assistance, but in vain. Her weakness was so overpowering that she could not even stand; and she had to see him taken away without the power of following him.

That night he died. But Lizzy knew it not, for she was herself at death's door, and it may well be imagined that it was long ere she recovered. That she did recover was marvellous, and for very long her weakness was excessive, and the pains in her limbs excruciating. Even speaking was painful to her, and any exertion impossible.

At length she was pronounced well, and then, though still suffering, she tried to return to so much of her old life as was possible under the altered circumstances. But it would not do. One and all shrank from her as from a visitor from another world. She would gladly have comforted Rosalie in her sorrow, but Rosalie's horror at her presence was without attempt at concealment. The servants shunned her, the children were afraid of her. Only George Sempton was left to her.

And he? Ah, this was the most bitter trial of all. This was what she touched upon most lightly. The love which he had cherished for her memory faded, drooped, and finally vanished in her new presence. The engagement was resumed, but it was too plain to her that he, as well as all others connected with her former life, experienced an irresistible sensation of repugnance in her company. It almost seemed as if they could not believe her story, although every proof was forthcoming. They still felt as though she had risen from the dead. George Sempton, after hearing her wellnigh incredible tale, had spared no pains to establish each proof. The coffin was examined and found to be filled with stones. Indeed, Miss Palgrave, under the influence of the man she loved, made her wretched confession. The art of suspending animation for a lengthened period, without destroying life, is one which has at least been suspected and imagined to exist. George Sempton had heard and read of it. But the prejudice was not to be overcome.

Ellen Palgrave had not come to Courtlands with any expectation of

finding there the lost statue. For neither she or Herr Baulein had any idea of what had been its fate. Miss Palgrave had, in fact, long quitted Herr Baulein's service in pursuit of George Sempton, and contriving, under the chaperonage of an aunt, adopted for the time, to meet him constantly, had at length succeeded in bringing about an engagement, by working upon his attachment to Lizzy's memory. On his first visit to Courtlands he could not find it in his heart to mention his situation with regard to Miss Palgrave. He had made the announcement by letter, and Rosalie, with her usual caprice, had, much against her husband's wishes, insisted upon inviting Mr. Sempton and Miss Palgrave to meet at Courtlands, although governess and pupil had parted on the worst of terms.

Only a few days before the visit so fatal to her schemes, Miss Palgrave had received a letter from Herr Baulein, a letter which had travelled over half the world in search of her. He announced that he had just learnt, with the greatest alarm, that the statue, in which they were both so peculiarly interested, and which he had imagined safely located at Courtlands, had been resold before reaching that place. All efforts to trace it failed utterly, and the gravest fears must be entertained, for, as Miss Palgrave well knew, 'the flower girl' had never been pronounced 'safe for sale,' owing probably to the counter influence which had so long opposed all efforts at obtaining complete power over her. In other words, the petrefaction had never been complete, and the dangers of at least partial return to life was great. It was, Miss Palgrave confessed, for that reason that Herr Baulein had put on his favourite statue so high a price, that he judged it next to impossible she should be sold. He had hoped that time would work the desired effect, and that as the memory of George Sempton faded in her mind other influences would gain ground, and that he might eventually dispose of her to advantage. Although vexed to find she had been sold in his absence, he was not much alarmed until on seeking her supposed home for the purpose of making all safe for the time he found, to his horror, that she had been resold.

All this Mr. Sempton related to Lizzy almost as soon as he was allowed to see her after her illness. He shortly after went to Rome, and on his return he had to tell her of the utter failure of all his efforts to bring Herr Baulein to justice. The story was simply laughed at, and Mr. Sempton himself looked upon as a madman.

When Mr. Archdale's affairs were arranged, poor Lizzy could no longer conceal from herself that she was terribly in the way in her old home. For her there was of course no provision, and Rosalie at length plainly told her that her presence was an oppression. Lizzy felt that she must exert herself. Her first step was to release George

Sempton from his engagement. It was a painful task. She did not reproach him for a change which she plainly saw was involuntary; but she set him at liberty, and took upon herself the onus of the parting.

'I have lived my life,' said she; 'sad and strange as it has been—it has been my life; I cannot begin another. I can never take part in real active life again. If I live half a century it can be but weary waiting for the stroke that shall release me.'

He was deeply touched. He even implored her to renounce her resolution. He confessed to the feeling of constraint which she had discerned in him when in his presence, and he rightly attributed it to the extraordinary nature of her story, and was certain it would pass away. He had never loved anyone but herself. He should never love again. She was, however, firm, and they parted.

Poor Lizzy went forth alone into the cold world, to live out her sad life. The only kindness which was shown her she owed to George Sempton, for his influence shamed Rosalie into allowing a small sum to be settled on her. It was, however, not enough to afford her all the comforts that her ruined health demanded, and she had recourse to her favourite art. She led a wandering life, with courage neither for solitude, or for forming new friendships. When long stationary, she was haunted by an idea that she should again turn to marble. It seemed to her that safety could only be found in crowded places, and in constantly moving from place to place.

Miss Palgrave had not long survived her disgrace, and Lizzy had Herr Baulien alone to dread. More than once she had encountered him, but he had never recognised her. She was always warned of his approach by the increased sensation of languor which oppressed her. On these occasions she moved and spoke with difficulty, feeling as though her limbs were weighted with lead.

Miss Archdale had never told her tale to any human being, and she was right, for it was one hard to believe. The conviction that Herr Baulien had selected me as a victim, had at length induced her to open her lips, to warn one who had shown her some kindness.

It would be difficult to tell all I felt on hearing this extraordinary tale, for I passed through nearly every possible vicissitude of feeling—from utter incredulity to intense indignation, and determination not to leave a stone unturned until I had defeated the horrible machinations of Herr Baulien, and set free the many poor victims who might still be suffering all the tortures so graphically described by my poor friend.

Certainly this was the point at which I had arrived when she ceased speaking, and I eagerly asked if there was no way of counteracting his power over them.

'There is,' says she, with hesitation, 'but it is one of fearful risk.'

'To whom?'

'To the person who attempts it, and yet but for the languor which makes me quite incapable of exertion, I must have tried it, for the thought of all that suffering is fearful.'

I pressed for particulars, and she told me that while in Herr Baulein's studio she had accidentally learned the only means by which a human being once pronounced in their significant and horrible language 'safe for sale,' could be restored to life.

If one or two drops of a certain fluid could be dropped into the ear animation would be almost instantaneous. She told me the names of the ingredients, and the address of the only chemist who could furnish them.

'But,' she added, 'to procure them you will need a permit from the authorities, and to gain this you must prove your need of them. And who will believe the tale?'

'Who, indeed!' said I; 'but difficulties of this kind I do not fear. What I do fear is the utter impossibility of touching even one statue —of doing the work before Herr Baulein can stop me.'

'There is another way,' said she, with yet more hesitation, 'if any one has courage to raise a tiny valve,—the situation of which in the studio I can exactly describe,—and nerve enough steadily to pour in the whole of the fluid without spilling one drop, it will circulate rapidly round the room, and every *living* statue will at once *return to life*.'

'And what is the danger?'

'Death!'

'And how?'

'If but one drop rests on the edge, if but one half drop touches the hand, it is death, not only to the person who holds it, but to all who touch or approach that person after death.'

I paused. It was a risk. I thought of the possible result, and trembled.

I thought of the human beings groaning under a bondage so torrible and I resolved.

'I will do it,' said I; 'I will succeed. Explain to me—First, how it is to be done; secondly, by what means Herr Baulein will attempt to petrify me.'

'The room is surrounded by pipes, apparently for hot water, which are however kept filled with the petrifying liquid which is thus communicated to each statue,' she answered. 'This can only be counteracted by the preparation which I have just named to you. The revival will be instantaneous, and perfect in all cases but two. One, when like myself the victims have been partially or entirely

subdued by mesmerism in the first instance; the other, when their shapes have actually been contorted, as is too often the case. But this is too horrible; I cannot dwell on it. You will see for yourself. Let me now answer your second question. You are, I should imagine, no subject for mesmerism, but Herr Baulein will make the attempt, either himself or by some of his agents. Failing this, he will make himself most agreeable, his object being to attract you to Rome, to his studio. Either there or elsewhere he will show you some photographs, curiously minute, and will lend you a glass of peculiar make, which you will be told to press firmly on the eye. Beware how you do this. The glass contains, and will convey to your brain, the poison which will place you in his power. If he succeeds in this his course will be guided by circumstances, but you will be lost."

Miss Archdale's exhaustion now became so great that I would hear no more. I had, in fact, acquired all necessary information, and I left her in a whirl of thought, which solitude alone could quiet.

I felt that I should need all my caution and more than all my strength, both of body and mind, to accomplish the task I had in view. My first object was to convey Miss Archdale to a place of safety. My second to disarm Herr Baulein of all possible suspicion. After some persuasion I induced my poor friend to await me in my own home, and I lost no time in starting her on her journey. For Herr Baulein I played my part fairly well. Plainly letting him perceive that I was no subject for mesmerism, I yet received most graciously his attentions.

It was a hard task. One of the hardest I have ever had to perform, for you may well believe how I shrank from the sound of that mild, cruel voice, from the glance of that meek, pitiless eye, from the touch of that soft hand which had dealt a living death to so many. I shortened the time as much as I could. I professed great interest in his art, and I let myself be persuaded to visit Rome at no distant period. And with this promise we parted.

My next work was one of far more difficulty, though infinitely less disagreeable personally. I will not weary you with an account of my progress, of the means I took to gain what I required, of the rebuffs I encountered, the derision, the contempt. I persevered. I was a woman, rich and determined, as you know, not without influence in high quarters.

At the appointed time I was in Rome, and when I met Herr Baulein in his own studio I not only held in my hand the bottle containing the required mixture, but I was accompanied by a friend, who, if he did not actually credit my tale, was sufficiently interested in the event to lend me his aid.

I would not, however, give up to him what I considered at once the privilege and the risk of emptying the vial, though I was so nervous that I believe I quite expected death to be the result of my own endeavours.

I entered the studio with Herr Baulein and my friend. I walked round the room, so agitated that I could hardly distinguish one statue from another. I feigned admiration as well as I was able.

As Miss Archdale had foretold, the photographs were produced. I had purposely placed myself close to the valve described to me. Herr Baulein offered me the glass, and impressed upon me the necessity of holding it firmly on my eyes.

My agitation was so great that I was fearful he would perceive it. I took the glass, holding it carelessly in one hand, talking rapidly, occasionally making as though I would raise it to my eyes, and then suddenly turning round with another question or remark.

Herr Baulein walked impatiently away a few steps. Without the delay of a second, I dropped the glass, and rapidly opening the valve, was on the point of emptying the vial, when alas! he turned! He saw me. He sprang forward, and seized me by the arm, with an oath.

I fainted. But at the same moment my friend snatched hold of the vial, and quietly and deftly turned the contents into the valve.

Herr Baulein flung me from him with a force which brought me to myself. He sprang to the door. My friend was before him. There was a short, sharp struggle. It seemed as though Herr Baulein had the best of it, when—I know not what impelled me, one of those impulses which it is impossible to resist, I rushed forward, seized the glass, and pressed it firmly on Herr Baulein's face.

The effect was instantaneous. He became motionless, even in an attitude of resistance. I dropped the glass, and turned to behold probably the most extraordinary scene ever witnessed.

The room, one minute before all but empty of human life, still and silent, was now full.

Statue after statue in a moment endued with life stepped down from pedestals, or darted forward in all the strange bewilderment of so sudden a change.

We were surrounded. Voices in every language, some hoarse from the silence of years, were thanking us, blessing us, begging for further help, for advice, complaining, lamenting. Some, alas! reviling the one silent figure, which still in a fighting attitude half stood, half knelt in their midst.

I was completely overcome, and too thankful that I was not alone. The only figures I can distinctly recall in that medley are those of more than one quaint image.

How can I tell it. Lizzy's last mysterious words came to my mind, and subsequent explanations verified her account.

There were people in whom Herr Baulein had discerned strange likenesses to things inanimate, and whom he had actually tortured and shaped into the forms which they had suggested to his mind. Works of art they were!

Works of agony—of living agony. Never again could they resume the human form and take their former places among men. They must ever remain living, grotesque figures of flesh and blood!

How I escaped from the crowd I cannot tell. My friend extricated me. I only know that for many subsequent days I was on a sick bed.

When I recovered I found myself a heroine. The excitement in Rome was intense. Fortunately I was too really busy to suffer from my prominent position. Heroines are generally idle, at least when they arrive at the climax of their fame. I, on the contrary, had work to perform. I had to find out the histories of and in every possible way to assist those whom I had been the means of rescuing from a fate so horrible.

One and all came to see me and to thank me. All save those sad injured ones. I begged Mr. ——— to spare me the pain of seeing them again, and it was by mistake that Maxsy and Paxsy were introduced to my apartments. A happy mistake for us all. My friends have often laughingly likened them to grotesque china images, little dreaming how near this was to the truth.

What they suffered I cannot attempt to relate. They pleased me, they touched me; for in their lowliness and misery they humbly implored me to restore them to marble life, as a lesser evil than their present helplessness. Of all those rescued, they alone were friendless and penniless. I took them home with me. They have never left me since, and by their love and devotion have more than repaid the service I rendered them. And this is all I have to tell you of my meeting with the twin dwarfs Maxsy and Paxsy.

Elizabeth Archdale is still alive, still painting portraits occasionally. Hundreds have sat to her—hundreds with aching hearts and ruined lives, perhaps, but I doubt if one could tell a tale of sorrow so deep, so hopeless as her own.

The Orphan's Wrong.

By Francis Peek.

II.

SCORNED TO DEATH.

The melancholy condition of those children who are brought up in workhouses, the dreary hopelessness of their childhood, and that corruption of their character as they grow up, which is produced by the pauper associations and vicious associates surrounding them, and lastly, the disastrous result of this training, as shown by the future history of a large majority of those whose career can be traced, have been fully described. In exceptional cases their lot is, no doubt, ameliorated by the extreme kindness of some matrons, and by the visits of tender-hearted ladies, who seek them out in their gloomy abodes; but so utterly bad and unsuitable is the workhouse system, that it is open to question whether even this amelioration is not in its result a cruelty. The following true account will illustrate the miserable condition of pauper-bred orphans, even when kindness has done all it can to improve it. Some ten or twelve years ago there was (says the writer) in our workhouse a very good little girl, an orphan. I knew the child personally. She was about thirteen years of age, and had been in the workhouse some few years when she was sent out for a month upon trial as servant in a respectable place in the little town of Highworth. At the end of three weeks she came away from her place and returned to the workhouse. The matron, who was deservedly beloved by all who knew her, went to the little girl and kindly talked to her, saying she had not expected such conduct from her; she had always been such a good, obedient child. 'I could not stay, ma'am, oh, I could not stay!' said the poor child, 'they scorned me so.' 'Who scorned you so?' said the matron. 'The children of the town,' replied the poor orphan.

Within a few days after this the little girl began to droop, and not many weeks afterwards was numbered among the dead. The matron said she believed the child died of a broken heart, because 'they scorned her so.'

While in ten thousand English homes mothers were rejoicing over their happy children, rejoicing with perhaps a shade of sadness as the thought passed through their minds how sad it would be for these if death should deprive them while young of their mother's care and affection.

While from millions of devout churchgoers the prayer was ascending that God would have mercy on all fatherless children, this desolate, destitute orphan was breaking her young heart, 'scorned to death.'

But who was responsible for this cruel crime? Were the village children? No; they only applied (without discrimination) the feelings of their parents towards paupers as a class. Were, then, the parents of these children? No, they had only in their children's hearing expressed the noble-hearted indignation of the honest, industrious English workman against those who *willingly* eat the bread of idleness and dependence, and their knowledge of the base characters of the majority of those who make the workhouse their home. Rather those are guilty of the crime who without protest and without effort allow innocent, destitute orphans of the poor to be degraded to a pauper's life in a workhouse home.

If there were no alternative, it would be a question of some difficulty to decide: whether it is worth while providing for these children at all, if nothing better than the fate before described was to be secured for them—rather leave them to Christian charity; or, failing that, to the care of the Great Father, whose interference the Church so constantly invokes, than to the dreariness of the workhouse union, the degradation of its education, and the ruinous nature of its result. But there are two alternatives ready to our hand.

We may, in the first place, bring them up in district schools—of these there are already several, and mostly well managed. This plan, however, is open to several objections.

Firstly, that the congregation of large masses of children—mostly of the pauper class—together, is acknowledged by all who have studied the subject to be very injurious; tending, as is natural, to prevent them from having the desire even to rise above this class.

Secondly, the want of any separation of the permanent from the casual children; viz., those whose parents are constantly passing from haunts of vice to the workhouse, and back again to those dens of evil, and whose children follow them, thus forcing the orphans into constant contact and association with the greatest depravity, the

physical effect showing itself from time to time in fearful outbreaks of loathsome diseases in these schools.

Thirdly, the very discipline and organization absolutely necessary when such large numbers are gathered together is injurious to the development of character in a child, its whole time being constantly spent under this discipline without any break by the freedom of a home during holidays. They, as a rule, become dull and spiritless, as might be expected, and consequently unable to battle with the world when sent out to sustain themselves.

The above might, no doubt, be obviated, or, at least, mitigated, by having separate smaller schools for orphans, and joining industrial training to their education; and it is to be sincerely hoped that this plan will be adopted in all the schools now existing, but there will still remain two great objections, viz., that the children have no home influence, and when they have gone out to service, no home, in case of misfortune, to return to but the workhouse. The cost of these schools is also excessive, and a great wrong is thus done to many a struggling ratepayer who is paying twice as much for these children than he can afford for his own. The following is the cost in the principal district schools:

	£	*s.*	*d.*	
South Metropolitan . .	18	15	2	per child per year.
North Surrey	16	2	6	do.
Swinton, near Manchester,	16	9	0	do.

This is independent of expenses of the large staff, the cost of buildings, &c., which will bring the cost of each child up to at least 12 *shillings* per week.

The alternative way of dealing with these helpless, destitute orphans is well illustrated by a French fable: A labourer, painfully anxious about the fate of his little family should death take him away, one day found in a bush two birds' nests near each other. Constantly he watched them, till one day a hawk pounced upon and destroyed the parent birds belonging to one of them. Sadly distressed, thinking that the fate of the little birds betokened the fate of his own little children when he was no more, he kept from the place for some time, but at last was drawn to look at the nest, expecting to find the fledgelings starved to death; but, to his surprise, they were alive and healthy. Standing by in astonishment he saw the parents of the other brood equally distribute the food they brought between their own young ones and the orphan birds, and took comfort (for in that country there is no workhouse), believing that the great Father would in such extremity provide in a similar way for his own children.

Such is the natural plan of caring for our destitute orphans. Their

own parents being gone, find them foster-parents from among their own class. This is no new, untried system; it has been tried for years in Scotland, and those brought up by it have had time to test its value. The following is the testimony of the officials who have watched its working, and one of whom was at first opposed to it.

Mr. Adamson states that, of 923 boarded out by the Glasgow Union, only 40 have been lost sight of, while less than five per cent. turned out badly. Mr. Greig, clerk to the Edinburgh Parochial Board, says 'it is a rare thing for a child who has been brought up in this way to become chargeable to the parish in after life.'

After 20 years' experience, the guardians of the poor in Dublin have petitioned in favour of an extension of the time the children are allowed to remain with their foster parents.

The happiest results have followed from the introduction of boarding-out.

The Windermere Committee state that the anxiety of the committee who undertook to supervise the children was at first considerable, but quickly diminished as they found how soon the little ones became loved as members of the family.

This is indeed the great encouragement to those struggling, against prejudice and obstructiveness, for the extension of the boarding-out system. They know that gradually children are being boarded out; and almost every child thus treated finds a real home. Numerous are the cases where foster parents have altogether adopted the children; and almost universal is the testimony that, especially when placed out young, the mutual attachment between them and their foster parents becomes so strong that when they leave to go out to service, there is always a real home to which they can return. And as regards expense, no system is so economical; the comparative cost being from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per week, as against 5s. 6d. to 6s. in workhouses, and 6s. 6d. to 12s. in district schools.

The objections raised to the system seem really to arise from ignorance of its working. It has been argued, for instance, that homes cannot be found; the answer to this is that there are numbers waiting, but, owing to the resistance of boards of guardians, children cannot be obtained.

It is also argued that the children would be neglected or ill-treated, as under the old farming-out system. But the system of supervision required by the Poor Law Board precludes this danger, while the establishment of ladies' committees brings rich and poor together in the happiest intercourse.

Mr. Goschen's order provides as follows: 'Orphan and deserted children may be boarded out, provided a committee of two or more

ladies approved by the Government Board undertakes the superintendence of them. The Poor Law officer is also bound to see they are well cared for, and that the homes are suitable. The maximum sum allowed is 4s. per week per child, exclusive of payment for clothing and education. The travelling expenses are also paid by the guardians, and the children are required to attend school.' Under these conditions, it is hardly possible but that the children shall be well cared for, and they form a most useful bond of union between the ladies and the poor; the common bond of sympathy and kindly feeling for the desolate orphan, which the one adopts for a moderate remuneration, and the ladies of the boarding-out committee regard as their charge; they constitute a tender link between the cottage and the hall; while the sympathies of the ladies are excited on behalf of their helpless charge, and it finds not only foster parents, but kind friends, whose sympathy and assistance when it goes out into the world is invaluable. Surely, with such a system waiting to be adopted, kindly to the poor children in their childhood, most successful, wherever it has been tried, in training them for a future life of usefulness, economical in its present working, and doubly so by cutting off the entail of pauperism, it is the height of madness to continue the present prevailing system of workhouse rearing, and yet, though hundreds of homes are now waiting for foster children, guardians will not give way to this *new-fangled* plan, and thousands of desolate, destitute orphans pay the sad penalty of their guardians' obstinacy. But what right has the nation thus to treat the poor children of the State? Is there nothing in the word home? Do not hearts want cultivating as well as heads? At the present time there is a loud outcry for honest, able-bodied, intelligent men, and useful, faithful domestic servants; during the past 20 years about 100,000 orphans, or deserted children, who might have helped to supply the want, have been brought up as paupers to fill our workhouses and prisons, or flaunt their shameless finery in the streets of our large towns, a vivid illustration of the great truth, that with what measure we meet it shall be measured to us again. We plant these orphans in a corrupt soil, and reap a just retribution in a harvest of crime.

There is, to an English ear, no word sweeter than that of home; it is a word so full of suggestive association that it often causes the tear to roll down the rugged cheek of England's exiles toiling in long banishment at the extremities of the earth; it is the word which (where one has been enjoyed) sooner than any other, except that of mother, softens the heart of the outcast woman. The home is the great barrier which, more than any other cause, restrains the great flood of selfishness and vice from overwhelming society, and making

patriotism but a name to cover selfish pride and covetousness, as in other countries where the name is unknown. By what right, then, do we refuse to our destitute orphans the comfort, joy, and benefits that this most English of words implies?

What is the worth of the kindness, wisdom, or religion of those who, looking at the gaol-like workhouse, and thinking of the poor orphan children dragging out their dreary childhood within its walls, can pass by on the other side without an effort to rescue and restore them to home and love?

Strong Magic.

CHAPTER I.

It is just a year to-day since mother died; and how much my life has altered since the dreary autumn Saturday afternoon, which saw her dear white self hidden away from the sight of man, among the strange cold dead in Kensal Green Cemetery. How chill my world was then; without a soul to care for me, or be cared for by me, with grim, ugly realities to be faced and conquered, with a future as blank as a prison wall. Ah! that was a bad time.

We Yescombes arn't a lucky race, *sui generis*, at least until I was born. From father to son for ages the same wild temper has marred the prospects of our men, and made our women miserable. I suppose in the old days we used to ruffle it with the best gentlemen in the land; for Yescombe, the family estate, sold to a big brewer about fifty years ago by my father's father, was a very fine old place, and had been finer: nevertheless, I can't remember the day when there was an odd farthing to spare in the family purse, and have frequently had occasion to doubt the presence of farthings at all.

Guided by this circumstance, you will perceive that my father, poor dear man, inherited the talent of his forbears for getting into trouble; and the trouble he got into was a deal worse than any which had hitherto been recorded in the family chronicles.

I don't fancy mother was quite his equal in birth—perhaps chance sayings and doings at home first gave me this impression; but assuredly no grandee, however grand, could have made him a sweeter, lovelier, more steadfast wife, and she was sorely tried. Yes! even before our great grief fell upon us.

And our great grief, what was that?

I will try to tell you as briefly as possible.

When I was about seven years old, my father, by profession a solicitor, became entangled in speculation, and being one day at a loss

for funds wherewith to carry out a scheme whence he hoped to derive immense profits, he raised the necessary money on some deeds which had been entrusted to his care by a client of his called Mr. Henry Bertram. Now I fully believe he intended to repay the loan and release the deeds directly this negotiation was concluded; but with the perversity common to mundane events, when their fortuitous course is of more than usual importance, nothing happened as my poor father thought it would, and a general smash was the result; this was bad enough, but there was worse to follow. Before long the use he had made of the missing deeds was discovered, and Mr. Bertram instituted a prosecution for abuse of trust, which placed him in the prisoners' dock at the ensuing county assizes, and ultimately consigned him to Portland, there to work out a sentence of ten years' penal servitude. Judge how mother suffered, and how I, child though I was, suffered with her. We were living in Somersetshire then, in a small country town given up to illnatured gossip and canting hypocrisy. Of course to remain there was an impossibility after disgrace had wound itself about us like a cloak; so we turned our shabby backs on all our pitying foes, and unencumbered by any surplus of personal belongings, the furniture having been seized and sold prior to my father's arrest, started forthwith for London. Mother, I know, fretted and grieved over the change, the great change in our surroundings. I, on the contrary, rather liked that hand to mouth lodging-house existence in Bayswater; but it used to worry me all the same to see her sweet face stained with tears, and her pretty grey eyes dim and dull when I came home from school, day after day. Then when my father's letters came, you see he couldn't quite keep the prison out of them, though I'm sure he tried to for our sake; well, on those mornings, everything used to seem doubly wretched, for although mother liked to hear from him, the thought of where he was hurt her worse when it took substance in the shape of that hateful postmark. Her days were so dull too, for of money for amusements we had none, indeed it was hard work sometimes to procure absolute necessaries, a hundred and twenty pounds a year not being by any means a lavish allowance for two people, and a hundred and twenty pounds constituting the sum total of our annual income, of which the twenty pounds was contributed by mother and the hundred pounds by Cousin Frank, who is an old bachelor and a barrister, and the very best and dearest of—— But I mustn't.

I believe I was sixteen all but a week, when the thought of earning my own living first presented itself to me with any degree of force; at all events I know it was on the afternoon of my sixteenth birthday that I first spoke to mother of my plans for the future, despite the

poor dear's earnest entreaties that I would not spoil the happiest day in the year by forcing her to think of the time when her darling Nellie must fight her own battle among strangers.

'But mother, dear, you know Cousin Frank won't care to keep me as a lady at large much longer, and I'd rather put on the yoke myself than have it fixed on my shoulders by any one else,' said I, in reply to her tender arguments. Mother shook her head.

'You're too proud, my child,' sighed she. 'This is a very hard world for sensitive beggars.'

'For beggars, yes! for workers, no!' and I remember feeling as strong as a Pythoness and as defiant as a Maria Theresa, despite my diminutive five feet three of weakly mortality.

'Well, what work do you think of attempting?' She smiled after a while, when my energy had somewhat evaporated. 'You can be a governess, of course!'

'No indeed, I can't. I've no more idea of teaching horrid children how to do addition sums, or make pothooks, than I have of flying,' answered I hastily, getting remarkably red.

'Ah, I thought you were not quite prepared to leave me!' stroking my podgy little hands with calm content.

'Not to leave you, darling!' said I, feeling very like crying at the bare mention of such a misery; 'but to make you more comfortable, to give you some money to spend, and a few little pleasures. Mother, I'll tell you my secret—I want to be a pianiste. You've often said that I have a talent for music, and you know how I adore art; do let us try to persuade Cousin Frank to let me go to the Royal Academy. Now do, there's a dear, dear creature!'

How annoyed she was to be sure, and how hard she did try to persuade me that musical people were low, unprincipled beings, utterly tabooed by respectable society.

'Look at Mendelssohn!' I cried, flourishing the G minor concerto, 'look at Beethoven, look at Mozart! Is it not a splendid thought to be one with them in soul?' But mother would not be shaken from her firm conviction that the past was not the present, neither the few the many; and although she allowed me to ask Cousin Frank's assistance, I could see that she in her own heart hoped he would say no. How anxious I was until his answer came. What was it? Well, it was a modified 'Yes.' He liked my desire to be up and doing, he also liked the notion of an actual profession, but he desired the testimony of competent judges as to my musical abilities before he proceeded farther in the matter. Mother's face fell as I read out Mr. Yescombe's long, carefully written letter, and for the first time in my life I found her disinclined to interest herself on my behalf. At length, however,

I, unaided, procured three favourable testimonials from professors of music, and thus fortified, presented myself duly to Cousin Frank, who gave me a kiss, a five pound note, and a promise to do his best to help me on in the pursuit of my new vocation. He kept his word. I entered the Royal Academy as a pianoforte student, at the commencement of the Michaelmas term. For the first six weeks it was dull work enough, but by degrees I gained some little command over my fingers, and by the end of the second term had played my first concerto, a rondo by Hummel, to which dear mother listened with such a beatified expression on her sweet face that I was well repaid for all the agonies of terror I endured during its performance. Yes, she was quite reconciled to my wilful choice by then, and cheerfully underwent any amount of finger exercises daily without the veriest *soupçon* of a grumble.

Oh! we were so happy, mother and I, that one short year, but, alas, our joy soon came to a terrible close.

One Sunday, late in August. the dear soul caught a cold by sitting in church in wet clothes, for, although an active, purely religious woman, she held firmly to the somewhat formalistic belief in which she had been reared, *i. e.*, that to miss the hebdomadal sermon was a dire calamity, not to be lightly incurred out of consideration for pelting rain or possible illness. Well, a cold in this climate gets less attention than it deserves, and mother declaring she was perfectly well, ventured out right into the teeth of an east wind before the end of the week, despite my protestations that she was acting most unwisely.

Naturally her cough grew worse, bronchitis ensued, and by the last day of September she had vanished from off the face of the earth. I can't write about her death; I scarcely dare think of it. My poor darling, how she prayed for me the night she sank to rest. How she looked her life away into my hot dry eyes, for I could't cry then. Ah! these things are best kept between me and God.

CHAPTER II.

Everyone was very kind to me in my desolation. Cousin Frank, especially, did his utmost to alleviate the horrors of my forlorn condition, and during those first dreadful days I was quite thankful to see his pleasant red face when he called of an afternoon. My father's answer to the letter in which I told him of our loss intensified my bitter misery, for by it I learnt how he had hoped to get his discharge on New Year's Day, and how he had been longing, agonising, to clasp my mother and me to his breast once more. Now ———. Yes!

DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'STRONG MAGIC.'

that letter drove me nearly frantic; and I could get no rest, no peace until I had shown it to cousin Frank, and asked his advice as to what I had better do, where I had better go to. I didn't care a button what became of me at that sorry time.

'Well! my dear,' hesitated my counsellor in reply to my weary inquiries; 'You see, er—you can't live on here alone until your poor father is at liberty to join you; and a boarding-house is not a desirable residence for a young lady so excessively—er—pretty as yourself —er ———.'

I stared at him with my lacklustre eyes.

'Good gracious! he must have taken leave of his senses, to call my cadaverous countenance, pretty!' was my reflection; and I was cadaverous then. A small, fair-headed, white girl, weighed down by the heaviest of hearts, and sombrest of mourning garments.

Cousin Frank fidgetted himself off to the fireplace and back again before he resumed his remarks.

'Do you think you are a sufficiently good musician to undertake a situation as a musical governess?' he said, presently.

'Yes,' I answered with considerable promptitude; 'Do you know of such a thing?'

'Not at present! not at present! But an advertisement in the *Times* might be of service. Of course, I fully intended to allow you another year at the Academy—but ———."

'That's all over now!' I exclaimed, with the savage vehemence of seventeen when cheated by Fate out of its dearest ambition.

Cousin Frank looked somewhat alarmed at my tone, and cleared his throat eloquently.

Feeling penitent and utterly wretched, I begged his pardon, and promised to act entirely as he thought for the best, in such a meek and humble fashion that he was fain to be conciliated, and speedily departed to draw up a careful statement of my acquirements for the edification of the readers of the 'Want Situations'' column in to-morrow's *Times*.

So then I was to be a governess after all. Well! it didn't hurt me much to make that humiliating acknowledgment; indeed, I believe I had not the slightest wish to keep on in my present groove. The atmosphere round and about me was damp with tears, the streets were full of hearses. I wanted a change, I wanted active duties to force me into repressing my own feelings. I wanted fresh interests, and I was to have them. Lucky I! Also, a regular salary would enable me to save money wherewith to help my father when he should have cast off the vile prison garb. How I rejoiced at the nearness of his freedom; and yet I knew we both had a long journey against the collar

before us, where to end, or how, God alone knew. Two days dragged themselves out; two sickly miry days, when the outer world was an abomination and everything indoors put on its dingiest aspect. I practised as well as I could, but the salt of my life had lost its savour; and etude, fugue, sonata, nocturne, all alike hammered out the humdrum question, 'Whatever shall I do if no one answers Cousin Frank's advertisement?' 'Go into a shop!' suggested my tired mind. On further reflection, however, I perceived that I was by nature singularly unfitted for *une dame du comptoir*. One of those magnificent black silk dresses, so elegantly supported by the young ladies who exhibit mantles, and invigorate languid customers, at the first-rate West-end linen-drapers, would smother me hopelessly. A train would make me look like a fly lately rescued from the cream-jug. No! my poor little person must never aspire to such ambitious heights. These perplexities, added to the great sorrow which gnawed at my heart morning, noon, and night, made me sufficiently miserable, as you may suppose; and I don't believe anyone ever welcomed living man with heartier pleasure than I did Cousin Frank, when he made his appearance about four o'clock on the afternoon of the third day after our last conversation. 'Any answers?' was my eager inquiry as I shook hands with him; but elderly gentlemen are apt to be leisurely in their movements, and his grey head had to be ruffled up, and his hat and himself conveniently disposed of before he could reply to my question.

'Any answers, did you say, Ellen?' came at length, however. (He never called me Nellie.) 'Yes! I have received three. Two ladies offer no salary—which is a drawback; but the third appears to me to be a most promising opening in every respect. I brought the letter for you to see. There it is; read it, and give me your opinion.' And he handed it to me.

A square enveloped, monogramed letter, on rough paper—quite a lady's letter. The handwriting a trifle spiky, but legible, and the English good. When I had finished its perusal, I was aware that Mrs. Clarke, of Cropton House, Cropton, near Stillborough, was in need of a musical governess for her daughter, *ætat* fourteen; and believed that the young person referred to in the advertisement enclosed would be quite competent to undertake the situation. The salary she proposed offering was thirty pounds a year, and the use of their family laundry. Should this arrangement appear satisfactory, references could be forwarded by an early post; and on their being approved of by Captain Clarke, the date of the young woman's arrival could be fixed without delay, as Mrs. Clarke was anxious to lose no time.

'A very sensible, practical letter, eh, my dear?' remarked Cousin Frank, as I refolded it and laid it on the table.

'Very,' and I paused, wondering if any girl ever did really want to be a governess.

'Should you like to answer it?'

'Oh, yes! May I refer Mrs. Clarke to you?'

'Certainly, certainly! Ahem—er—ahem ———.'

I waited for him to say his say out; so he continued diffidently;

'That is, I think it would be wise not to be too explicit about your family connections—you see, my dear—hem ———.'

'You mean that I had better say nothing about my father being alive,' I said, bluntly enough. The world was treating me badly, I thought.

'That is my opinion,' answered Cousin Frank, keeping his eyes out of the window; and in my own heart I knew he was right. These Cropton House people were most probably of the heavy respectable order of humanity; and would of course regard a convict's daughter as utterly unfit to be entrusted with even so much as the fingertips of a Miss Clarke.

So it was agreed between us that I should become demure reticence itself; and endeavour henceforth to act the cypher as adequately as in me lay.

'I suppose I may say that my mother's death has occasioned my seeking a situation?' I inquired presently, swallowing a something in my throat.

'By all manner of means. Indeed, I daresay Mrs. Clarke will treat you with greater consideration on account of your recent bereavement my dear! and gradually I hope you'll settle down quite nicely in your new sphere.'

Of the two, I'm sure I'd rather have died quite nicely there and then. With a big sigh, however, I promised to write my initiatory letter to the lady of Cropton House at once; and on Cousin Frank's departure did indite that somewhat priggish epistle, did also stamp and post it before six o'clock that evening.

Well! Mrs. Clarke speedily professed herself willing to engage me for a quarter at least: and by the end of the week it was settled that I should take my abode in my 'new sphere' as quickly as possible, namely, on the following Friday. Very, very fast, fled those last few days of liberty, made precious by sad farewell visits to my mother's grave. Leaving her behind was bitter work; but the hour came when I did so leave her, and, terribly alone in the world, rattled off in a crazy four-wheeler to Paddington, to Stillborough, to Cropton, to bondage.

CHAPTER III.

STILLBOROUGH is, as everyone knows, only about fifty miles from London; so my journey was by no means formidable, especially as no change occurred to worry me out of my senses: nevertheless, the thought of the 'afterwards' kept me on the alert, and I felt quite sick with nervousness when the train at last gurgled itself to a standstill by the Stillborough platform.

'Cab or 'bus 'm?' ejaculated a porter, with his hand on the door.

'Neither, thank you. Is Captain Clarke's carriage here?' I asked as calmly as I could; public displays of nerves being derogatory, in my opinion.

'Yes, miss; shall I take your rugs to it?'

I gave him the tightly-strapped bundle, and was preparing to follow him with the rest of my light baggage, when a great-coated gentleman, about middle height, with a reddish, ugly-featured, dark face, framed in a pair of black whiskers à la mutton chop, and scrubby short black hair, hurried up, and, raising his hat, exclaimed in a loud voice: 'Miss Yescombe, I presume?'

I bowed, and smiled feebly; guessing at once that my interlocutor was Captain Clarke himself.

'Lucky hit of mine; wasn't it? So awkward speaking to the wrong person?' he said, with a laugh, which showed a set of strong white teeth. 'Don't trouble about your trunks; I'll see to them. Ah, there's William. Would you mind following my servant to the carriage?' Of course I replied by humbly scuttering after that tighted, top-booted, cockaded personage through the booking-office to the well-appointed waggonette and pair, which stood a little way up the road, a boy holding the horses' heads.

'Where will you sit, 'm; by master, or inside?'

'Inside, please,' said I, and forthwith was tucked up right cosily in a great fur rug.

By this time the afternoon was verging towards evening, and a white mist rising out of some waste land to the rear of the station told me I should see nothing of the country through which we might pass. At length Captain Clarke made his appearance with a porter and my sole trunk—not a stupendous one by any means.

'Won't you sit in front?' he asked, as he took the reins; but I declined making a move; so the box was shoved under the seat, the steps were put up, the door was banged, William assumed a rigid attitude at the end of the waggonette, and away we went over a bridge

into the town, which seemed to be a populous, flourishing place, given up to trade entirely. I remarked on the lack of picturesque buildings as we drove along.

'All the better for us,' laughed Captain Clarke over his shoulder. 'That's our bank.' And he pointed with his whip to a plain, square, iron-barred, great-windowed house on our left.

'Indeed!' I said.

'Yes; we Clarkes have been head partners in the Stillborough Old Bank for years now; and I'll venture to say there isn't a better paying concern in the country.'

'You have other partners?' I remarked; why I'm sure I don't know.

'Yes; the firm is Clarke, Gordon, and Bertram, but Bertram isn't much better than a sleeping partner, to tell the truth. He's a lazy fellow, and we really haven't got enough business to keep three partners actively employed. That's the Abbey Church;' and Captain Clarke turned a sharp corner after a very coachmanlike fashion.

'Bertram!' I repeated. 'Not Mr. Henry Bertram?'

This in fear and trembling, albeit reason whispered 'How unlikely!'

'Yes; Mr. Henry Bertram,' replied Captain Clarke. 'Why? Do you know him?'

'N-n-o-o,' I answered, feeling my face flush despite the cutting frosty air; 'but I—I've heard of him.'

I should rather think I had.

'Oh, indeed. Well, he's a capital fellow, and was of great use to us about five years ago, when we were rather hard hit by the failure of several large city houses. That is how he came to be our partner. Then he bought a very fine place called Bablock Park near us, and we got to be great friends. Steady, boy, steady!' and Captain Clarke tightened his hold on the off horse's mouth.

'I suppose you knew Mr. Bertram long before he became connected with your bank?' I observed presently, my soul benumbed by chill despair. Surely my father's sin had found me out.

'No; strange to say, I did not, although Lady Headington, his sister, is quite a friend of my wife's; but you see his house is only about a mile off ours, and in the country one's too glad of an agreeable neighbour to stand on ceremony, especially when he's a rich bachelor. Are you very cold?'

'My secret is safe,' thought I, and a great weight rolled off my heart; so I replied that I was quite enjoying my drive, and we talked together most affably all the way to Cropton.

'You'll like Tiddy, my little girl, you know,' he said, as we came near the lights of the village. 'Everyone likes Tiddy, and I hope

you'll make yourself at home and happy with us. You see, my wife's quite a young woman; so you'll find her a very pleasant companion when you're not in the schoolroom. She has been looking forward to your arrival, and all the delightful music we shall have, for ever so long.'

Now this wasn't a bit like the typical domestic tyrant; and I began to think that, if only madame resembled her lord and master, I shouldn't find my new sphere half bad after all.

'But strange women are never so nice as strange men,' sighed I to myself, and we trotted on briskly through the long straggling hamlet, with its tiny ivy-grown church and thatched, lop-sided cottages.

'Here we are!' exclaimed Captain Clarke at length, bringing hi animals to a standstill before a five-barred blue gate, which William unlatched and swung back; and again my silly heart got into my throat, and again I quivered all over with fright! Wasn't I a great goose? but at seventeen one's mental epidermis is tender.

Cropton House was, on the whole, about as picturesque as the Old Bank. No gables, no dear little irregular bits of quaint masonry sticking out here and there, no courtyard; only a modern carriage sweep and lawn, bordered by well-grown trees, and a flat, Inigo Jones-looking mansion, illuminated by flashes of red firelight in several of its upper and lower windows, the latter of which I found belonged to the hall and library—the actual front of the house looking the other way, over an ample flower-garden and croquet-ground. Before we reached the hall-door it was thrown open by a tall man dressed in black.

'Is your mistress at home, Wakefield?' asked Captain Clarke, getting down from his seat, and coming round to help me out.

'Yes, sir! Mrs. Clarke and Miss 'Arriet are in the drawin'-room,' responded this solemn being, whilst I set my numbed feet upon the Cropton threshold for the first time.

'Let me take you to them at once, then, Miss Yescombe. Don't trouble about your things, Graham will see to all that. Graham!'—this to a comely, middle-aged woman-servant, who came forward from the end of the hall as her master spoke—'see that Miss Yescombe's trunk is unfastened, and everything is ready in her room—fire, hot water, and tea. You'd like some tea, of course?'

'Yes, sir!' and my rugs were taken away, also my trunk. How very small I did feel as I went up that wide oaken staircase, the manner of my life for the last ten years having been such as to render all this order and decorum and refined comfort nothing short of awful.

'I've brought you Miss Yescombe, Flora,' said Captain Clarke, suddenly opening the first white-and-gold-panelled door we came to in the broad corridor; and in a second I found my hands being warmly

shaken by a very, very fair, pretty woman, apparently about thirty, with a lovely brown-eyed, brown-haired child by her side, whose sweet, piquante face told me at once that her father said rightly when he declared that everyone liked Tiddy.

'You must have had such a cold drive,' smiled Mrs. Clarke, leading me to the fire. 'Do sit down and get thawed before the second bell rings. We dine at half-past seven, but you mustn't dress; you are too tired, I'm sure!'

'What have we got for dinner, Tid? This girl's a horrible little glutton, Miss Yescombe; and a spoiled puss. Ain't you, young woman?' and Captain Clarke sat down on the sofa, and pulled the 'spoiled puss' on to his knee.

'That's your own fault, papa,' laughed she, merrily; her bright glossy curls, gathered back into a long stream by a broad blue ribbon, catching a glorious ruddy tint from the firelight. 'I hope you don't mean to be very hard on me, Miss Yescombe. I shall never play well, so it's no use trying to make me!'

'Miss Yescombe couldn't be severe if she tried,' interposed Captain Clarke; 'she's too young.'

'I'm so glad you're quite a girl,' said Mrs. Clarke, turning her blue eyes upon my face, reflectively. 'I like young people, and I hope you'll like us.'

'I'm sure I shall,' was my ready answer; and I meant what I said.

'You know we're very quiet people, especially now; for our best neighbour, Mr. Bertram, is away, but——' and she hesitated, pity graciously softening her delicate face to such a mute sympathy, that I felt my whole soul to go out towards her, as she sat beside me in her costly grey and blue apparel.

Before I could frame any coherent reply, Captain Clarke observed that he must go and make himself respectable for dinner; whereupon Tiddy volunteered to take me to my room, and I followed her forthwith to that very cosy and prettily furnished apartment.

Just as she left me, having satisfied herself that my creature comforts had been properly attended to, Graham brought me a cup of tea, and offered to superintend my toilette; but I dispensed with her services, and presently found my way back to the drawing-room, fresh-collared and cuffed, and otherwise purified from the effects of my journey.

Dinner at the Clarkes' was pretty much like dinner under its civilised aspect everywhere else, and as I was hungry enough to enjoy myself despite my shyness, I pronounced it a very highly satisfactory perfomance. Indeed, by the time the dessert came, I could scarcely believe that I, Nellie Yescombe, was a musical governess at all.

A short evening followed, during which I was neither asked to play nor sing, to my great relief; but instructed in the mysteries of divers photograph books by Tiddy, generally petted by Madame, and taught German backgammon by Captain Clarke.

Then came prayers, negus, biscuits, and good-night!

'Let me come to your room, just for a minute or two, dear!' begged Tiddy, as she gave me my candlestick, and, tired though I was, I said, 'Yes,' so winning was this pet child with her mignonne ways.

'Mamma's fallen in love with you,' said she, when the door was closed, and we were standing on the hearthrug before the bright, crackling fire, 'and papa says you're a very nice little girl; and I say that I'm going to be your great, great friend, and love you ever so much, may I?'

You may guess what answer I made. It was so delicious to find my bugbears turn into kindly souls, in whose society I might hope to spend at least a few calm happy months.

'I suppose you don't know Denzil?" observed Tiddy, suddenly, after we had been talking hard and fast, as girls will, for about half an hour. 'He's papa's first cousin, and partner in the bank!' stroking my hair, which I had let down over my dressing-gown, having already commenced my *toilette de nuit*.

'No, of course I don't,' I answered. 'Why, I didn't know there was such a place as Cropton in the world, until a fortnight ago.'

'Didn't you, really? How strange! Every one knows papa; he has lots of London friends, rich, fat men—the richer the fatter, it seems to me. Well, you know, Denzil lives with us when he's not somewhere else. He's very well off, of course; but papa and he were at Rugby together, and so they're great chums, and as there's lots of room in the house and the stables, Denzil likes being here better than at Stillborough, and I'm so glad he does, for I love him awfully, and he's so jolly. Oh, you can't think how jolly he is, Miss Yescombe, and so good-looking!'

'Indeed!' I replied, sleepily, 'and where is he now?'

'Up in Scotland. He went there for the grouse-shooting, and he's never come back, isn't it a shame of him?'

'Certainly!' and Tiddy, finding me disposed to slumber unawares, administered two vigorous hugs without delay, and left me to try how I liked the dainty bechintzed bed, so persuasively inviting my languid little body to profound and tranquil rest.

CHAPTER IV.

My life, for about six weeks after I had fairly settled down in my new quarters, and become accustomed to the routine of my daily avocations, was as calmly pleasant as any mortal's could possibly be. First, it was such a comfort to reflect that my presence in the flesh didn't cost Cousin Frank a farthing; secondly, was I not a lucky girl to have done my duty, and found that heroic performance about the wisest and most profitable action I could have pursued.

'Vile young Benthamite!' you exclaim, stern moralist, and I bow my head meekly to the accusation; nevertheless, the fact remains the same. I had done remarkably well for myself in undertaking the education of my darling Tiddy's rosy fingers, albeit, I suppose a more provoking pupil never existed.

Perhaps a more sociable person than myself might have found Cropton somewhat deficient in society, for the vicar was a very old man and a bachelor; his curate was a very young man, and a thorough ecclesiastic; the farmers were, of course, as good as nobody; and Bablock Park, Mr. Bertram's place, would not be accessible until Christmas, its master not being expected to return from abroad until then.

As far as I was concerned I was not at all sorry to be spared the infliction of meeting strangers; but Mrs. Clarke was always lamenting about the dulness of her home, and even Captain Clarke joined in the outcry, although what with the Bank, and magistrates' meetings, and the volunteer regiment in which he held his Captaincy and flourished about as a very big man indeed, and an occasional day with the Duke's hounds, he had really no reason to complain of stagnation. Neither had we women, for the matter of that, for, Sundays excepted, our days were always brimming over with occupation. Breakfast disposed of—and the Cropton breakfasts were by no means to be lightly esteemed, the Captain being a voracious feeder, and this invisible Mr. Gordon, of whom I heard more than enough before I had been a week in the house, sharing his predilection for a hearty morning meal—Tiddy and I began our practising, followed by harmony, whilst Madame arranged domestic details with the cook. About twelve, we, weather permitting, went for a walk or drive until luncheon at two; then more practising, relieved by afternoon tea, and a gradual cessation of vitality, until the clang of the first dressing-bell recalled us to a sense of our responsibilities. In the evening I generally played duets or chess with Mrs. Clarke, a

monotonous, quiet, orderly existence, and enjoyable withal. Do you accuse me in your own mind of having grown callous among the Egyptian flesh-pots? Of having turned my back on my mother's grave, and forgotten my father in his prison? Believe me, I was guilty of no such baseness; but my sorrows, from being always forced down into the depths of my heart, discoverable to myself alone, grew apart from rather than with my life; wherefore in writing of the events which befell me at this time, they must necessarily appear, as it were, dwarfed and hidden.

Flora Clarke, my mistress, was not a clever woman by any means; nevertheless, considerable shrewd sagacity dwelt beneath her flaxen hair. Without scheming, and in a gradual imperceptible way, particularly her own, she would contrive that things should happen precisely as she wished, smiling like an angel all the while. Even her husband, and he was no lamb, allowed her to follow the dictates of her own fancy on all occasions without a murmur of opposition, believing, I imagine, poor deluded man, that he was having his own way. Yes! Mrs. Clarke was thoroughly the head of her own household, and yet the serenity of her domestic horizon remained unclouded by so much as the whisper of a squabble.

To me she was always the kindest of the kind. Did I look pale, she would order out her pony phaeton and take me for an exhilarating drive. Did Tiddy weary me more than was her wont one day, the next must be rendered almost a holiday, by an excursion to Stillborough or a merry skating party. When I tumbled down and sprained my ankle on the ice, during my first essay as a *pâtineuse*—the fishpond in a field near the house forming the scene of my exploits—no sister could have nursed poor crippled me with tenderer care. Still, now and then it would creep out that she was well aware of the exact merits and demerits of my position, and I shrank away, chilled into something less than intimacy, despite our apparent cordiality. If ever I set myself seriously to consider Mrs. Clarke's brief coldnesses, I invariably came to the conclusion that her actual nature was as blonde as her skin, and that it was after all rather lucky for me, that she did not allow me to get too close a glimpse of the real complexion of her mind. I was fair, but not with her fairness, and between us two women—as women—lay a gulf far deeper than that created by circumstance. 'Is she jealous of Tiddy's boisterous affection for me?' I would inquire of my puzzled mind, when a somewhat larger icicle than usual dropped from those flexible red lips; but reason answered, 'No!' for the girl adored her mother, and exhibited her adoration freely. Neither could I discover other refrigerating agents, so I sheltered myself from the floating *spiculæ*

to the best of my ability, and grew fat and well-liking to a surprising extent.

Cousin Frank's letters were meanwhile constant and cheering. He spoke quite hopefully of the future, too; why, I could never understand, although it was certainly a comfort to think that one person at least in the world fancied you were good for something better than hammering away at Cramer's finger exercises all the days of your life.

Now and then I heard from my father, and a weary lacklustre tone in his letters told me that mother's death had greatly weakened him.

In vain did I try to cheer him up, poor dear! In vain did I, with tremulous hand, and anxious soul, depict our future home together. Always the same dreary 'The sooner I go to her the better for us both, Nellie!' or 'I'm only a disgrace and a burden; broken in health and broken of heart! The grave alone is my rightful shelter.' How I cried over those sad sad letters, as I sat alone of a night. Ah! my girl's heart was old with bitterness, before mother had slept in her cold bed three months.

Soon after my arrival at Cropton, I confided my apprehensions concerning the probable effect Mr. Bertram's return would work upon my prospects, to Cousin Frank. 'Do you think he will tell Captain Clarke all he knows? Can I in anyway prevent his doing so?' I wrote as the day of my possible persecutor's advent drew nigh. 'I do not think it at all probable that Mr. Bertram will trouble himself to meddle with your affairs!' came the answer; 'indeed, your acquaintance with him will most likely be of the very slightest description, as the visitors at a country house seldom or ever see much of the governess; but if the worst comes to the worst, and your father's position is discovered by Captain Clarke, he can but dismiss you, and we must find you another situation!'

Now, that letter irritated me more than I cared to own even to myself.

So then I was distinctly the social inferior of this grand Squire Bertram, of these Stillborough bankers. Yea! as a very dog befor them. I a Yescombe.

Well, it was a bitter pill to swallow, but I did swallow it, and digest it, too, after much outcry and many grimaces; still the taste of it lingered in my mouth and made me loathe my world, made me hate to hear of all the grand Christmas doings which came off annually at Bablock, made me even savagely protest in my own mind against the general crowing and huzzaing excited by the expected reappearance of Denzil Gordon, admirable Crichton and lord paramount of that ilke early in January.

'I say, here's news!' shouted Captain Clarke, one December morning, at breakfast, after such stentorian fashion that I nearly choked myself by swallowing a piece of toast whole in my alarm. 'Denzil declares in this letter,' tapping one that lay open by his plate, 'that he will be here certainly by the 12th of next month, and means to stick to work like a leech until August. We won't have our dance till about the 16th. Eh! Flo?'

'I should think not, indeed. To have a dance without Denzil would be like eating plum-pudding without the plums!' exclaimed Tiddy; 'You're certain to fall in love with him, Nellie! Isn't she, mamma? Why Fraülein Rorchel used to make eyes at him all day long on Sundays, and sigh awfully if he only said "Good morning" to her!'

'Rubbish! Fraülein Rorchel was a ridiculous old idiot!' laughed Captain Clarke, whilst I sat silent, with my cheeks a flame, and sharp vitriolic words on the tip of my tongue.

'My dear Harriet! you quite forget that Miss Yescombe's feelings may be hurt by such silly gossip. Sensible girls don't fall in love with every man they meet, do they Miss Yescombe?' remarked Mrs. Clarke, eyeing me judgmatically under her golden eyelashes.

I could have shivered, the *spiculæ* were so dense; but I controlled the untoward inclination, and a fresh topic of conversation was started; namely, the proper composition of a Christmas Eve dinner party. Nevertheless this little incident did not lessen my antipathy to Mr. Denzil Gordon, and everything belonging to him visible at Cropton.

The Vase of the Tears of Eros.

By Robert Batson.

Eros, the Boy-God, and the darling idol of mankind,
Thigh-deep in crushed red roses, deliciously reclined.
Tears from his Vase, awhile unsealed, rose, mistlike, hid the sun,
But not his smile—which fed his lovers singing, one by one.

Poet. Thine are all tides, beneath the moon,
Ambition's spring, and passion's swoon,
Hammer of Thor and hiss of steam,
Languor of heartsease, snowdrop's cream.
For thee the Bacchic panthers pine,
For thee the leaping heart of wine
Bubbles, till Pleasure's frenzied pain
Wrecks bursting bosom, burning brain.

Chorus. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

Musician. Thine are the chimes of eve that creep
Like babes half-cooing, half-asleep,
The lark that hymns the lightning flash,
Flown with the thunder's organ-crash.
The fields Elysian know thy horn,
Thou bugle rapture of the morn.
Last drop of honey sucked from rose
Is bitter by thy carol's close.

Chorus. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

PAINTER. Thine are the mountains laughing down
Rivers to kiss the merry town,
Fleets of the sky midst rainbows free
And ships that cut the dancing sea,
Grapes bleeding in the purple nook,
The wagtail's sparkle in the brook.
Canvas and marble burn to be
Transfigured to thy ecstasy.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

FATHER. Thine is the iron toil of pride,
The sire's flash, whate'er betide,
From naked sun to mystic star,
Love's sacrifice, Love's strife, Love's scar.
A sea of lisping music rolls,
To bathe the havens of men's souls.
One touch, one sanction knits the creeds,
Which childhood teaches, manhood needs.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

MOTHER. Thine is the fair fruit of the womb ;
Fruit sweetening the bitter tomb.
From thy bright wings shake magic dew ;
Make baby's sleeping heartstrings true ;
A knight baptised, hereafter strong,
To shield the right, and spear the wrong.
The rosy edges of thy smile,
The sharp sword's blood-stained edge beguile.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

HERMIT. Thine is the cherubs' coloured glass
Which will not let them fly, while pass
The pilgrim's staff, the psalmist's rhyme,
The prophet's harp down crypts of time ;
Thine is the sleeping holy well,
The sculptor's everlasting spell,
Prayer of the saint, still poured alone,
Once heart of flesh, now hands of stone.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

PILOT. Thine is the morning star. Shine down.
Once look away, we fear to drown.
Love frowns a storm, or smiles a calm,
One glance a wound, the next a balm.
Weeds drift that once were mermaid's locks,
Beneath the blue waves scowl black rocks.
Nicean bark swept perfumed sea,
Odorous crests learn wrath from thee.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

KING. Thine are my loyal subjects. Thou
Beloved despot reign on now
O'er sceptred hand, o'er chartered clime,
O'er man, o'er nature, and o'er time.
Thou hast as many crowns, as men
Have hearts, kings come, go, come again,
Thy dynasty has but begun,
Yet dates from first blush of the sun.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

REPUBLICAN. Thine is wild chivalry, the slave
More truly free than royal knave.
We all are dust, but kingly dust,
If in our breasts, Love conquers lust.
We all are kings, but kings of clay,
Save as we wrestle, love, and pray.
Sov'reign of sov'reigns he whose eye,
Burns brightest with humanity.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

PROPHET. Thine is the hope of coming times.
The wrinkled age now crowns its crimes,
But smooth-faced Innocence shall be
Wedded to honour. Ah! I see
As in sweet Heaven angels grow
Younger for ever, so below,
Bald heads from beaming eyes shall draw
The pulse, the warmth, the joy of yore.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

VOLUPTUARY. Thine is the waking of the leaf,
From out the graves of sloth and grief.
Smile and the crimson lusts decay,
Weeds scorched beneath so pure a ray.
Strike stormy skies within my breast,
And they shall break to stars of rest.
Touch barren seas within my soul,
From shells unseen bright pearls shall roll.

CHORUS. On a Vase of tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

SOLDIER. Thine are dove's moan and lion's roar,
The wounds of love heal wounds of war.
When Sparta bled and tyrants fell,
Who cast the halo, breathed the spell?
Who made Thebes' Sacred Phalanx shine,
Were not three hundred lovers thine?
As one great heart, they strove, they sighed;
With faces towards the foe, they died.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

SAILOR. Thine was brave Nelson's last sweet word—
'Kiss me Love's slave and battle's lord.
When icy senates were unjust,
When captains bade me bite the dust,
A vision of warm love to be,
My England's love smiled strength on me.
For erring loves true loves atone,
I die,—but England is my own.'

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

HUSBANDMAN. Thine are the bleating lambs of spring
That find the udder, ere take wing
Young linnets, and the dappled kine
Pant for the streams whose brawl is thine.
Thine are the sheaves, the sunny wall
Where idle peaches blush and fall,
Curl of blue smoke among the trees,
And feathered snows, and humming bees.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

PAUPER. Thine is the wealth that none can steal;
The pride of true hearts is to kneel;
Come rags or robes, come feast or crust,
The best are shining heaps of dust.
Who never loved was never born.
The blazing windows of the dawn
All look out on thy loveliness,
Which would enrich me, were it less.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

MILLIONAIRE. Thine is the crowning luxury.
All gates fly open to Love's key;
Else what to man were piles of gold,
And all the silks that ere were sold,
And all the treasures of the mine,
And all the diamonds that shine,
And all the hounds that ever ran,
And all the pomp, sport, grace of man!

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

SUICIDE. Thine are rich playthings, dimpled boy,
Half rose, half lily, and all joy,—
Hands clasped in agony of prayer,
Teeth gnashed in infinite despair.
Ye four winds, fighting round his brow,
To waft him fragrance, hear me now,
Hear, young-eyed cherubim above,
Death frowns less cruelly than Love.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

LOVER. Thine is the music of men's fears,
The silver rain of falling tears.
Skulls sleep beneath thy garden plot,
To feed whose bloom proud martyrs rot.
Earthquake, disease, and wreck, Time's clock,
Fates, Furies vanish. Stands one rock
In ocean. In the desert vast
Smiles one oasis. Love will last.

CHORUS. On a Vase of Tears Love's white feet stood,
Vase sealed with sweet red seal of blood.

The Blue Room:

THE LAIRD'S STORY.

By D. Lang.

There had been a quiet wine party in my room, and most of the men had gone. A few remained, smoking by the fire-light, rather silently and thoughtfully, for it was late in their University time, examinations were casting their shadows before, and they had, as men always do on a Sunday evening, discussed the main questions of metaphysics and religion. The subjects of ghosts came up, of course, it always does on Sunday evening; I think they strayed into it out of the Immortality of the Soul. We all knew some one who had seen a ghost, and some of us had even heard one ourselves in old houses in the country. One remembered an inexplicable knocking that always occurred at four o'clock in the morning, and how he had become used to it, and had awakened once, saying sleepily, 'Come in,' and then reflected that it was 'only that fool of a ghost.' Another had heard how a frightful head appeared reflected in the bright silver cover of a dish, thereby adding a new horror to the duty of carving. On the whole the best authenticated tales seemed to be those which represented some scene of terror constantly recurring in the rooms it had once defiled. 'Who knows?' Some metaphysician guessed. 'Time and space are only relative after all. A man looking down from Jupiter would see Pharaoh building the pyramids, for light must take some thousand years to get from Jupiter to us. Then there may be states of nerves, and ganglions, and so on, in which our ordinary limitations of space and time are weakened, or widened; and we become impressed by the most impressive facts that have occurred in the room where we find ourselves. That would account for the sound of shrieks and of tearing up of paper in the closet where the horrible woman in the story tortured the child to death for making blots in her exercises. You know that blotted copy-books were found in a locked cupboard in that

house many years after. Or, to take an instance in my own experience. The wife of a man in the Indian Civil Service was travelling with her husband in the hills. One night she had dreams and visions beyond ordinary nightmares. She did not learn till long afterwards that among their servants was a Hindoo who had to point out the place where certain murdered Europeans had been buried. In the morning he found that the party had camped in the dusk over the very spot of the murder. Then why is the house in Sloane-street haunted? Cagliostro lodged there, and another living medium, and the atmosphere somehow has become favourable to the laxness of nervous force, in which we see the past or perhaps the future.' 'I wish you would explain your explanation,' some sceptic replied. 'You talk about nerves like a vague Herbert Spencer, and you borrow your facts from Mr. Dale Owen. I've known two people who behaved sensibly in spectral matters. One was the Marquis of Garry Owen. When he heard that the ghostly drummer, who always plays before the death of the head of the Garry Owens, had been going about the house, what did he do? He insured his life heavily. That was twenty years ago; it was a capital thing for the assurance company. The other was young Adams of the Cleugh. His family had an old Venice glass, and the luck was to leave the house when it was broken. They kept it in an iron safe—somebody's patent. Adams was showing it to the present Mrs. Adams one day, there was no one else in the room, and she had the luck to break it. What did *he* do? He said nothing, collected the pieces, and got Salviati to make an imitation. The old people keep this specimen of Murano ware in the safe religiously, and no harm happened to any body.'

I was sorry he said this, for if you begin to talk about glass, you get into ceramics at large, Nankin, Worcester, Chelsea, and you work round to Mr. Whistler's paintings, the Japanese school of art, and so on. So it was a relief when Jardine woke up in the easiest arm-chair, and seemed interested. He was a large Borderer, who had been a fast and was now a very quiet, man. His character had completely changed after the last Easter vacation. All the Lent Term had been, a particularly hard and disagreeable one for men like him. The floods had covered the face of the earth, till people thought of recording the depth of the water, and of their boredom, on no less durable material than bricks, to be deciphered by some Mr. George Smith of the future.

Hunting was impossible; the eight could only have been properly coached out of a balloon. The result was whist after luncheu, and whist led to loo, and loo, I am sorry to say, yielded to the fascinating sport of baccarat. The result was that a good deal of paper, and a

general feeling of discomfort, was prevalent in college, and when the vacation came, Jardine went down, as it was supposed, a very heavy loser. In summer, he came up late, with a hamper of books, and a streak of grey in his brown hair. He gave up play, and took to reading, and seemed, like Grethir, in the old Saga, after the battle with the Vampire, to be unhappy when he was alone. This is a feeling so very common among undergraduates that no one noticed it particularly, and those who did observe a change in Jardine were the last to be likely to ask for an explanation. Now, I felt that one was coming, that the Laird, as he was called, had that influence on him, that makes a man speak and relieve his soul.

'It's all very well to chaff,' he said, 'but there are more things in earth than can be accounted for in your philosophy, you unbeliever. As for Jones, with his ganglions, and time, and space, he could account for anything; much good may it do him in the schools . . . . . I speak of what I have seen. You remember when I went down last Easter; I was twenty-one, and not in a very happy state of mind for the festivities at my majority. But I explained the whole affair of my losses to the chief; it was soon over, and the rejoicings and the roasted ox, and the beacons, and a happy tenantry, and the rest of it went on, as the Mort D'Arthur says, "in the most orguilous manner it could be done." When all the toasts had been drunk and the reels worked hrough, the Chief came to me with a very serious face. He said, I must do what the heir always has to do in our house on the night of his majority—sleep in the Red Lord's room. Now, we are a superstitious clan in Galadale, and I had heard, of course, something vaguely about the Red Earl, but nothing to remember clearly. Every child about the place knew of the ghost of the Spanish girl in the tapestried passage, and how the last of the family wizards was burned with his wife on the Warlock's Loan, and how he foretold the passing of the peerage from the family. That happened in the Forty-Five; but about the Red Earl there was only a "sough," as we say.'

'Now, the castle is an old Scotch château, with nothing remarkable about it but its grey weather-beaten look, and this, that there is a a window facing the north, with no corresponding room. When we were children, and played at hide-and-seek, we found that out, and looked for the door often enough, for there we would have been safely hidden. It was to that door the Chief took me that night. Heaven forbid I should enter it again till the hour I take my firstborn there . . . .

'I was left in a room with deep walls, hung with a faded blue tapestry, wrought with figures in a darker dull blue. The bed was as old and ricketty-looking as Queen Mary's in Holyrood, but the sheets,

of course, were white and glistening, and there was a bright fire of wood burning. The furniture was older and simpler than that of the rest of the house. In the midst of the room was a small round table, whereon stood a wine-glass, covered with cobwebs; a plate, on which lay what must once have been food, and a dice-box with a cast of dice —the cast was deuces! The whole looked as if it had been untouched for generations, and the dust lay thick on two great chairs, one drawn up to the table, the other fallen on its side.

'I stirred the fire and made it blaze, and pondered over the ember, till I nearly fell asleep. It was about three in the morning; in two hours it would be dawn. The whiskey, the claret, the speeches had their way, I yielded to sleep, and went to bed.

'I do not know how long I may have lain, when I wakened with the sound of a horrible oath ringing in my ear.

'A chair fell, there was a scuffle of dragging feet, the door was shut heavily, I heard the sound of a weighty body falling outside. After one moment of paralyzing fear, in which all my life seemed to retreat to the centre of its being, I sprang with a blind, involuntary impulse to the fire. One or two wild blows made the flames leap up. Was I alone in the room? No; in the chair drawn to the table one was sitting with his head fallen on his hands, and his face mercifully hidden. There was dust on the hat and trailing feather, white dust on the long brown curls, rust on all the steel of sword and breast-plate. I needed not to raise the face, I knew it was that of one centuries dead. . . .

'There was silence, and I heard no voice. The hours went by, till the dawn. The light broke grey through the narrow panes, the figures stirred on the tapestry. I opened the casement, and the morning air came in, the scent of pines, the drowsy notes of birds. The ordeal was over, and when the grey light turned to red upon the wall, I crossed the threshold that I shall never cross again. . . .

'The tale I heard that morning was brief enough. Earl Randal had been with Charles Stuart at the Hague, and, strangely, the King did not forget him when he came to his own. But the subject and the monarch's friendship was broken by no light feud, and Lord Randal went down to make the name of the Red Earl hated on the Border. If a Westland Whig was tormented, if a girl disappeared, if a tower was burned, he got the credit of the exploit. But these amusements palled on his active mind, and he passed his nights playing high with the French lords who came to the Duke of York's court at Holyrood. One morning the Duc de Jouy was found senseless in a passage of our château. This was not so strange as that red Lord Randal was found never more on earth. And the Frenchman swore that he had lost al

to him the night before, down to a stake I will not name, and then, invoking ruin on his soul, had passed from his sight, in a manner that found credit with the hearers.

'Certainly there is nobody, no "handful even of white dust" in the leaden coffin in the vault, where Lord Randal should be sleeping with his fathers and his children.

'That is my simple tale, and now let Jones explain it out of Herbert Spencer, or by a judicious mixture of John Stuart Mill and Kant. You will see that the point is rather the converse of most ghost stories. It was not the fled spirit of a body certainly mouldering somewhere that I saw, but the lost body of a lost soul.'

Mr. Jones's system could not solve this case, and every one retired in fear and trembling to grope his way up his darkling staircase, where the decree of an economical Bursar had long ago caused the lights to be extinguished.

The Wicked World.*

At the very worst time of the later English stage, it was a relief for the lovers of true drama to turn to the Haymarket Theatre, where so long has reigned a manager never wont to declare that good comedy spells bankruptcy; and even though it may have occasionally spelled loss to him, Mr. Buckstone has never wavered in his allegiance to that lofty ideal which he has set before him throughout his managerial career.

Undoubtedly the most remarkable event during Mr. Buckstone's management at the Haymarket was the opening of a new era in dramatic literature, by the production of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's fanciful comedy, 'The Palace of Truth.' It was no *safe* experiment for Mr. Buckstone to introduce the sadly conservative British public to so novel a form of comedy as this. It might be all very well for Shakespeare, the divine, to bring creatures of pure fancy upon the stage but how rash—nay, how profane—of any modern playwright to attempt any such thing! Old-fashioned adherents of comedy declared that the experiment could only result in extravaganza of the dullest and most foolish sort; and, so powerful is prejudice, that even when the success of 'The Palace of Truth' was assured, these old bigots held by their old belief, and wouldn't on any account go to see the comedy, lest it should alter their opinions! However, Mr. Gilbert's reputation is safe without their approving nod. 'Pygmalion and Galatea' was a greater success than its predecessor, and now 'The Wicked World' seems likely to keep popular favour as long as 'Pygmalion.'

The prologue to 'The Wicked World' is spoken by Mr. Buckstone who, as a green fairy, steps from the clouds to say that the author of the comedy has undertaken to prove that love is a curse instead of a

* "The Wicked World." A fairy Comedy, by W. S. Gilbert. Now being played at the Royal Haymarket Theatre.

blessing. Then the clouds open more widely and discover a lovely tropic landscape poised in their midst. The scene of the comedy lies during the whole of its action in fairy land. In that cloud-region dwell the fairies in utter sinlessness, and yet their sinlessness makes them wonder what the sinful inhabitants of

> That wonderful and very wicked world
> That rolls in silent cycles at their feet,

may be like.

Selene, the fairy queen, tells Zayda, the most curious of the sisterhood, that

> . . . on that world—that very wicked world—
> Thou—I—and all who dwell in fairy land,
> May find a parallel identity:
> A perfect counterpart in outward form;
> So perfect that, if it were possible
> To place us by these earthly counterparts,
> No man on earth, no fairy in the clouds
> Could tell which was the fairy—which the man!

The only difference is that men do sin. But, says Darine, what are sins? And Selene, better informed than her sisters, enlightens them.

Lutin, a serving-fairy, now enters, sent by the fairy king to require the services of the fairy knights Ethais and Phyllon, for some work upon mid-earth. So the knights depart, and the lady fairies left behind crowd eagerly round Lutin to learn what *he* has discovered upon his visit to the very wicked world. In mysterious accents he says:

> I understand that what I understood
> No fairy being ought to understand;
> I see that almost everything I saw
> Is utterly improper to be seen.

He then goes on to express his wonder that in spite of all their misery and all the opportunities they have for leaving life

> Men live—and live—and seem to like to lvie!

Selene explains that this is owing to the wond'rous gift of love:

> It nerves the wearied mortal with hot life,
> And bathes his soul in hazy happiness.
> The richest man is poor who hath it not,
> And he who hath it laughs at poverty.

This glowing panegyric upon what Selene is yet constrained to describe as of earthly things the earthiest, naturally wakes in fairy bosoms, not entirely free from curiosity, a desire really to know this wonderful passion. So, by a very happy thought, Zayda remembers

an old law of the fairy kingdom, which says that the mortal counterpart of every fairy absent from his home, may, at will, be summoned by those he leaves behind; and, after some debate, Selene allows herself to be persuaded to use the spell which shall bring the mortal counterparts of Ethais and Phyllon to the clouds; not to gratify fairy curiosity, but that

> A mortal may behold our blameless state,
> And learn the beauties of a sinless life.

She exhorts her sisters:—

> Show no repugnance to these wretched men;
> Remember that, all odious though they be,
> They are our guests; in common courtesy
> Subdue your natural antipathies.

The mortal counterparts of Ethais and Phyllon prove to be barbaric knights, who are in the heat of a rough fight with words and weapons when they find themselves suddenly raised to fairyland, the one accusing the other of sorcery. The novel and sensational sight of a sword combat delights the fairies, who know nothing of its seriousness and take no heed of the dangerous wound received by Ethais—too much of a warrior to complain of it. Besides, the bright eyes about him divert his notice from it, and the very evident attentions of Selene are not easily to be resisted. She tells him all the peculiarities of fairyland, and of the object for which his comrade and he had been summoned thither; and she monopolises him so completely that the other fairies, especially Darine, are hardly contented with her. By-and-by, when the fairy Lutin enters, Ethais mistakes him for his own henchman—of whom he is, indeed, the fairy counterpart. So mortal master and fairy man fence for a time at cross-purposes—this being one of the few places where Mr. Gilbert has followed the idea carried out in 'Amphitryon' and the 'Comedy of Errors.' The fairy at last incensed by the taunts of the miserable mortal, favours his fair countrywomen with some homely truths about Love which doubtless leads the intriguing Zayda to propose that he shall at once be sent to earth; but, ere he goes, he inveighs so bitterly against Sir Ethais that Selene is driven to express her love for the knight in the most passionate form:—

> My soul is thine—whate'er thy faith may be
> I'll be its herald; if thou hast no faith,
> I'll be the high priest of thine unbelief.
> Thy wisdom's mine—thy folly's mine.
> ETH. Hush! Hush!
> Why, this is madness!
> SEL. Yes, for this is love!

Thus quickly has the mortal poison of human love worked in fairy-land. Even this is not the worst, however. Selene loves Ethais, but Darine loves him too, and is filled with the most furious spite and jealousy against the queen. She inspires the other fairies with discontent also, and when Selene, who had secluded herself with Ethais that she might tend his wounds more carefully, gives an innocent description of her painful vigil with the wounded knight, those once simple and unsuspicious fairies receive her tale with the greatest incredulity and scorn. Selene is pained to find herself the object of so much dislike, but finds comfort in the love of Ethais, though even that she fears to have stolen from her by those envious sisters; so she makes the knight vow the utmost fidelity to her, which he does with very little ceremony, painting in dark colours the portrait of a deserted lover, such as he has been a dozen times. 'Oh,' says he, 'there are words for other agonies, but none for this.' Trusting Selene puts her whole faith in him, and is happy; though Darine is all the while plotting to ruin the queen's blissfulness. Finding from Phyllon that earthly Lutin is the most likely one to heal the wound of Ethais, she persuades Selene, by a hypocritical pretence of affection, to call the henchman to fairyland. Happily snatched up from earth whilst his shrewish wife was beating him, the knave is somewhat amazed at his translation to so fair a paradise, so charmingly peopled. He cries:—

> Can this be death, and has she killed me? Well,
> If I *am* dead, and if this *is* the place
> In which I'm doomed to expiate my sins,
> Taking my sins all round, I'm bound to say
> It might have been considerably worse!

His reception by the fairies is very pleasantly humorous, but even in this case love brings discord; for Zayda, wishing to have him all to herself, warns Lutin against everyone of her sisters. Afterwards the knave makes some very frank confessions as to the state of his domestic affairs, which are stopped by the appearance of Darine—his wife's fairy counterpart, and so like the mortal shrew that Lutin believes it to be she, and quakes as to the consequences of her discovery of his familiarity with so many maidens fair. This soon gives place, however, to amazement at Darine's bold confession of her love for Ethais, and her request that Lutin shall give her the remedy for his master's wound. Instead he resolves to give her an essence that will throw the knight into a deep sleep like that of death. She immediately accepts the essence, and knowing the eager wish of Ethais for health, she offers him the remedy if he will transfer his love from Selene to her. Readily the knight makes the bargain with her, and just as he has taken the phial from her, the fairy queen

enters. Humbled by the unfairy-like weakness she has shown in yielding to love, Selene meekly resigns her queenship to Darine, and crowns her rival with her own hands. Then turning, with overflowing love, to Ethais, she cries:

> I have a kingdom yet!
> I have a kingdom here—in Ethais' heart.
> A kingdom? Nay, a world—my world!
> A world where all is pure, and good, and brave;
> A world of noble thought and noble deed;
> A world of brave and gentle chivalry;
> A very goodly and right gallant world;—
> This is my kingdom—for I am its queen!

It is very difficult to persuade her that Ethais has been faithless; but when it is, alas! too clearly proven, she turns upon him with that fury of Hate which Lutin had so truly foretold as the fruit of Love And so Darine's scheme is accomplished; but what is her despair at finding that Lutin's potion, instead of curing Ethais, throws the knight into a trance, which, perforce, she takes for death? However, she learns that the knave can still cure her loves, and by her wiles he wins the true remedy from him. But no sooner is Ethais wakened from his trance, than he plunges into a violent quarrel with Phyllon, begotten by the lying speeches of Darine, whose falsity is discovered, and all her plans again brought to nought. Selene enters, and once more upbraids her betrayer, repeating in bitter scorn those word of his—

> Oh, there are words for other agonies, but none for this.

and threatening that she will follow him to earth, and pursue him with her hate for ever. But, lo! the time has come for the return of the absent fairies, so their mortal counterparts must fly. The parting is hard. Zayda exclaims, 'Life, without Lutin, what can that be worth?' and readily the knave replies, 'I cannot tell you, for I never tried.' And what says hating Selene to her hateful lover then?

> No! no! Thou shalt not go, thou shalt not go!
> My hope, my shattered hope; but still my hope!

Rudely Ethais thrusts her from him, and as she falls senseless, he cries—

> Away from me! I go to that good world
> Where women are not devils till they die!

Soon as mortal feet have quitted fairyland, the sin which came with them flies too, and the jealousy, the envy, and the hate of that brief interlude have departed. Waking, as from a dream, the fairies look back with affright at that mortal visit. Darine is humbler than in the time when sin she knew not; Zayda no longer yearns to know

what humanity may be; the pure and noble Selene has now a chaster queenliness. But when the fairy brethren return, bearing with them the 'precious privilege' that all fairies may love as mortals love, the queen cries eagerly:—

> Such love is for mankind, and not for us.

And so the comedy ends.

As far as thought is concerned 'The Wicked World' is complete, and Mr. Gilbert has worked out a most original and beautiful idea to its due results. But when we analyse the action we do not find it so dramatically effective as that of 'Pygmalion' was. The play is divided into three acts, of which the first comes to a close for no clear reason; whilst a striking situation might have been derived from the wound of Ethais and the love of Darine. This seems to have struck the author, judging from the tableau discovered when the curtain rises to an encore. The climax reached at the end of the second act, when the queen declares her hate for Ethais, is most thrilling, and brings the house down long before Selene has ended her vigorous invective. It seems a pity that Mr. Gilbert should allow the interest to flag as the third act goes on, until the last struggle between the queen and the mortal knight, which restores the excitement of the story; but, again, the sudden acceptance by Selene and her sisters of a return to their former state, though it is altogether right and beautiful in a poetic sense, is a dramatic mistake. Once or twice in the course of the play Selene has threatened to throw up her fairyhood, and some such sacrifice as this seems wanting to make the action of the play complete. Galatea's return to marble was a most touching and tragic incident. Selene's waking from what she would fain call a dream has nothing very tragic or touching in it, and neither pleases nor saddens the audience. Had Mr. Gilbert reserved the wakening of the fairies for a fourth act, the fall of the curtain on Selene's prostration at Ethais' feet would have rendered her acquiescence in loveless fairyhood more natural and even affecting than it now appears to be. That happy speech of hers which ends the comedy, is, indeed, greeted with loud applause; but we leave the theatre with none of that pleasing melancholy which was inspired in us by the perfectly dramatic form of 'Pygmalion and Galatea.'

The comedy is very admirably written; its verse is of a higher order than that of 'Pygmalion,' and its wit is at least equal to that of its predecessor. Its masterly verses prove that the author of 'The Wicked World' is master of all the arts of force and fancy that are needed in writing dramatic poetry. But his greatest achievement is his success in making a fairy story so real and life-like. Holding by the great truth

that all the persons of a comedy are creatures of the imagination, he has taken a bold flight into the very heart of fancy, bringing upon his stage beings that exist nowhere else. Yet Selene, Darine, Zayda, Ethais, Lutin, and Phyllon, are as real to us as any Lord Dundreary or Colleen Bawn, and their joys and sorrows appeal to our sympathies as those of the most conventional stage hero or heroine.

This leads us to speak of the terrestrial representatives of those fairies. Miss Robertson takes the part of the Fairy Queen, making it throughout a most beautiful and powerful impersonation. Those naive questions in the earlier part of her conversation with Ethais are put with the quaintest innocency; whilst her denunciation of the knight's treachery is given with such a terrible earnestness that its close is lost in the thunders of applause it calls forth. Miss Robertson has made the character so much her own by careful study that it will be hard for anyone to follow in her footsteps. Darine is played by Miss Amy Roselle, with much grace and no undue attempt to be supernatural—the common weakness of stage-fairies—and though the envious fairy is no pleasant character, Miss Roselle makes her interesting. The *début* of Miss Litton at the Haymarket in the part of Zayda is of great promise; but natural as her every action is, her impersonation needs just the least addition of refinement to render it entirely charming. The humours of Mr. Buckstone as Lutin need no chronicling here; the mere thought of our great comedian as a stout fairy with little wings, and dressed in glittering green, is enough to set us in a roar. Mr. Kendal's Ethais is very good; the character of the rough Gothic knight seems even better suited to him than that of the gentle, studious Pygmalion. Phyllon is well played by Mr. Arnott, and the subordinate fairies, though they have little to do, are all represented by good actresses.

Mr. Hermann's music (written especially for the comedy) has many passages of great beauty, and skilful orchestral effects. The fairy landscape is beautifully painted by Mr. O'Connor, and great taste has been shown in choosing the fairy robes, so that it is evident that Mr. Buckstone has done his best to make 'The Wicked World' a treat both for eye and ear. It is so far beyond the level of any contemporary dramatic production that we deem no apology necessary for devoting so much space to an account of it; it would be well, indeed, for England if we had more frequently the opportunity of criticising works of such a character.

GEORGE FRASER.

A Ballad of Marion.

He lay upon the arras-bed,
My brother young and fair to see:
Dame Alice stood above his head;
The Priest beside him bent the knee—
I would to God that I were dead!

Sathanas fought with Michael there
Over the bed. They rent amain
His shapely limbs—those hands so fair,
That ne'er would hold a lance again,
Nor toy with Marion's yellow hair.

Christ! 'twas an awesome sight to see
The form we loved, so fair and strong,
Torn with the last death-agony;
Praise to our Lady! 'twas not long—
The fight was o'er and he was free.

Errant through all the realms of space,
New quests, new ventures free to try!
And, as I gazed upon his face,
I prayed that I—I too—might die—
Our pitiful Lady lend us grace!

I rose, and no unknightly tear
Had dimmed the brightness of mine eye;
My face was pale, but not with fear,
Of what should happen by-and-bye—
Yet, as I stood beside the bier,

I felt a secret tarnish steal
  Athwart the mirror of my soul,
That wont so clearly to reveal
  The path that stretches to the goal:—
I could not grasp it—could but feel

That life's sole talisman was dim,
  Perplexed with mist, I knew not whence;
Perchance portending that with him,
  My soul must set its journey hence—
Beyond the sunset's farthest rim.

They bore his body to the grave—
  Dame Alice wept, or seemed to weep—
Right through the middle of the nave
  I saw the long procession sweep,
With cross and banner, spear and glaive.

But Marion stood with claspèd hands;
  Her yellow tresses veiled her face;
No tear betrayed the straining bands
  That held her heart. Her haughty race
Hath pride of many-acred lands.

And she was proudest of them all,
  Nor would be seen to weep; but when
They lifted up the purple pall
  From that which held her first of men,
She hid her face against the wall,

And wrung the glory of her hair
  Between her two pale hands, and dimmed
The reflex of the sunbeam, where
  It crept adown the wall and rimmed
The outline of her body fair.

No tear betrayed the aching heart,
  No sigh escaped her cold, white lips;
No tremor stirred in any part—
  As evening, when the sunlight dips
Beyond the sea, and upward dart

Long flakes of red, so still was she,
  Her yellow hair waved gently, like
In summer-breeze the crisping sea,
  Behind the long, dark harbour dyke;
Or tufted flow'rets on the lea,

That scarcely raise their heads to meet,
The amorous air that stoops to kiss
Their beauty—then with flying feet
Passes. A rippling such as this
Went over her long hair so sweet.

I scarce could hear the words they said,
Or note the music as it fell
On listless ears; my heart so bled
To think of him I loved so well
In life. I love him still when dead.

They gave his body, earth to earth,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
Proclaimed his style, his pride of birth;
And hung his helmet up to rust—
Mute record of departed worth.

The long procession passed again
Adown the choir and through the aisle;
The music pealed from crypt to vane,
And then the sun came out to smile
Amid the teardrops of the rain.

They hailed me lord of all the land,
And cringing vassals bent the knee;
But rapid thoughts, like shifting sand,
Swept by the anger of the sea,
Choked my full heart, and shook my hand.

I passed, days after, to the hall,
Where all the people of the place,
To own me lord, held festival—
I marked above each heartless face,
Sweet Marion's, coldest of them all.

Anon there came another day,
I met Maid Marion once again,
Walking alone along the way
Her path of late so oft had lain,
To where my poor dead brother lay.

She stood among the yellow corn
Mixed with the many-coloured flowers,
Bright in the slanting light of morn,
Flashed from the cradle of the hours.
She seemed so lovely and forlorn,

Clad in fine cloak of miniver—
  Her lips essayed not any sound—
I had no heart to speak to her,
  Her eyes were dropt upon the ground,
Her pride her beauty's minister.

Pale mallows and red poppies there,
  And bright blue corn-flowers at her feet,
Bent in the gentle morning air
  Around her. Thus I met my sweet,
A sad, pale picture of despair.

The long white path that met the sky,
  Was all between us, while we stood
A moment silent. By-and-bye
  We passed into the leafy wood,
And stood alone, Marion and I.

And can'st thou meet me thus? she said;
  For thee the sad, foul deed was done,
For thee my love in earth is laid,
  For thee I tread the world alone—
For thee the fatal price was paid.

Thy mother's soul. Ah me! I cried,
  Dame Alice, mother mine no more!
Would, brother, I for thee had died . . .
  I loved thee so . . . But now before
High God I swear, whate'er betide,

That I from hence this day will fare
  To distant lands beyond the sea,
O mother, wring thy faded hair,
  For thou shalt know no more of me;
I'll seek a knight's death anywhere,

So that I lift the cloud away
  That evermore will shroud my name.
In lands beyond the sun's last ray
  I'll seek new knighthood free from shame—
Forget thee, mother, if I may.

O was not he thy husband's son?
  What more was I, that thou should'st plan
A subtil poison-death for one—
  So true a knight and gentleman,
Though he was his, but I thine own?

Perchance, by mercy saved from hell,
In Heaven's eternal rest with God,
We two may meet—together dwell
With him who sleeps beneath the sod:
God grant us grace. Farewell—farewell!

SWIFTER THAN A WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.

BY JUDITH CONSIDINE.

CHAPTER I.

GREEN BEFORE THE SUN.

THIS way, sir! Plenty of room 'ere, sir! Smokin' carriage full,' and open flies the door of a first-class compartment in the 5.40 Birmingham express, as that punctual and admirable train groans and jerks itself to a standstill by the up Oxford platform one fine September evening.

There is only one person to be seen in this compartment, and she is so very small a person that perhaps you might not see her at all, were it not for her scarlet shawl, and broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned felt hat, with the bit of peacock's feather stuck in the brim, gleaming gold, and purple, and dark green in the steady sunshine. *Figaro* beguiles her solitude, but at the sound of the porter's voice she looks up with large grave eyes, no-coloured as sea-water, and out at the venient 'Sir!'

At what she can see of him rather, namely, a broad, flat, black-grey back, and a long black-grey arm working to and fro, apparently in connection with a waistcoat pocket.

Suddenly the arm darts viciously against the porter's corduroy shoulder as he steps out of the carriage, having hoisted a good-sized travelling bag into the netting, and satisfied himself as to the working condition of the window; and the porter being a fat, easy-going little man, laughs a fat little laugh, and then the back turns itself about, and there is a meeting of hands and a mumble of something like 'Thank you, sir!' and now the small person is looking down at the 'G.W.R.' decorating the carpet—somebody great, and neutral-tinted, and keen, with a tightly-strapped grey rug in one hand, and a paper-bound book in the other—such strong lean white hands—gets between

her and the porter and the running, vociferating, crazy creatures on the platform—between her and the work-a-day world, as it were.

Now, in these hyper-sensitive, overwrought days, the unprotected female traveller is apt to fancy that to stare hard at a man for more than half-a-dozen consecutive seconds is an error of judgment likely to lead to awkward mistakes, such as the development of latent insanity on the part of the stared at, or the exhibition of felonious instincts of varied enormity; wherefore, having perceived that the intruder on her privacy is considerably larger in volume than the majority of his fellow-creatures, our small person picks up her *Figaro*—it has slid off her black silk knee—not too new silk or too substantial, and immerses herself in the consideration of the 'If you dream of' sheet of likenesses with beautiful intentness.

But the veiling of one pair of grave, sea-water coloured eyes does in nowise preclude the use, and good use, too, of another pair of bright much-seeing brown ones; and the great grey man looks hard at the small person in the scarlet shawl and black felt wideawake as he takes off his hat and stows it away in the netting beside his bag.

This is what he sees. A little pale face, such a little face, with a little straight nose, and a little thin red mouth, and a curious grave look about it like a shadow, and soft babyish flakes of flaxen hair—short hair—cut straight like an ill-clipped boy's all round the pretty head, and tucked away behind two pink little ears, and on the top of this the great felt hat.

It is unlike anything in the way of womanhood, girlhood, the great grey man has ever before seen in his life, and he is thirty years old if he is a day. Yes! and thirty years of energy and moving about, and getting acquainted with lots of places and lots of people, or I am very much mistaken; the only thing he fancies he has ever seen at all like it is an old Gainsborough picture somewhere—South Kensington Museum, most likely—this settling down, he and his long grey legs, in the seat next to the window, not her window,—an odd Gainsborough picture of a weird outlandish child with a gun over its shoulder or a lamb by its side, anyhow with just such a hat on its head, and just such a face under the hat. H'm, and he looks at his watch.

Ten minutes to six!

She is not strange to the city of domes and spires, or she would be craning her neck out of the window, and gaping and hailing cads to tell her where Magdalen is, and the Barges, and the Bodleian, and the 'High,' and the Martyrs' Memorial, and Tom Quad, and all the rest of the dismal old topographical, and ethnological, and archæological rigmarole one has heard ever since one was born.

No, she is not a stranger, and *Figaro* must have picked up some to

be so particularly interesting. Ha! off at last, goodly city of domes and spires. Ta ta, dons and duns. Somehow the academic groves don't seem quite the same to critical, hard-headed manhood as to ardent, soft-brained youth. It is well to see what pleased, satisfied, inspired one once, if only to measure the great space of trodden years faring 'twixt thought and deed. But—and the great grey man smiles at his own thought, so that strong even white teeth gleam out between his unmoustached lips, and the small person sees the smile and the strong beautiful teeth, and the keen, dark, clever face and quails. To be boxed up in a space not exceeding ten feet by seven, with an escaped lunatic over six feet high for upwards of an hour and a half (this express runs straight to Paddington, without stopping) is truly a somewhat awful prospect.

What is he going to read? Bret Harte? Come, we may weep over our Smiff once more. No man can be very mad who has the sense to do that. So they journey on between the reddening hedges blackberry speckled, by the dull green meadows fringed with undulating shadows, studded here and there with grand calm trees uplifted massively against the tender sky, with dusky depths of leaves; and then suddenly the Parodies are tossed aside, and a sleek dark head goes out of the window, and comes in again, and a pleasant confident voice—the voice of one who knows good from bad, and likes it best—says, 'This is quite the best view of Oxford!'

The grave eyes listen; eyes can listen just as a big dog's left front paw can watch. 'You should see it!'

She gets up, not a very prolonged performance. When she is on her feet the peacock's eye is barely level with the top of the blue cloth padding, and gathering her red shawl round her, so that you can see how very small a person she really is, she comes to his window and puts out her head and looks back at the crowding towers veiled in golden light, and over her face steals a soft, shy happiness born of sudden pleasure. It is perfect, and perfection is the *sangréal* of her life.

'Well!' he says, 'don't you think I'm right.'

'Yes! quite'—still with her head out of the window—'I am so much obliged to you for pointing it out to me. Oxford always looks best from a distance.'

'Yes,' he answers, marvelling a little at the fashion of her hair, 'in more senses than one.'

She makes her way back to her seat; but his eyes follow her, and when she sits down he turns himself about, and composes himself in his corner, and crosses his long legs in a decidedly conversible manner, scarcely consistent with the terms of that canon of rigorous

British etiquette, which provides for the humiliation and confusion of the nameless.

'I have been a good deal abroad since I left Magdalen, and one loses old ways and likings as easily as old friends;' quite as if they had taken their tickets together, and started together, and were bound for a common destination; and yet there is nothing of the insolent ruffian about him. She is a wise little lady, she knows that.

'But not your conviction that Magdalen is the most beautiful place in the world, I hope,' she answers, considering him with her calm young eyes.

It is such a queer little face, so much in sober earnest with this poor wicked world—so innocent of worldliness. 'How old is she, seventeen or seven-and-twenty?'

'Is that your opinion?' he asks, with fine caution.

'Yes!' promptly. 'I think it has no equal, not as a matter of prejudice but judgment.'

She must be seven-and-twenty at the very least; these fair mites of women preserve wonderfully.

'It is my college.'

'Indeed!' And then she pulls herself up with a jerk, and looks out of the window at two colts, who are scampering away across a field hard by, startled by the rushing snorting train.

'And I quite share your admiration for it. Have you seen the alterations they have been making in the school and Long Wakl?'

'No;'—and she looks back at him—'I have not been living in Oxford. Are they an improvement.'

'Very great. The next generation of boys will be much better off than we old ones were.'

'Were you a Magdalen schoolboy, then?' flushing faintly at her own boldness.

'Yes, I had that privilege.'

'But not a chorister,' quite eagerly.

'Yes; a chorister after a fashion,' laughing, and knitting his long fingers round one knee.

'I should think'—she begins, and then she stops, and looks down at the square toe of a little boot protruding from beneath the plaited black silk petticoat—'I should think it was very pleasant to be a chorister;' but this is not what she was going to say, and he perceives the clumsy subterfuge.

'It depends on whether you're particularly fond of music. I can't say I was when I was a boy. Have you been to the chapel lately?'

'I went once during Commemoration week. Lady Slade's little nephew is a chorister.'

'What Lady Slade is that?' hitching himself farther back into the seat by his elbows, and clasping his hands behind his head. Verily, the angularity and restlessness of this great man are astounding.'

'Not Lady Slade of Wrentham?'

'Yes; I'—and just a moment's hesitation—'I have been her companion for a year, that is how she came to take me to Magdalen Chapel with her.'

'I used to know young Slade. He was at New, and a wonderful sculler. What's become of him? Is he married?' smiling as men do, and will smile, at the notion of the once familiar roysterer hewing away at the domestic sirloin of beef, or rocking the domestic cradle.

'Yes; he's married, and got a living in Northamptonshire.'

'A fat living, I hope; poor parsons are a curse to themselves and their parishioners. Bless me! How odd! Well, when you go back'—straightening himself up, and looking as pleased as Punch—— 'Oh! but I'm not going back,' with much energy. 'I've been ill, and have been ordered a holiday, and change of air, and all sorts of pleasant things. I'm not going back, that's very certain,' and she laughs out loud, a merry little laugh, like a bird's sudden brief song, and shakes her head with a cunning wisdom calculated to impress the casual observer with the belief that she must be a very sly, small person indeed. But the great grey man can scarcely be classed under this category. To observe, not casually but closely, keenly, has been his pleasure from his youth up, and he is so observing now.

'What has been the matter with you?' he asks.

'I have had bilious fever.'

'And they cut off all your hair, eh?' with serio-comic pity. She is seventeen now: the merest child. How wonderfully these fair mites of women can deceive one!

'Yes,' solemnly, trying hard to look old and grim.

'I'm a doctor, you see; so sickness interests me,' stretching out an arm, and clutching himself tightly by the back of the head. 'You don't look like a bilious subject, though!'

'Wrentham is not a very healthy place; the poor people are always getting ague and low fever,' turning away her little white face. It is not pleasant to be spitted on two sharp eyes, and held up to the light of science in native imperfection unadorned.

'Really! and you tried bilious fever for a change?' Still in that serio-comic tone; then more gravely, releasing his head, and slipping his arm through the rest by his side, 'Well, I hope you are bound for some healthier home. People elect to fancy that directly they're out of the doctor's hands they're safe; but convalescence to many proves

as fatal as the actual disorder they have been suffering from,' with a slow, sarcastic smile, showing that this man of angles is a man of opinions too.

'I am going to Surbiton—near Kingston, you know—on the Thames:' explanatorily, as if he was a recently dropped moon man.

'Yes; I know!' smiling at her compassionately, her efforts at superiority are so pitifully immature, as immature as the tragic airs of a stage-struck miss of seven. 'And who's to take care of you at Surbiton?'

A shrill ear-torturing scream of steam, a pause, a second fainter whistle, as 'twere the echo of the first, and then a sudden jerk back, jarring every bone in its socket.

In an instant the great grey man's face changes from bantering serenity to quickest expectation—not fear, there is no fear in those bright dark eyes, about that suddenly-compressed, firm mouth.

'Sit still!' he says, but gets up himself and looks out.

And she does sit still—quite still, gripping the arms of her seat tightly with her two little grey hands, and watching him with scared, wide-open eyes. What if she and this great man are bound to die together. What if death be even now close upon them, in front of them, round about them? Her breath comes fast in many pants, her lips parch and burn, and he does not speak. What is he seeing? Is it coming? The violent blood beats fierce upon her brain, each throb clear positive as a blow; in her ears rises and roars the noise of many voices: and he will not speak. She cannot sit there and be killed and make no sign. With a great start she jumps up, but the floor shakes and vibrates beneath her feet, so that she can scarcely stand; a crash of groaning iron, another dismembering jerk—a jerk that knocks her fairly off her legs back into her seat.

'Thank God! we are saved!' says the great grey man.

She does not hear him, or understand him, or see him, she is praying so hard to her Father in Heaven.

He watches her a second or two, rubbing his damp forehead dry with a great white silk handkerchief.

'Come,' he says at length, gently; 'you've no need to be frightened now. It's all over.'

His words mix themselves up with 'Them that trespass against us.' She looks up at him as if he were miles away.

'It's all over,' he repeats, laying his hand on her red shoulder, and giving her a little shake. 'The break's on, and we're getting out of the way as fast as we can.'

The quick blood stains her face to the colour of her shawl. She

has never died before, and she is not very strong—rather a slender, wind-flower of a creature indeed, and———

'No,' he says, sitting down on the opposite seat, and holding her eyes with his, as a stern elder will hold a naughty child's. 'No.'

The poor red lips quiver piteously, and the long gold eyelashes twinkle in the sun, now sinking crimson-robed to rest upon a primrose bed—her last and goodliest of suns.

'But,' she begins presently, looking about her in vague alarm at the rushing hedgerows, at the whizzing telegraph posts: 'hedgerows, telegraph posts, they have passed before. What are we doing? What———'

'We are going back to Oxford,' he answers quietly. 'We have been within an ace of complete smash. By some infernal mismanagement or other, a goods train met us plump—on the same line of rails, you know. When I looked out, there wasn't fifty yards between the two engines.'

'And you never said a word: you could see that and keep still!' knitting her pale brown eyebrows, and regarding him with amazed incredulity.

'Why not?' smiling as calmly as if to be horribly mangled and mutilated were a normal concomitant of daily life. 'All the yelling in the world could have made no difference. As it is, you see, we may both live to be a hundred,' and he laughs and looks at his watch, and holds it to his ear. Those two jerks have stopped it. Perhaps, had the engine-driver been a fool or a coward, or the guard had been asleep, or the break had been too weak to bear the strain put on it, or the boiler had burst, this fact might have decided the precise moment at which the 'heartrending catastrophe' occurred. 'Among the *debris* of a first-class carriage were found the bodies of a man and a woman—the former apparently about thirty years of age, tall and well dressed; the latter short, slight, and young, as far as it is possible to judge from the aspect of the corpse, which is very much disfigured, the face being completely battered in, and the legs——' Ouf! these newspaper paragraphs have more in them than one gives them credit for.' The small person contributes this slip to the unpublished journalistic literature of her native land, and shudders.

'Do you think we shall go back to Oxford?' asks she after a while, when silence has steadied her nerves somewhat, and matter-of-fact has partially resumed its sway over her intelligence.

'No; I shouldn't say so. I should think we should pull up at some intermediate station and wait there till the line was telegraphed clear, when we should start again for Paddington.'

'Oh, I'm so glad of that.' How she trusts him! Why should

she? Why should she not find out all this for herself, the goose! 'If I didn't get home to-night, Ned would be so put out.'

'Ned, Ned—what Ned? Ned a husband? Ned a brother? Ned—a Ned who dares to be "put out" too—to be sulky—rude—savage to her. That sounds like a husband.' The great grey man stares gloomily out at the darkling world—the world whence the sun has vanished oddly all of a sudden, in some inexplicable, eccentric, and complete manner—such as no well-regulated sun would think of attempting.

'I dare say you'll be late,' says he stolidly, somewhat as though he took a dull sort of pleasure in Ned's agonies of mind.

'I dare say I shall,' unbuttoning and slowly pulling off her left glove, finger by finger. It is delicious to trifle with time when one has recently known the sensation of being at one's last gasp; a kind of rare and choice pleasure, like spending the first five pounds of an unexpected fortune.

The left glove off, and in her lap, she begins upon the right. The great grey man looks round; looks straight at the third finger of her thin, white hand. She is very thin. My dog could eat her for his dinner and feel hungry. It is there. The plain, thick gold ring, and next to it a diamond keeper. The great grey man looks away again out at the world, quite a benighted world now, and off comes the right glove. There is no ring upon that hand.

So they travel back into a lonely country station, and there come to a standstill, whereupon a vast deal of talking and questioning and god-bless-me-ing ensues, and the great grey man puts on his hat and gets out and indulges himself in a pipe as he marches up and down the gravelled platform, and the small person takes off her big hat and pushes away the light, silky, flakes of yellow hair from off her forehead, which is burning hot, and aches with the old fever ache, and, her small, pink-cheeked face framed in her two white hands, thinks—thinks—and then there is a loud ringing of a bell and a scrambling on the roof of the dark carriage; so dark indeed that you can see nothing, not even the sparkle of that diamond, and suddenly a great light streams full upon her cropped head, and men come and stare curiously, and one great grey man shuts up his pipe in its case with a snap, and scowling at his fellow creatures, lounges up to the door in a lordly, masterful way, and presently gets in with a sardonic 'Well! I suppose we *are* off in earnest now?' and then the guard locks them up, and with a jubilant whistle the brave engine-driver turns on the steam, and away they glide into the silent night with a fragmentary and yellow moon always to their right, and faint

stars gleaming palely high above the soft white clouds in the smalt wastes of endless space.

But no word say they, nor she to him nor he to her; and by degrees sleep settles on her eyes, and her head leans heavier against the cushion, and her body softens to lithe curves of black and red, and down by her side drops one small white hand, whereon gleams a thick gold ring, and ——

'Tickets, sir! Tickets—tickets!'

The small person feebly struggles up into a sitting position, and rummages in her pocket for a sealskin purse. Her ticket found and surrendered, and a great yawn eaten, she puts on her hat and stands up to get down her neat little bundle of shawls and blue waterproof and agate-handled umbrella, but the netting is quite out of her reach.

A big hand seizes them by the strap, and sets them upon end on the seat before her.

'Thank you!' she says civilly.

'Can I be of any use to you?' as they come into the full glare of the Paddington gas-lamps and the power of the Paddington porters. 'Get you a cab—see after your luggage!' turning round and looking down upon her graciously. They have jockeyed King Grim together, she is in a way integrated with his future life, in a way associated with him indissolubly for ever; and it is somewhat this man's habit to behold grace in things and persons associated with himself—even in a Mrs. Ned.

But, no; she will give him no trouble. She is very well able to look after herself; she is a traveller of experience.

Well; these young women who abide in nooks and corners of the earth (one must necessarily be acquainted with nooks and corners to play *dame de compagnie* to Lady Slade with a wedding ring on one's wedding finger); these young hangers-on to respectability by the skin of their teeth, do really possess an uncommon knack of swimming where more refined, better brought-up, persons must sink. The great grey man listens to her avowal of her own powers of management with complacent calm.

'So,' says she, when the last hasty word is uttered, and the boxes and baths, and bags and bundles are being tossed and kicked and hauled out of the luggage van, and it becomes evident that if she doesn't want to lose her trunk, she must make haste to claim it. 'Thank you very much, and goodbye!' and she puts out a little grey hand to him as boldly as you please.

'Goodbye!' he says, and takes it in his, and crushes it up, and squeezes it, the little grey hand; and a strange eager longing look

comes over his keen resolute face, and his eyes dwell on hers hungrily an instant, nay, two instants, may be three; and then an official overbearing 'Now then, please,' sends them asunder, and the world is work-a-day again.

CHAPTER II.

OUT OF THE DISTANCE OF DREAMS.

A THUNDERY blackness overhead, that is not sky, nor smoke, nor air; the roaring of a battle in one's ears—that fiercest deadliest battle, the battle for daily bread; dimmed colours seen through acres of plate glass; want, and sin, and grief, thriving bravely in acres of dirt; men, and women, and children to the right of one; men, and women, and children to the left of one; busy traffic of wheels and shod hoofs in the midst, and among them all, shorter than the tallest, shorter by a head, for instance, than that great grey mortal marching on in front there so determinately, with his umbrella sticking up over his shoulder and his head thrown back, walks a bright-faced, clean-skinned, light-haired, hazel-eyed, muscular-looking, not altogether unhandsome young man: walks briskly, as though the world wagged well for him this Friday morning.

Along Whitehall, down the Strand, through Temple Bar, into Fleet Street, on they go—the grey shoulders and the close-clipped, fair head, steadfastly, the one behind the other—now a little nearer—now a little farther, but always distinct and separate from the loitering crowd. And by degrees a sense of something remarkable and fine about the shoulders establishes itself in the close-clipped head, and the hazel eyes look at them more than at the women's yellow plaits and powdered faces. So much so, indeed, that when they turn at last down a gloomy street of inhuman and uninviting aspect, a smile positively creeps over the brisk young man's good-tempered pink and white face, for that is the street down which he will turn too—is now turning, in fact—and——

A clink of metal on the pavement.

The brisk young man pulls up. The grey man marches on, swinging his umbrella round and round like a flail, as if he meant to march clean over the side of the world before long.

At the foot of a lamp-post lays a little silver shield, with a red cross painted on it. Two sharp hazel eyes pounce on it—a well-shaped,

sunburnt hand picks it up, and away go swift young legs in great buoyant bounds after those grey shoulders.

They catch them up—they bring them to a standstill—they make them right about face, and then a cheery, chirpy, musical voice, says, with a little laugh (a merry soul, I'll warrant, this brisk young man)—

'I think you've dropped this?'

'By Jove, so I have!' Then plunging deep into a breast pocket, and bringing up a capacious pocket-book wherein to stow away the treasure trove. 'You couldn't have done me a greater kindness. Wouldn't have lost this for worlds, it saved my life. Why!' breaking off short, and staring hard at the amused laughter-smitten face before him, 'your name isn't Stapylton?'

'Yes it is!' answers the chirpy voice, loud and emphatic, 'and yours is Arnot Gwynne. How d'ye do, my dear old fellow? Fancy our meeting again in this jolly unexpected way.'

And they shake hands, and laugh, and look, and speak their pleasure as men will, who, with a hearty liking for each, suddenly chance to come face to face after years of separation.

'And so the old dreams have come true at last,' says Gwynne, thoughtfully, when, arm linked in arm, they are slowly walking on. 'You are a barrister, and I am a doctor, and a grateful public pines to reward our merit,' smiling that curious bitter-sweet smile of his.

'Oh, hang the grateful public!' replied Mr. Stapylton, who is a young man of energy and purpose, according to his own showing. 'The public's a beast between a pig and an ass. Give me Art! Humanity! Science!' With a very big note of exclamation between each noun substantive.

'Certainly, provided you don't go in for Communism!"

'Don't you, then?' much surprised. 'Don't you believe in the virtues of equality and justice?'

'On paper, yes. In the flesh, no. I saw rather too much of both in Paris,' laughing drily.

'You were in Paris, then, during the revolution?'

'Yes, and during the siege too. I was a member of the ambulance staff.'

'At one time I fancied I should like to run over just to see how it all looked!'

'I don't think you would have been repaid for your trouble, even if you had escaped being shot.'

'Being shot!' incredulously; 'they didn't shoot Englishmen!'

'Didn't they, though; they nearly shot me, that's all I know,' with a laugh.

'Bless me! you don't say so. What! put you up against a wall, and——' knitting up his brows and halting in amazement.

'Put me up against a wall, and very politely unbuttoned my coat, and——'

'My dear fellow, how horrible! and was that shield I picked up the thing that saved you?'

'Yes; the red cross on it is the cross of the Geneva Convention; so when I showed it to them they knew I was a surgeon, and let me off. As a rule they didn't maltreat the people who looked after the wounded;' quite calmly, not at all as if he were relating anything wonderful.

'Humph!' and Mr. Stapleton looks him up and down, and takes in the full grandeur of his superb manhood. 'I'll bet anything you never winked an eyelsah, you always were such an awfully cool hand, you know.' Then, with a sudden fervour, "By Jove! How glad I am to have met you,' and he grasps him lovingly by the arm. 'It seems as if the air was full of Magdelen bells when you're talking, and I always look back on my schooldays as the perfection of happiness, for after our smash came, and the dear old dad died, and my mother got so low and all that, well—it wasn't over cheerful,' with a feeble, melancholy little laugh worth many words.

'Poor old fellow!' They are back in their flannels and striped black and white caps; the sedge-fringed river is behind them; the setting sun picks out the gold upon the barges, and lingers tenderly on Iffley Church; eight trembles on a hundred metal tongues. Now for the scamper home through Christchurch meadow and down Merton Street; 'cut along, youngster! through with you! grins my son;' now E. Stapylton, Esq., barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, and better known to the readers of light literature than the stones of Westminster. Ah! the blood runs quicker for such memories, my friends. There are no such suns to set now-a-days.

'Not that I'm howling, you know,' pursues the said barrister-at-law after a bit, flinging up his chin and smiling like a king. 'I've got accustomed to it all now, and take life as it comes. Besides, there's the future; and my belief is that steady work *must* tell at last.'

'Of that, I suppose, there can be no doubt,' replies Gwynne, soberly; 'the nature of the work itself is more what one has to look at.'

'Yes, of course. Well, I'm in the literary line; not entirely fiction—articles, reviews, poems—that sort of thing, you know, but all for an end, a purpose. I want to knock the lead out of the brains of the rising generation before it's had time to settle; to tear up and trample down and generally annihilate Mrs. Grundy and superstition, and——'

waxing violent and lunging out fiercely at nothing in the strength of his right arm.

'Just the same as ever,' laughs Gwynne, 'brimfull of enthusiasm and ideas and romance!' and there is a kind of pity in his tone, though his mouth is smiling.

'I worship the ideal!' loudly, and with emphasis; 'it is always before me, shining as daylight shines at the end of a long, pitch-dark cavern, not as a farthing rushlight to be snuffed out by every gust of popular prejudice and opinion,' contemptuously.

'*Bon!*' much amused at the exceeding briskness and volubility of this hazel-eyed young man, 'we must see more of each other.'

'Rather!' promptly; 'you don't suppose I'm going to lose sight of you again, do you? I'm living down at Surbiton for the present, got some capital lodgings there.'

'Surbiton!' echoes Gwynne curiously, a strange brightness playing in his eyes.

'Yes, no end of a jolly place—river you know, and boating, and lovely scenery; you must come down and see us; my sister's with me now; there's only we two left;' and a sigh, 'but,' clearing up again, 'I really think you'd like it, and if you're fond of music—'

"Thank you,' cuts in Gwynne, incisively, 'I'll come.' Not the slightest hesitation about it, no man of two minds he; simply, he will come.

'But when?' ponders Mr. Stapylton, frowning and meditative. 'Let me see—to-day's Friday; will you come to-morrow? Meet me at Cannon Street, and go down together.'

'Yes,' replies Gwynne; 'that will suit me perfectly. With the exception of a rather ghastly and mortuary work I am seeing through the press, I have nothing in the world to do at present.'

'Then let it be settled so. There's a fast train at half-past four sharp, it will get us down about—' and Mr. Stapylton collects his faculties—'about a quarter past five. Of course I can't offer you anything very superlative in the way of——'

'Am I quite a stranger, then?' A handgrip answers him.

"You are something of a stranger, too,' smiles Stapylton, presently, 'for I don't know what your name is, exactly. Is it Dr. Gwynne, or——'

'No! it's not Dr. Gwynne as yet! but I intend to buy a practice and settle down into harness before long.'

'And marry, I suppose!' and the hazel eyes get dreamy, and the bright face grave, for the shadow of old thoughts is on his mind—the echoes of old words in his ears.

'Not of necessity!' Straightening himself up to his full height,

and skewering himself with his umbrella—the crook under one arm, the point under the other.

'No!' eyeing him thoughtfully. 'No! not of necessity. You don't seem a very likely fellow to be much troubled with necessity of any kind.'

But Mr. Gwynne looks away—away up the little dingy street, through which flit at intervals dingy wisps of men and women—looks down at a dingy, mangy mongrel, nosing the garbage in the gutter, and holds his peace. He is one of those mortals who know themselves better than others know them.

'Well ' after a pause, 'I'm afraid I must say good-bye now. I'd ask you into my chambers (they're just round the corner), but I'm overdue already in Pump Court—man wants to see me about a series of Biographical Sketches of the Elizabethan Poets."

'And I couldn't come if you did ask me.'—unskewering himself and examining the sole of one of those great well-made boots; 'I'm going to get counsel's opinion on a case of pirated patent. However, I shall be at Cannon Street by half-past four to-morrow, so good-bye.'

A hand shake short, close, and from the heart, and they part, the one going to the right, the other to the left; Edward Stapylton with his mind full of Arnot Gwynne, and forgotten chants, and faces vanished, some into the grave, and some into the outer world,—and deep tremendous organ notes, and shrill, sweet treble pipings of tender throats, now hard and hoarse, and questions to be asked to-morrow which should by rights have been asked to-day, and divers goodly fantasies; and Arnot Gwynne, following a shadowy child-face crowned with a monstrous hat, beneath which sweet grave eyes smile shyly into his, a little face made white with red, and set in pale gold hair—a face of fairyland—a face he cannot forget, cannot escape from, struggle as he will. 'Am I going mad?' he thinks, savagely whisking an unoffending bit of orange-peel into the middle of the road. 'Have I lived free from the folly of fools till I'm thirty to be knocked over, and bound hand and foot by the babyish prettiness of a lawyer's clerk's young woman?' And a great heat rushes up into his face, and a fiercer fire blazes in his eyes,—and he strides on fast and free;—and then a word prints itself upon the air, and that word is Surbiton, and it thrills him as might the memory of some hidden hope, and Mr. Gwynne swings sharply round on his heel and sets his teeth between his sternly compressed lips, for he has lost his way, and doesn't know in the least where he is, or what is going to become of him,—knows scarcely anything indeed, save that, at this rate, the padded room of a lunatic asylum will soon be his fittest lodging, and a strait waistcoat his most becoming garment.

CHAPTER III.

'PAST HONEY KEEPS THE STARVED LIP COVETOUS.'

'How dreadful!'

'Dreadful—why?'

'I've got no proper evening dress—nothing but that horrid old black silk; and in lodgings it is so——'

'Stuff and nonsense! The idea of being on one's p.'s and q.'s with Gwynne; the kindest, best-hearted, jolliest fellow in the world.'

'Oh, of course!' not without bitterness; 'only you see I've never set eyes on the man in my life!' and a queer grim little smile curves straight red lips.

'All the more reason why you should want to see him;' coolly, in the tone of one having authority. 'Anyhow, he's coming. Pass me the milk, please.'

A thin white wedding-ringed hand pushes the stalwart biscuit china jug across the table.

'And what is he to have to eat? Don't take it all; the best of grandchildren is waiting for his breakfast, arn't you, sweetest of small dogs?'

A touching squeak replies in the affirmative.

'What's he to have to eat?' meditatively, returning the jug and decapitating an egg. 'What's he to have to eat? Well, it's rather a puzzle, isn't it?'

'Suppose we cook you, young man!' holding up a roundabout morsel of curly blackness, decorated with a pert stiff white-tipped tail, four grisly aimless legs, sticking out in all directions, and an intoxicated crimson satin bow; 'boil you and smother you in onions, bless you!' saluting the tip of a cool black nose.

'Instead of kisses!' Chokily. 'No; I don't think that will quite do. Gwynne may have prejudices in spite of all his travels. By the way, you must get him to tell you about his adventures in Paris with the Communists, and how he was going to be shot when they found that shield upon him—the thing I picked up, you know'—stabbing a pat of floating butter, and transferring it to his plate.

'Yes, I know;' languidly—depositing the best of grandchildren on the floor.

'Such a splendid fellow, too! six feet one if he's an inch. He was always straight and well-made, and all that; but I really never thought he'd turn out quite so—so——' peering into the recesses of a sardine box.

'Truly magnificent!' Crumbling bread into a saucer, and laughing satirically.

'Ah!' forking out a fish, 'you wait till you've seen him, that's what you do, my Everilda,—and then perhaps I'll listen to you.'

'Stupid boy,' with crushing dignity, and a pair of very pink cheeks; 'just as if I were some wretched schoolgirl, always sighing and dying, and yearning after my brother's friends.'

'Just as if you weren't,' replies Mr. Stapylton, smiling wickedly. 'I say, don't give that unhappy little beggar all that,' looking at the brimming saucer; 'he'll have a fit.'

'Pouf! *Dites a votre grandmére de*, etcetera, etcetera.' Oh dear, Oh dear!' suddenly waxing earnest. 'I do so wish you hadn't asked him, Ned. It's so jolly here alone with you; but with a great man glaring at one—and wanting to be kow-towed to'—and a pair of sea-water-coloured eyes grow sorely reproachful.

'My dear!' gravely. 'Your sojourn among the fleshpots has not improved your moral nature,—proof of indissoluble connection of mind and matter; in a word, my Eve, you speak selfishly.'

'Do I?' says Miss Everilda, penitently; 'I'm sure I don't mean to, —but if you only knew how I hate strangers—I suppose it's because I've had such a dose of them lately"—and a bitter little laugh.

'Gwynne is not a stranger. Besides, you arn't always so shy. You can make friends with people in railway carriages fast enough;' with a dryness of tone, not wholly destitute of meaning.

'What a shame!' flushing all over her face; 'just catch me telling you anything again.'

'I'll take my chance;' holding out his tea-cup. 'And now to quit the sublime for the ridiculous. I'll leave you a sovereign, and you must fish out something in the way of grub. Miss James 'll tell you what'll be best. Ah!' [seeing her sugar-tongs in hand—saccharine matter is abomination to this brisk and peremptory young man] 'pon my word, I think your mysterious hero has walked off with your senses. Come out of the way, Pups. I shall lose the train if I don't look sharp.'

And up he jumps, and away he goes into the passage to change his shabby house-coat for the goodlier garment in which he breasts the tide of life. His hat brushed—not too new a hat by any means—and the essence of the coming feast deposited in a sealskin purse, and himself watched out of sight, Everilda Stapylton shuts the house-door and comes back into the pleasant little sitting-room—a soft woollen neutral-tinted creature with long fringes dangling about her, and broad margins of dead white clasping her throat and wrists, studded with dead gold, a quiet, mouse-like, gentle creature whom it would have been a pity to have killed, if only for the sake of one peremptory young

man—to discuss the varied excellences of fish, flesh, and fowl, of tarts, and creams, and savories, with Ned's landlady, Miss James.

'I'm sure, I hope he won't worry you half as much as he does me,' says Everilda, plaintively, when the *carte* is composed and she is at liberty to make her purchases as quickly as she likes.

'What Miss, the dog?' turning short round tray in hand, and looking hard at the grandchild, who is actively engaged in the demolition of a fag-end of lace curtain.

'The dog, no,' much surprised and not quite pleased at the suggestion; 'this Mr. Gwynne. For my part, I think him a most fearful nuisance. Be quiet, sir.'

Eve picks up the grandchild by the scruff of his neck, tucks him under her arm, makes a queer perverse little face, and walks off upstairs to array herself in the big steeple crowned hat and scarlet shawl, and grey gloves and square-toed buttoned boots, for the benefit of the Surbiton butchers and bakers, and candlestick-makers, and the ultimate refreshment and satisfaction of Ned's unwelcome and sesquipedalian guest.

It is an ideal September morning. People pursue their daily avocations as if they were in love with life; rags take a picturesque grace from the universal beauty; well-to-do, prosperous ladies and gentlemen beam with two-fold effulgence on mankind at large, and to be lavish, rich, free from care, seems the apex of human happiness.

'Free from care!' echoes some one, perhaps. 'Well, rather. Free from care, indeed!' and a significant grunt.

'Back to thy mutton, drivelling pen of a feeble hand! Notably to thy leg of mutton—weighing seven pounds all but two ounces, as tried in the balance by a blue-shirted young man of ruddy countenance, and paid for by a small person of bald and meagre aspect.'

Well! The mutton ticketed, and the fishmonger courteously entreated, and the grocer conferred with, and the greengrocer made deliriously joyful by the purchase of a pot of mignonette, and a bunch of China asters, and a basket of nectarines, and four King William pears, and a plump little melon—Eve is fond of melon herself, being a bit of a Sybarite in her demure way, like most young women;—she takes a stroll up Victoria Road, and has a look at the draper's shop at the corner. What! beautiful two-inch wide lace for twopence three farthings a yard, and warranted to wash? One's vile old black silk might be improved a little by ruffles of that same lace perhaps—any how it couldn't be made worse—and if Ned will ask strange men to dinner,—Eve tightens her hold of the grandchild, who groans the groan of the replete, and boldly fronts the foe.

'Just one shilling, if you please, miss,' remarks that much-beaded

and frilled and fringed being subsequently, sticking a pin in a crisp paper parcel. 'Anythink in the way of gloves to-day, ribands, ties, parasols?'

Eve fancies she would like a blue satin bow very well—but, no! To be decent is necessary, to be smart another thing altogether. No ribands, or gloves, or fineries for me this morning, thank you, *Mademoiselle du Magazin*, and again she airs her red shawl in the sun.

Surbiton is a pretty place. Ned said so to Mr. Gwynne, if you remember, and he was right; but walking alone is dull work, even with a grandchild to stagger after you, and squeak sweetly at your heels. So she goes straight back to the said Ned's cosy little home. Ah! how delicious the sense of security, of ease, of perfect freedom to live one's own life according to one's own fashion, unknown to men, to women, to every one in the world save a Ned, a grandchild, a good, kind, clever Miss James, who makes one the nicest custard pudding in the world for one's luncheon,—at Wrentham one seemed to subsist on sawdust and shavings, with a pinch of glue and a sprinkle of turpentine,—and who admires one's way of making ruffles, and decking out fruit dishes, and arranging bouquets for the centre of dinner-tables, and insinuates that one is the most truly delightful young person of her acquaintance, after a fashion that——Well, it *is* pleasant to be liked and petted and made a fuss over—and you'd like it too, Mr. Grumblegrumper, if only anybody could be found mean and mendacious enough to give you a chance. And then the songs and nocturnes of Chopin come out of their dark corner, and Eve plays herself into Dreamland. She is a rare musician, this little grave-faced girl with the seawater-coloured eyes, and her cheeks crimson to the tint of the Virginian creeper tendril swaying lazily in and out of the window in the soft south breeze, and her lips part over the small, divided teeth, in a smile half-sad, half-glad—and the notes sing themselves to sleep —and—and——

'Why! what o'clock is it?' waking up with a start and a shiver. Yes, a shiver—the world feels cold as an empty house.

'It's five, miss! You didn't ring, so I brought you a cup of tea without waiting, and I've put a can of hot water in your room.'

Only half-an-hour to spare, then, and those ruffles to be fought with and subdued. Never mind. Leisurely she drinks her tea, leisurely she dawdles through her dressing. Then, when she is quite ready, and possessed of a cool conviction that in no possible manner could her appearance be improved, being always a somewhat feeble apology for a woman, she pats down an ebullient end of the grandchild's brand-new blue bow, specially designed for the occasion, composes

him in a striking attitude over her left arm, and leaves her room for the landing.

Hark! voices downstairs; some one growling away on lower C.

Eve draws up her small white throat. She is not positively shy. Lady Slade's companion seldom is, and yet she goes downstairs very slowly—very, very, very, slowly—and as she gets to the three last steps 'Come along!' exclaims Ned, bursting out of the dining-room—his dear cheery old face running over with smiles and good humour and enjoyment. 'Come along! I've just been telling Gwynne all about your railway adventure the other day and the mystic hero. This is my sister Eve, Gwynne, baptised Everilda,' and he walks her into the room with his arm about her waist.

And Eve stands stock still and stares, for this Gwynne is the great grey man.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE SWEET THAN SHAPEN MUSIC IS.

And the great grey man stares too; stares with puzzled astonished eyes down from the ceiling, it seems, to Miss Stapylton. He is standing with his back against the mantelpiece, and his hands in his pockets, and the whole room seems full to overflowing of him.

But it is not in the nature of things that two sane members of society should keep on glowering dumbly at each other like this.

Given a man and a woman in circumstances requiring presence of mind, which of the two will develop that admirable faculty first?

The man!

Be this maxim incontrovertible or not, certain it is that Gwynne's lips are the first to smile. Gwynne's right hand the first to offer itself. Gwynne the first to speak.

And what does she do? why! she looks at the carpet, gets scarlet, mumbles something of no particular meaning, and plumps down upon the sofa with a bump which jerks the grandchild nose-downwards into her lap.

'Hulloa!' exclaims Ned—not a little amazed at his sister's want of manners, and rather vexed, to tell the truth. He has so made up his mind that she shall admire Gwynne, and that Gwynne shall admire her. 'You'll break the poor little beggar's neck if you don't take care. This is the grandchild, Gwynne,' seizing him up by the skin of his back, and exhibiting him *in conspectu omnium*. Eve thinks he looks like those exceeding dejected and paralytic golden sheep, which you may see strung up by their middles on a rural publican's sign-post now and then.

'The grandchild!' echoes Mr. Gwynne, curiously. 'These are odd people, these Stapyltons, what with their clipped heads, and super-

abundant ruffles, and democratic rationalistic revolutionising theories [Ned has been hitting out at his pet dummies in the train, and their four-legged descendants.] Your grandchild?' 'No!' says Eve, jumping up and snatching him out of his tormentor's clutches—'mine!' and her face is ruddier than the cherry. 'I am the mother of his parents.'

'To make matters a trifle clearer to the ordinary comprehension,' observes Ned drily, 'we used to have a very handsome pair of retrievers, but when bread and cheese became a difficulty, I sold them both to a friend of mine, and this is one of the last litter of pups.'

'Ah!' sighs Eve, her eyes out of window, seeing two dear, beautiful black faces in the evergreens. 'I thought my heart must break when I said good-bye to the Cockaloo.'

'Which was that?' inquires Gwynne, deliberately seating himself beside her and stretching out one long grey leg half across the hearth-rug. 'The papa?'

'Yes,' she says, and she smiles round at him slowly out of her great shy eyes, just as the witch smiled who led him such a dance only yesterday afternoon; 'he was my darling, my best of dogs. I could never be so fond of anything again as I was of him!'

'Oh yes, you could,' laughs Ned; 'none of your hypocrisy, Miss Everilda. Recollect the mystic hero, Black-farouche—brutal. A Hercules with the temper of a Nero, tearing railway trains in pieces as more moderate mortals tear a sheet of paper or Lord Shaftesbury's arguments. Eating fire, and spitting it out again in the form of locomotives. God bless me! I think I see him now; nice sort of brother-in-law—eh, Gwynne?' and Ned catches himself by the knees, and roars with laughter, and Gwynne roars, too; and Eve sits very bolt upright and does the disembodied spirit by its native hearth.

'Shall I take off the covers, sir?'

The filleted soles are good, and the leg of mutton is roasted to a turn, and the wonderful pyramid of asters reared in the middle of the table—purple, and pink, and creamy white—round off awkward corners, and do to gaze at vacuously in the pauses of the conversation.

For there are pauses.

You cannot dream of a person for three nights and two days—the said person being as remote from your individual sphere as Arcturus is from Orion—and then suddenly find yourself eating your daily bread in their company, and talk quite as glibly of outside life, as you would were the young woman dispensing the potatoes Jones' legal impediment, or the man who helps you to sherry, dear Flo's bridegroom elect.

Nature will have her way now and then, and nature has her way

now in tying the tongues of Eve Stapylton and Arnot Gwynne, as they thus sit at meat together.

Not that they are entirely silent. Eve has seen too much of the Wrentham world, and Arnot too much of the great wide world for that. No; they do talk about music, and new plays, and new books. There is a spice of Darwinism in the mental structure of Mr. Gwynne, little as he possesses in common with the parent ape. This I notice to be a not uncommon accident; but in all they say, there is a sort of reference to things unguessed, undreamed of by poor sober Ned, plodding away at his turnips and gravy, and heavy feed generally; and now and then their eyes will meet, not very often; they are shy of looking at each other, these two who have faced death together, in a way scarcely calculated to materially assist in the elaboration of polite verbiage.

Dinner over, and the dessert on the table, with a bottle of good Bordeaux,—well, the bottle of good Bordeaux on the table,—it becomes a question, '*que faire?*'

'Sing us a song, Eve?' says Ned.

She is obedient. For the last twelve months of her life she has lived at the beck and call of stony-eyed strangers; she is not likely to make 'ifs' and 'ands' about doing the bidding of the one man she loves best in the world. So she goes and sings, and the song she sings is Mendelssohn's 'Parting,' and then she plays that dreamiest of Chopin's valses, the one in A minor, and that most exquisite of Chopin's nocturnes, No. 2 of the three called 'Murmures de la Seine,' and then—

'Can't one go for a walk?' says Gwynne, in a low, desireful voice.

Ned is sound asleep on the highly calendered chintz sofa, the grandchild curled up in his lap. Oh, supinest, most intolerably dull of brothers.

Eve sits silent, staring at the black and white ivories of the keyboard.

'Come!' and he gets between her and the twilight.

A moment or two of hesitating. To be out with him in the free air, away from listening ears, to have his words, yes, an' they be but the very poorest words in the English language—to have these words of his all for one's own hearing, to have him all to one's self just for a little while. She looks round at Ned, she looks up at Gwynne, and she gets up, and goes away.

Five minutes, he, with his keen, bright eyes, brighter than usual, piercing the greys of the dusk, and watching Fate, and down she comes in the too big hat and the scarlet shawl.

It is quite wonderful this going out for a quiet evening walk with the man whom she has dreamed of, and preached about to the grand-

child for days. It is quite wonderful, I say, and she knows it to be so. The door closes slowly behind them. They walk away down the dim street, down the dim lane, silently, solemnly, as might an affianced pair mated against their wills.

Thus do they reach the deserted, shadow-haunted esplanade, with the lights of Kingston Bridge glittering tremulously in the water, and the tender river ripples yellowing in the feeble rays of the newly-risen moon, rounder by an inch than when she last shone on them together. And then Gwynne turns himself about, and lays his hand upon a small black arm, and says, 'Eve, will you be my wife?'

And she says nothing; but she looks at him—not smilingly, quite gravely, rather—those shy, sweet, tender eyes of hers, and she draws a little nearer to him, and thus these twain become one flesh.

* * * * *

'Ned!' with a soft hand about his neck, and a warm cheek pressed close to his. 'It is the mystic hero after all!'

* * * * *

One moment! In your ear,—so——

They're to be married on the 30th of this month, Eve's eighteenth birthday.

The Drama.

Ancient poetry is to modern what Apollo is to 'Mrs. Crawley's husband.' That tall and powerful lifeguardsman was important only in relation to little Becky Sharpe. In classic times man and woman were regarded as twin hemispheres of one star. In this age woman is the sun and man the satellite. The coarse Plato and the stolid Aristotle believed poetry to be independent of sex. But our enlightened judgment knows better. All the he's in the Greek anthology have, in the process of translation, been very sensibly twisted into she's. Shakespeare's sonnets have been addressed—not, indeed, by the poet, but by his commentators—to a woman. 'In Memoriam,' no doubt, will be interpreted into a tribute to some interesting female beauty, when the critics of the future mend their pens. Most of our poets write of nothing else but 'the sex.' The sex is civilization. Petticoats are almost a synonym for the fine arts. Hence chirp, hence coo, hence chirrup, and hence chepe such singers as the world has never seen. Mr. Morris produces effeminate verses by the ream. There was once a musician—I forget his name—who could never compose without a brace of cats, one purring on each shoulder. The twittering versiculets of the chatty bard suggest a thimble on each of his fingers and thumbs. Some lyrists refresh their parched inspiration with port in tumblers. The buzzing minstrel under consideration gives one the idea of fortifying himself by rummaging a lady's workbox.

Morris is the mighty Protagonist on the arena of gush.

Richards, on the other hand, writes muscular poetry.

Nothing need here be said by me about his 'Cromwell,' except that the general verdict upon it is, 'dramatically good, poetically excellent, scenically poor, histrionically vile.'

Never was such a brilliant play so penuriously got up, and so abominably acted. The papers who first abused it, have, like the *Standard*, hungrily eaten their own words, but, nevertheless, sailed off with flying colours, and pointed to its success, 'As we always pre-

dicted,' &c. Acted and mounted elsewhere more as it deserves to be, Cromwell will be, no doubt, far more popular even than now.

The *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* in substance both say, 'The workings of Cromwell's conscience, after the King's death, are various and powerful.'

The *Saturday Review*, not generally given to a blind hysterical admiration of poetry, nevertheless waxes enthusiastic over such passages as—

> Could'st thou have reigned, not crushing English hearts
> With fierce compression of thine iron sway
> Cromwell had lived, contented and unknown,
> To teach his children, loyalty and faith,
> Sacred and simple, as the grass-grown mound
> That should have pressed more lightly on his bones
> Than ever greatness on his wearied spirit.

We also learn from the sharpest and most caustic of Reviews that 'It would be difficult to state the case of the Regicide more forcibly than in these lines'—

> Oh, believe
> By far the nobler half of English hearts
> Will laud you, when long centuries have nursed
> The troubles of these frantic times to rest.
> Great acts alone shall be, when years have passed,
> The landmark of men's thoughts, who then shall see
> In these events that shake the world with awe,
> But a great subject, and a base bad king,
> Interpreted aright.

Now, wholly passing from the dramatic aspect of the play, it is, in these days of lyrical dearth, a consolation to think that, as to its poetic merits, throughout a singularly wide range of criticism there has been only one opinion. The tragedy will refresh the interest of the public in the previous inspirations of the poet.

I leave the following stanzas of the 'Medea' to the unbiassed judgment of the reader:—

> Man walks in fear, and sleeps in mystery—
> All that our senses feed on, only seems—
> Stretched o'er the door-still of Eternity
> Our dreams are wakening, and our wakening dreams.
>
> The sad experience of our riper age,
> A shadow lengthening, as the sun goes down;
> Nature herself, for every open page,
> Some leaf forbidden folds with mystic frown.

Between the chalk-marks of a childish game,
Our footsteps stray, or stumble, reel or dance;
A step to Folly, or a step to Fame,
Planted 'mid graves—the mocking umpire Chance.

Presentiments and strange antipathies
Fantastic trip the heels of sober thought;
Quaint elves trim reason's eccentricities,
Pluck frowning wisdom by the beard unsought.

Unsought, as omens on life's daily road
That only opens to our ownward tread;
Whereon each, ever, sinks with weary load—
His brief stage o'er—the rest untravelled.

Lo! in the rustling of a wind-blown reed
A whisper from the Deluge haunts the brain;
And, in the snorting of impatient steed,
A message from Pharsalia's battle-plain.

And in all harmonies a note to link
Some splendid memory, some golden crown
Of martyrdom, some Curtius on the brink
Of glory, with our day-dreams of renown;

And, from the tremor' of the moonlit sea,
A vague remembrance, like a sail afar,
Glides stretching tow'rds the blue infinity,
Where in Heaven's fleet rides every new-launched star;

Mingled with sweet emotion, saddest thought,
Quicker than star or sunbeam to return
The path it travels, with strange yearnings fraught,
And solemn transports that within us burn.

Perchance in truth, though mystic as a dream
Through grains or worlds, of shifting sand called Time;
Perchance, through farthest spheres that flashing stream,
We hear dim echoes of a distant chime.

The perfumes of a garden after rain,
A sunset's funeral grandeurs in the west,
Odours of past existence breathe again,
Visions of drowned Atlantis wake from rest.

And, from a spot ne'er seen in life before,
Veiled Recollection with averted face,
Rises, as though our footsteps lingered o'er
Some half-familiar childhood-trodden place.

Out of these stanzas Mr. Morris could weave a million with the greatest ease. His is a Promised Land of milk and—water, a perpetual motion of metrical nothings, an insipidity of happy prattle that, like the darkness of Egypt, may be felt, a brilliant long-windedness

which amounts absolutely to the dignity of a phenomenon. But it is no more my business, here, at all events, to decry Morris than it is to exalt Richards. I wish that Morris would study such passages as the following in Richards' 'Crœsus:'—

O man! how art thou fooled by man who aches,
And coughs, and hopes, and dreams, e'en as thyself
To run thus eagrely to stare and see
How he can strut in gewgaw impotence
And idle show beneath the modest sun
That ever beams the same, or hides himself
In stern magnificence of cloudy robe,
And red with Heaven's blushes. Man, proud man,
Too apt forgets how much a crownéd skull
Blanched by the winds is like unto the rest,
Nor checks the worm that stirs it, with a frown
More sudden than its rayless brotherhood;
Smooth as a slave's, and as a cobbler's round—
Your monarch's molars oft'ner wanting found.

Perhaps one reason why Richards has so much more verve than most of our effiminate pipers, is that, with the possible exception of George Augustus Sala, he is about the most prolific journalist of the day. The man who writes twenty leaders a week is not likely to err on the side of ætherial nothingness. And I can sympathise with the brilliant—for after all so versatile a man must be a brilliant-genius when at the end of his *Religio animæ* he cries.

O Nature! thou measureless giver
Of blessings, crime-tortured to wrong;
If I've rambled with Thee by life's river,
And snatched but wild blossoms of song.

They are nearer to Him who created,
They are dearer to me who adore;
Go forth, ye frail blossoms, though fated,
Ye belong to my soul, evermore.

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